Mar. 29, 1930

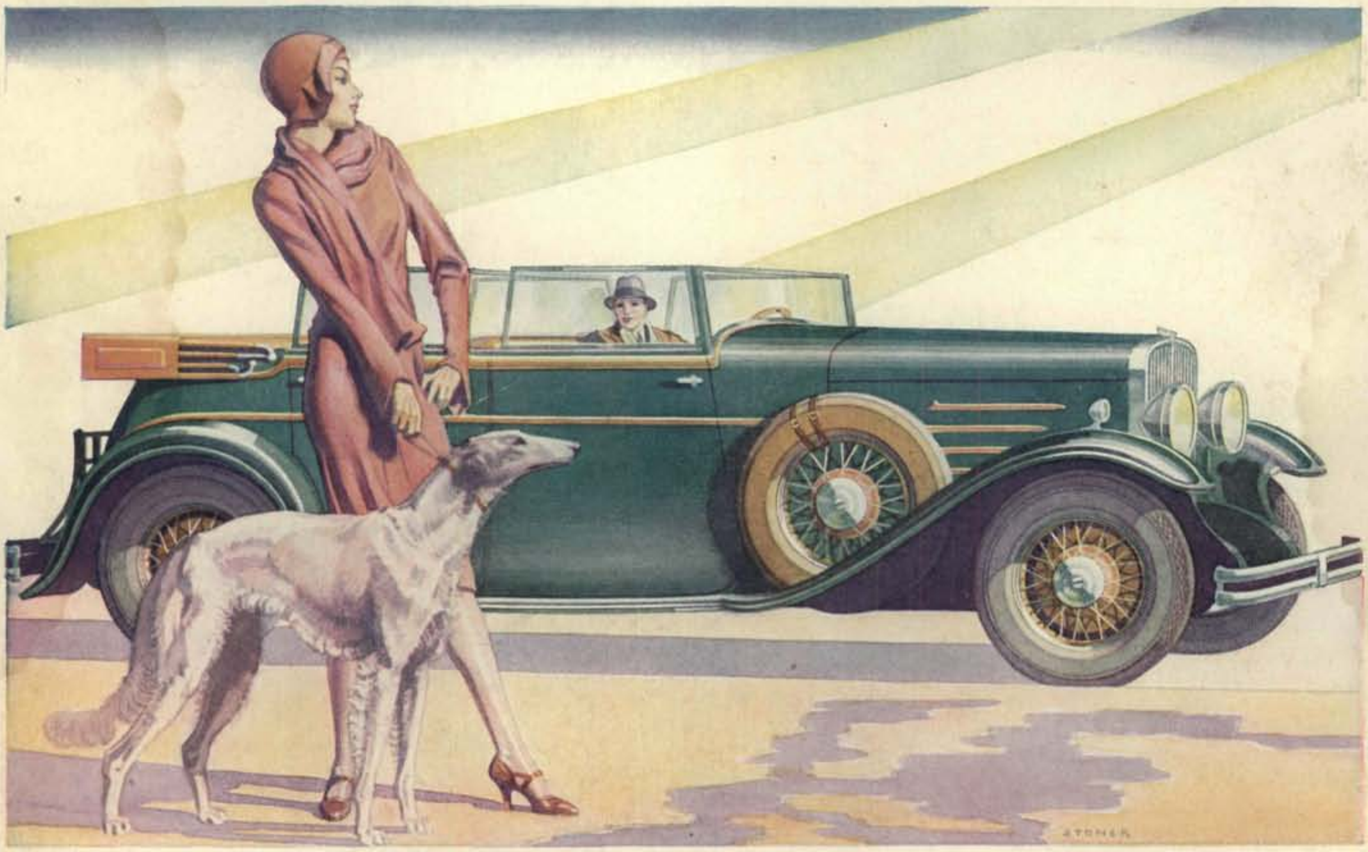
THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

DISTINCTION

. . . The introduction by Franklin of the first airplane-type engine in a motor car—an engine which in tests has flown an airplane—is heralded as a great forward step in the automobile's march of progress. A vision of the future—the turning point of a new era.

Even more important and dramatic is this engine's tremendous power-ability. Delivering the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automotive power plants, it brings air-cooling engineering into undisputed leadership. It sweeps aside all previous conceptions of motor-car performance. Sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour are quickly, quietly and comfortably reached without the slightest engine exertion.



Now riding is gliding. You get a new thrill every time the Franklin does things you thought impossible before. Last year Franklin gained the distinction of holding all major road records. This year many of these same records have been sensationally re-broken by the new Franklin.

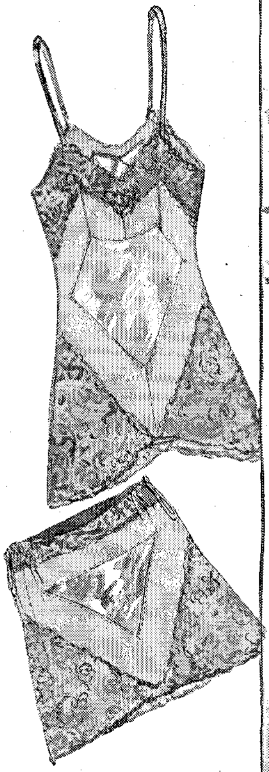
Distinguished for its airplane performance, the new Franklin also enjoys nation-wide distinction for its authoritative appearance. Darting-arrow horizontal louvres—modishly fashioned embossed paneling — low hung doors concealing the running boards—gracefully arched hood front, ribbon-wide, with highlighted vertical shutters—the whole exterior ensemble is modern, smart, fleet-looking . . . When you see the car—when you are thrilled by the performance of its airplane-type engine, you will enthusiastically award Franklin highest motor car honors for 1930. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

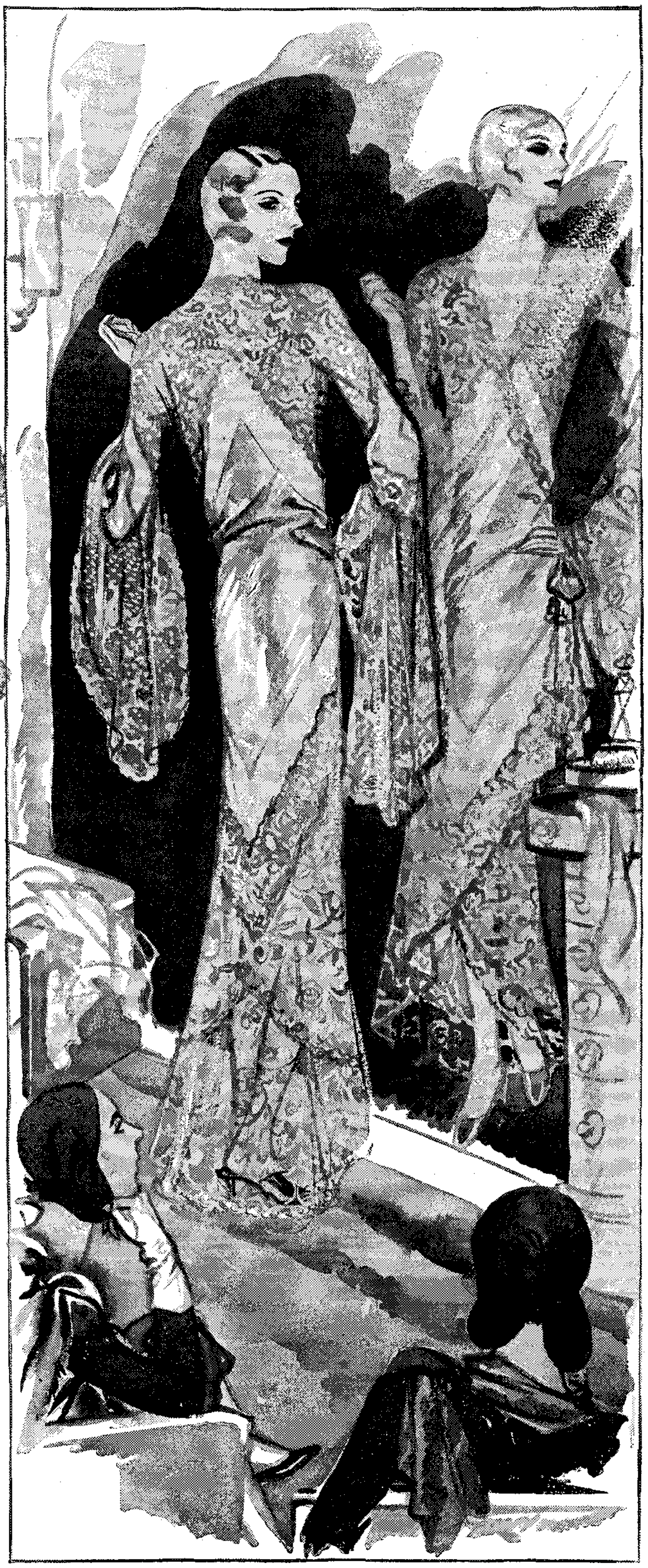
AIR-COOLED

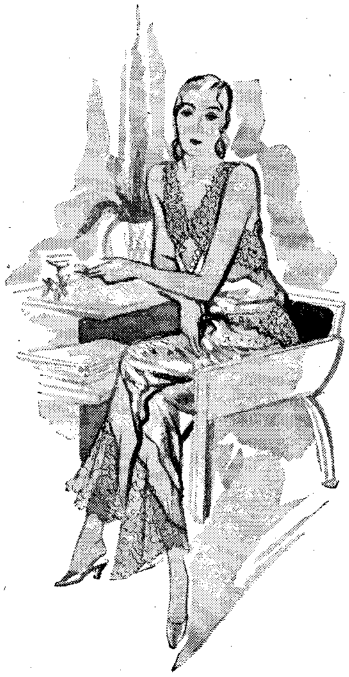
FRANKLIN

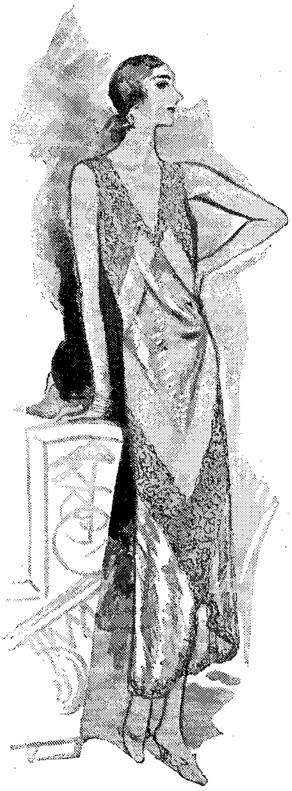
B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 34th STREET, NEW YORK









BRIDAL LINGERIE

. . . with the same importance of silhouette that Paris couturiers accord their choicest frocks... in the new colorings of silks and laces . . . enhanced with the charm of rare hand workmanship.

Caramel satin crepe and lace ensemble illustrated . . . .

Gown and coat	$345
Pajama . .	$145
Chemise . .	$85
Pantie . .	$65

—SECOND FLOOR

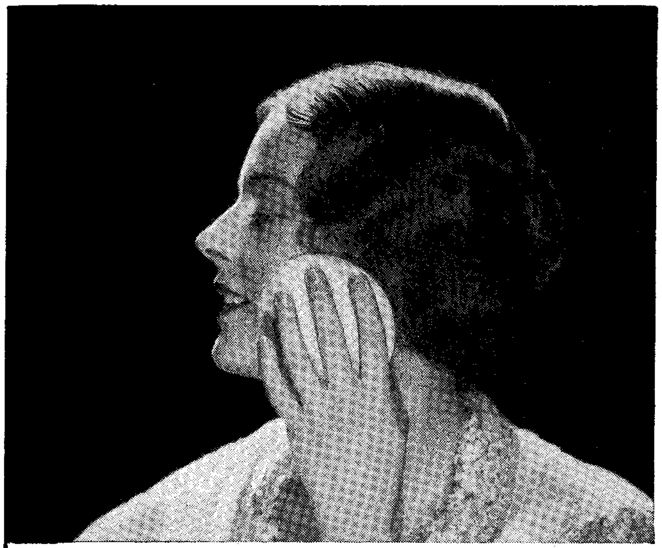
Just a jar of cream? Just a box of powder?

NO—FAR MORE!

The three vital aids to Beauty—a marvelously-effective Cleansing Cream, a rich suppling Tissue-oil, a perfectly-wonderful Astringent—yours to command now in one crystal jar!

This is the modern miracle which Pinaud has wrought—combining, in one tender, fragrant Cream, elements which set to work like a corps of deft experts the moment you smooth it on: first melting deep into the pores and gently "floating" even the tiniest traces of dirt and grime to the surface . . . then suppling the tissues with oils resembling the oils of the skin itself more nearly than any used in a Cream before . . . then, as you *wash both cream and dirt away,* combining with clear water to form a delicate yet wonderfully-effective astringent! Now enlarged pores contract normally. Dry tissues are exquisitely suppled . . . deep-lying glands and blood vessels gently stimulated. Now you can win *and keep* that young, supple *aliveness* for your skin—no matter how busy your days:

— it's a complete scientific "facial" in thirty seconds!

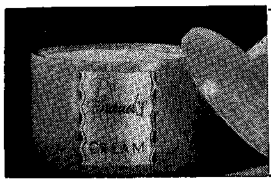


Imagine a Powder first blended by a new process, with new ingredients, to unheard-of fineness and purity—then scientifically adjusted to your individual type of skin!

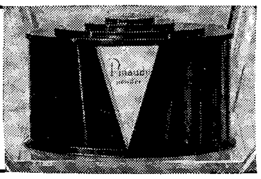
A new adventure in Loveliness—that is what Pinaud offers you with this new Powder. Based on ingredients new to powder-making . . . blended by a 36-hour process including actual *sterilization* . . . Pinaud's Powder not only sets new standards of fineness—it is created in two distinct Types: one for the "oily" type of complexion, one for the "dry"—each Type scientifically adjusted to its particular kind of skin! The result is unparalleled: instead of simply *coating* your skin, Pinaud's Powder actually blends *into* it . . . clinging instead of caking, soothing instead of irritating . . . a subtle transfiguring film, invisible, delicate as the bloom of youth itself. Yet—Pinaud offers you this newest achievement—in your choice of six flattering shades—at the price you pay for ordinary preparations!

— and a powder individually blended for you! exquisite, invisible!

© Pinaud, 1930

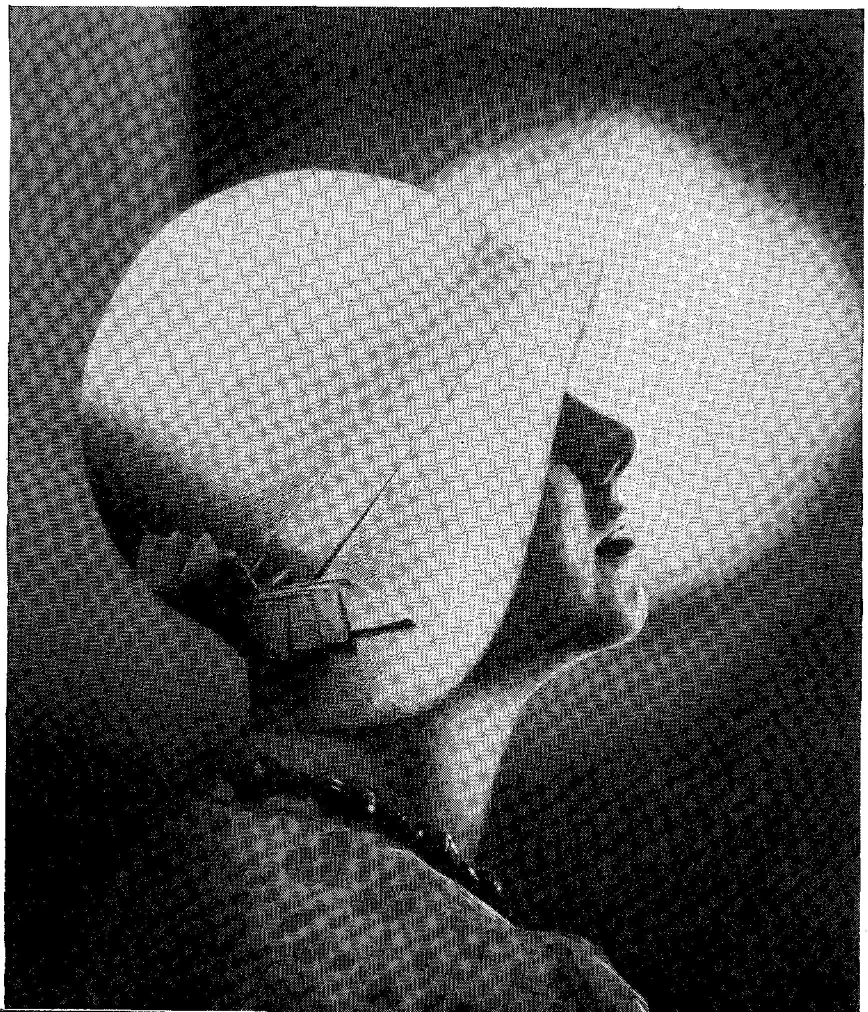


PINAUD, PARIS, NEW YORK: MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL · PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE · PINAUD'S SHAMPOO · PINAUD'S POWDERS



THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 6, March 29, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

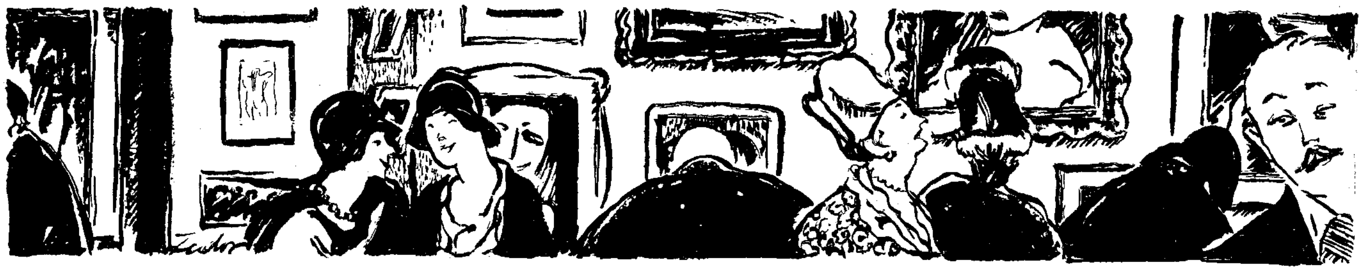
KNOX shows the new way of accenting the brim and minimizing the crown



● **"Moonlight"** (above) is an extremely competent straw hat of fine texture. The brim is possessed of the eye-revealing short front with a flare to the sides, while the back rests snugly on the neck's nape. A restrained note of modernist bow to the ribbon, and a variety of colors for the hat itself, give it wide utilitarian usefulness. Priced at eighteen dollars. Knox felt hats are ten dollars and up.

● **"Moonlight"** is being featured right now by the smart shops country-crosswise which sell Knox women's hats. In New York City Knox hats for both men and women can be secured at any of these Knox shops: 711 Fifth Avenue, near 55th Street, 452 Fifth Avenue, at 40th Street, 359 Madison Avenue, at 45th Street, 1495 Broadway, in the Paramount Building, and downtown at 161 Broadway in the Singer Building. A catalogue of correct riding hats on request.

● **"Syosset"** is a finely woven straw with an accented short front brim and the new, uneven sweep to its flattering sides. In colors that blend exquisitely with the new suits. Priced at eighteen dollars.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 5]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE APPLE CART—A great many words by G. B. Shaw all dealing in a general way with the idiocy of democracy. Entertaining when it is not tiresome. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

APRON STRINGS—A well-built and well-acted little comedy about a boy whose life was governed by posthumous correspondence from his doting mother, with resulting hardships for his young wife. (Cort, 48, E.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard in something for people who like a certain delicacy in their spook plays. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (49th Street, 49, W.)

BROKEN DISHES—The revolt of the male made into a stirring upheaval by Donald Meek. (Masque, 45, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"John Gabriel Borkman," Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 28.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of Barrie's play. (Sat. Mat., Mar. 29.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 29.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoian drama, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Mar. 31 and Apr. 3.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," pleasant comedy by the Brothers Quintero. (Tues. Eve., Apr. 1; Thurs. Mat., Apr. 3.) . . . "The Sea Gull," fine production of Tchekov's moving play. (Wed. Eve., Apr. 2.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Apr. 4.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Sat. Mat., Apr. 5.) . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Sat. Eve., Apr. 5.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Season ends Sat. Eve., Apr. 5.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale in a macabre account of what Death might do on his day off. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—Katharine Cornell sweeping through a melodrama of illicit love and sudden death, and making a tense experience of it. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's play, based on Roark Bradford's book "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of the season. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. Now in its second year on Broadway. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any, theatrical district. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—It may harrow you considerably to watch men being prepared for the electric chair, and killing right and left in hopeless revolt, but you should not miss this. (Harris, 42, W.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Not exactly a murder, and certainly not a mystery, but a murder mystery in A. A. Milne's best vein. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—Quiet, but rather nice, Russian comedy by Turgenev, with Nazimova heading a smoothly-running cast who portray various amorous types of early nineteenth-century Slavs. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

REBOUND—Donald Ogden Stewart's comedy about a young lady's difficulty in getting—and keeping—married, with Hope Williams heading a good cast. Very amusing food for thought. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE RIVALS—An all-star presentation of the eighteenth-century comedy, if that is what you want. With Mrs. Fiske as Mrs. Malaprop. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

SHAKESPEAREAN REPERTOIRE—Fritz Leiber and his company—"Macbeth," Fri. Eve., Mar. 28; "Hamlet," Sat. Mat., Mar. 29, and Tues. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 1 and 5; "Richard III," Sat. and Wed. Eves., Mar. 29 and Apr. 2; "King Lear," Mon. and Fri. Eves., Mar. 31 and Apr. 4; "As You Like It," Wed. Mat., Apr. 2; "Julius Caesar," Thurs. Eve., Apr. 3; "Twelfth Night," Sat. Mat., Apr. 5. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

THE THEATRE 27
SHOUTS AND MURMURS 34
A REPORTER AT LARGE 43
THE CURRENT CINEMA 52
COURT GAMES 54
MUSICAL EVENTS 61
  CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS 62
LONDON LETTER 64
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  FEMININE FASHIONS 68
  THIS AND THAT 70
  ABOUT THE HOUSE 73
TABLES FOR TWO 76
THE ART GALLERIES 81
HOCKEY 85
INDOOR POLO 89
NEW APARTMENTS 94
RECENT BOOKS 96
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS 99

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder. And, what is more, you get a seat. (Republic, 42, W.)

TOPAZE—The entertaining adventures (from the French) of a hyper-honest school teacher who makes good in business by adopting business methods. Frank Morgan makes a genuine character of the hero. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Earl Carroll's shows. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Raw but riotous adventures of our countrymen in Paris, with Cole Porter's score and a cast headed by William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr making a good show into a grand one. (Apollo, 42, W.)

RIPPLES—Practically the entire Stone family in practically the entire Stone repertory of jokes and dances. Last two days. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 29.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn making a lot of old gags as good as new. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—A big, popular musical, with the incomparable Jack Donahue, and Lily Damita. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—Bobby Clark at his funniest (watched by Paul McCullough) in a musical-comedy satire on war which should be part of the country's education. The Gershwin music is an important feature. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Some nice if unexciting British sketches and plenty of good music and dancing. With Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Apr. 5.)

●

MAURICE CHEVALIER—In a program of songs in French and English, accompanied by Duke Ellington's Band. Opens Sun. Eve., Mar. 30. (Fulton, 46, W. Every Eve. 9 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 3 P.M.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman show that is a full evening's entertainment. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri., Sun., Tues., and Wed. Eves. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—W. C. Fields, Beth and Betty Dodge, and Roy Cropper are at the Palace Fri., Mar. 28. Helen Morgan will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Mar. 29. (Palace, B'way at 47; 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—Bufano's Marionettes, Sat. Aft., Mar. 29, at 2:30. (Roerich Hall, Riverside Dr. at 103.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Sat. Afts., Mar. 29 and Apr. 5, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.) . . . "Cinderella," presented by the Charlotte Lund Opera Co., Sat. Morn., Apr. 5, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue refinement, but not to the dull point.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music; with dancing by Rosita and Ramon.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Songs by Irene Bordoni and dances by Moss and Fontana. What more could you want? Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson, and Moore and Revel. Must dress.

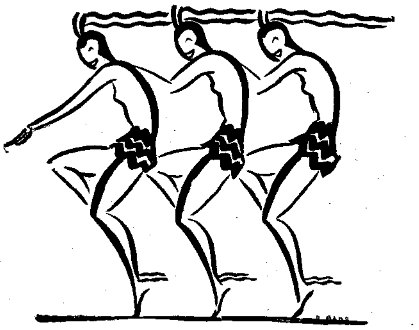
(Continued on page 6)

. . new spring coats that are all subtle line

there's always a place in the spring wardrobe for this type of coat . . to wear with sables or a fox scarf. Its cut is everything, of course . . the way the coat on the left wraps around the figure, for instance . . and the slender unexaggerated "body lines" of the cape coat. Both models . . in new French woolens . . 125.00

Jay-Thorpe

57TH STREET WEST, NEW YORK



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 5]

(Continued from page 4)

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where you will find Harry Richman, Norma Terriss, and Smith Ballew's orchestra.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

Broadway Atmosphere—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, with a rough but jolly revue. . . . The Night Boat, 117 W. 48, with June Day. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, has recently opened, with no curfew, and singing by the Koutzetzof Nicolina Trio. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of the old Chez Florence.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusing place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, will feature The Sunshines, Mentalists, starting Thurs., Apr. 3. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Russian Motif—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has Mme. Sahdoveskaya, singer of folk songs. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is gay and attractive. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

The Green Goddess—George Arliss on the screen in his familiar stage play of the wicked though smiling rajah. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M. Closes Tues., Apr. 1.)

Puttin' on the Ritz—Some pleasant singing and dancing, if you can overlook the trite backstage story. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M. Closes Sun., Mar. 30.)

Roadhouse Nights—Helen Morgan, Jimmie Durante, and Charles Ruggles all doing well in an underworld story by Ben Hecht. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 3 and 4; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Rogue Song—Bandits and gypsies, and Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan, in a Lehar operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

Seven Days Leave—A gentle and expert screening of Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," with Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri., Mar. 28 through Thurs., Apr. 3; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Song o' My Heart—John McCormack's voice well recorded in a pleasantly sentimental story. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

The Vagabond King—The musical show of the poet who ruled old Paris for a week, with Dennis King. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo, both to be seen and heard, in Eugene O'Neill's stern drama of the waterfront; "Disraeli," George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction; "The Love Parade," amusing nonsense, with numerous songs and Chevalier; "Street of Chance," William Powell in a good picture of big gambling society.

ART

Academy—Spring show of the National Academy of Design: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.

African—Famous Guillaume collection of African sculpture which has done a lot for artists and tourists: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Berlandina—Something good for stodgy Americans: a gay and happy attitude toward painting, with a fine understanding beneath: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 29.

Dove—Annual showing of paintings by a very fine American: Stieglitz's An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Flowers—Some of the best young men and women in graceful trend toward the Victorian mode: Whitney Studio Galleries, 10 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 29.

Havemeyer—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last, and raising the Museum's batting average from .129 to .400: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Foreign Posters—Exhibition of modern European posters: Harper's Bazaar Galleries, 10th floor, 572 Madison. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., Mon., Mar. 31 through Sat., Apr. 5.

Independents—Last three days of the big annual show: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.; through Sun., Mar. 30.

Kuniyoshi—A thrilling show of a great American painter: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Tues., Apr. 1.

Max Weber—Retrospective exhibition of his works. Also, exciting new paintings by Paul Klee, and sculpture by Maillol and Lehmbruck: Museum of Modern Art. 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 8 to 10 P.M., through Thurs., Apr. 3.

MUSIC

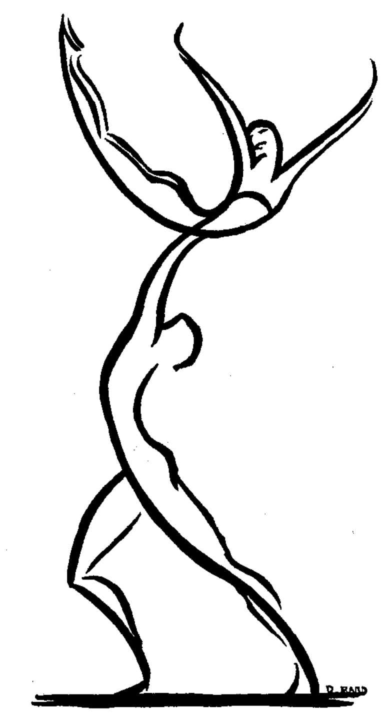
(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Sergei Rachmaninoff—Another chance to hear him if you get your tickets in time. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2:30.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Mar. 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 29, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Mar. 30; Thurs. Eve., Apr. 3, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 4, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8:45.



Conductorless Symphony Orchestra—Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Mar. 28, at 8:45.

Friends of Music—Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Mar. 30, at 4.

Barrere Little Symphony—Barrere conducting: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 30.

New York Banks Glee Club—Huhn conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 2.

Columbia and Princeton Glee Clubs—Joint concert: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 2.

New Jersey College for Women Combined Choirs—Newton conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 4.

Helvetia Maennerchor—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 5.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Tristan und Isolde," Fri. Aft., Mar. 28, at 1:45; "Madama Butterfly," Fri. Eve., Mar. 28, at 8:30; "Tales of Hoffmann," Sat. Mat., Mar. 29, at 2; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 30, at 8:30. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morn., Mar. 28, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Mar. 29 and Apr. 5, at 9, over WEAF.

Boxing—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Mar. 28 and Apr. 4, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 30, at 3, over WOR.

Will Rogers—Broadcasting from Los Angeles: Sun. Eve., Mar. 30, at 8, over WJZ.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Jimmie McLarnin vs. Young Jack Thompson, Fri. Eve., Mar. 28; Al Singer vs. Ignacio Fernandez, Fri. Eve., Apr. 4; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Horse Show—The Riding Club Show: 7 W. 66, Wed., Apr. 2.

Indoor Polo—National championship playoffs:

At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat., Mar. 29: New York City vs. New York State (Class D), at 5 P.M.; Interscholastic finals, at 8:30 P.M.; Intercollegiate finals, at 9:30 P.M. . . . Wed., Apr. 2: Class D eliminations, at 5 P.M.; Class B eliminations, at 8 P.M.; Optimists vs. Penn Mil. Col. (Class A), at 9 P.M. . . . Sat., Apr. 5: Class D finals, at 8:30; Class A semifinals, at 9:30 P.M.

At 101st Cavalry, Bedford Ave. and President St., Brooklyn—Sat., Mar. 29: Class C eliminations, at 4 and 8 P.M.; Class D eliminations, at 5 and 6 P.M.; Brooklyn vs. Illinois, at 9 P.M.; Commonwealth vs. Riding Club, at 10 P.M. . . . Wed., Apr. 2: Class D eliminations, at 8:30 P.M.; Class C finals, at 9:30 P.M. . . . Sat., Apr. 5: Class B finals, at 8:30 P.M.; Open eliminations, at 9:30 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. or Lexington Ave. subway to Franklin Ave. Sta.)

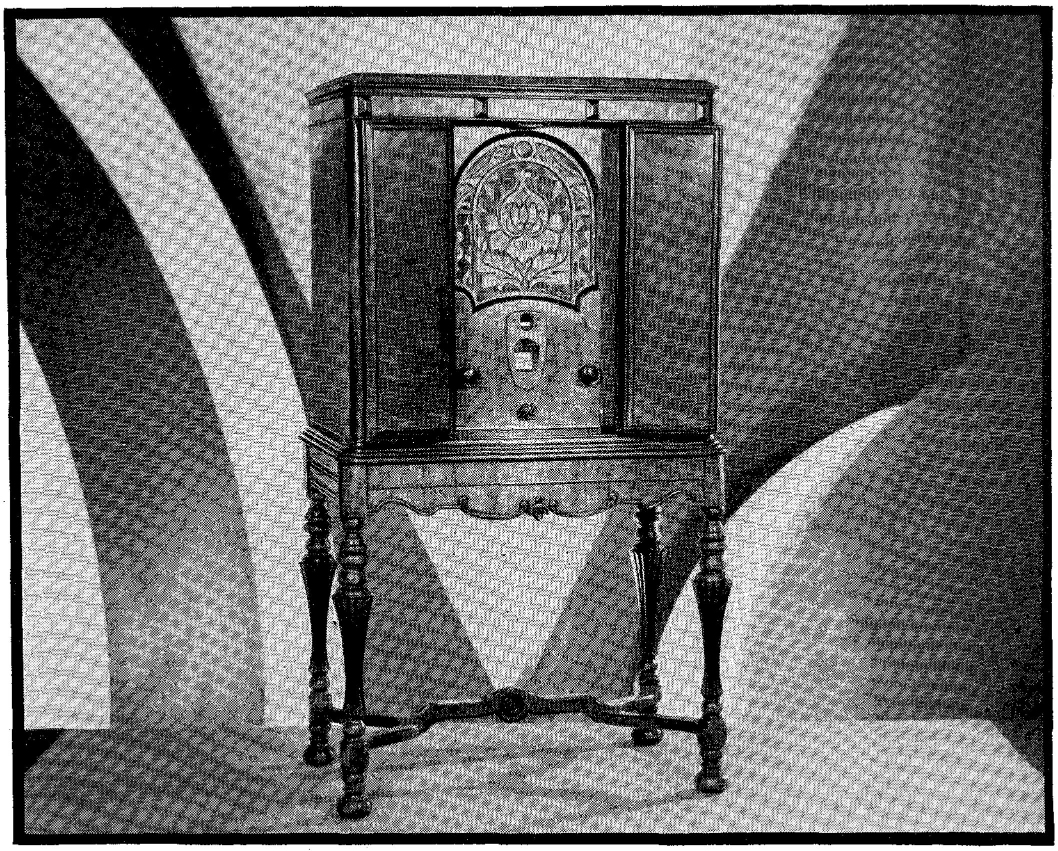
OTHER EVENTS

Circus—For a preview of the big show (which opens at the Garden Apr. 7) you can go to the Coliseum, Tremont Ave. at 177, where it will be until Sat., Apr. 5; performances at 2 and 8 P.M. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

Music Festival—John Philip Sousa will lead a band of 1500; Edwin Franko Goldman and his band, a banjo ensemble of 150, and a piano-accordion chorus of 100 are some of the other features: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Aft. and Eve., Mar. 29, at 2 and 8 P.M.

Public Balls—Radio Costume Ball: Beethoven Hall, 210 E. 5, Fri. Eve., Mar. 28, at 10. . . . New York Newspaper Women's Club supper dance: Hotel Delmonico, Fri. Eve., Mar. 28, at 11. . . . Supper dance for the benefit of Holiday House: Park Lane, Fri. Eve., Apr. 4, at 11.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Paintings from the Roerich Museum, including Italian, Flemish, and German Primitives, Dutch genre paintings, a fine El Greco, and eighteenth and nineteenth-century French paintings: Fri. Eve., Mar. 28, at 8:15. . . . The Ercole Canessa Collection of Gothic and Renaissance furniture, important Italian Renaissance bronze, stone, and marble sculptures, primitive paintings and wood carvings, rare Greek and Graeco-Roman sculptures and pottery: Sat. Aft., Mar. 29, at 2:15. . . . Colored views, lithographs, oil paintings, drawings, maps, etc., relating to the pioneer days of the West, together with American historical books: Mon. and Tues. Afts., Mar. 31 and Apr. 1, at 2:15. . . . Tapestries, ancient rugs, Italian furniture, textiles, majolica, and decorative objects from the V. and L. Benguiat collection, including a large group from the Davanzati Palace: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Apr. 3-5, at 2:15.

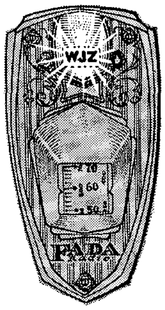


★

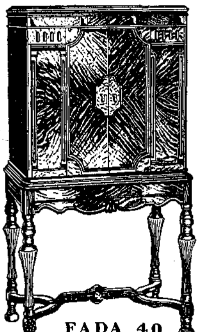
the new Fada 40

for fiddlers, fumblers and gropers . . .

Somebody had to do it . . . though it deprived dear dowagers and t. b. m's. of their fiddlings, fumblings and gropings for stations . . . and in place of all this . . . voilà . . . Fada's automatic station indicator . . . no more memorizing numbers . . . just turn the dial and flash . . . a light reveals the station by name. ★ Then to shock the shock areas . . . those places near subways, transmission lines, and other noise breeders . . . we introduce a tremendously important gadget . . . "tone character control" . . . which ends diabolical interference under most reception conditions . . . so that three go-getting screen grid tubes can do their stuff with soul-satisfying selectivity and sensitivity. ★ And when it comes to appearance . . . Ah, that's something to gush about, though your friends' eyes turn green . . . and speaking of green there'll be no red suspenders in your parlor, for the FADA 40 has been approved by the Fire Underwriters Laboratories . . . this tremendous achievement is yours, for only $260 . . . less tubes. If you live in a Direct Current area the new D. C. FADA 36 can be possessed for $175 . . . and it's equally prepossessing, too . . . all prices slightly higher West of the Rockies, in Canada and for export.



New Automatic Station Finder exclusive on the new Fada 40—call letters of your favorite stations flash on for you instantly at the turn of the dial.



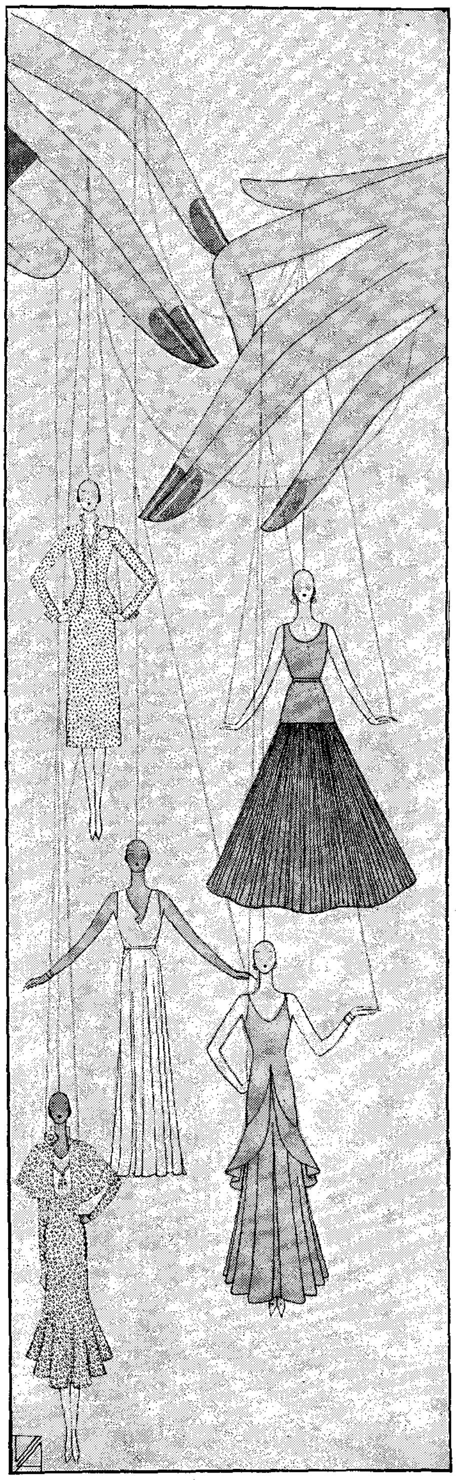
FADA 40
Closed View

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

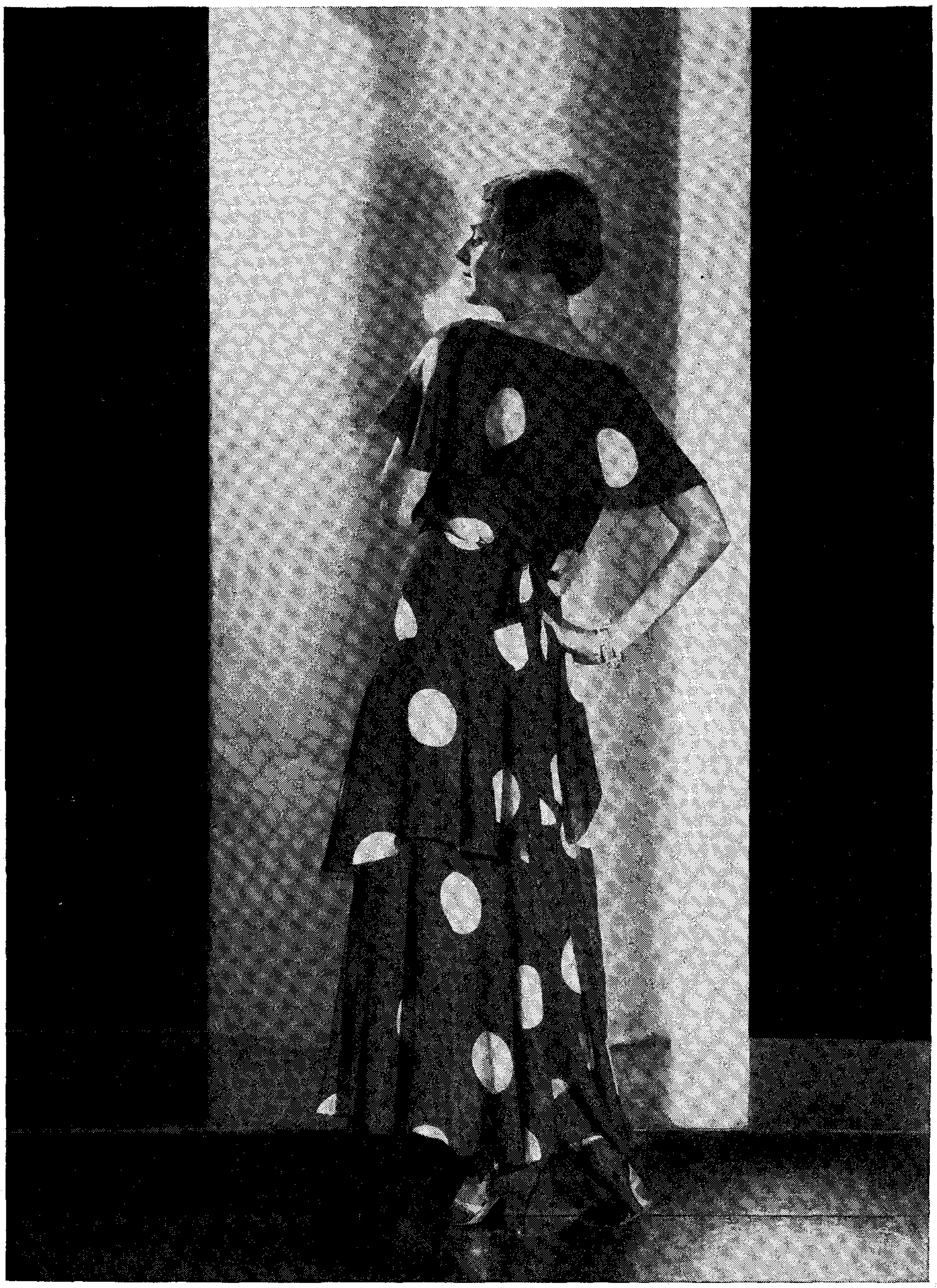
FADA Radio

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW could you possibly know that you might be shaped this summer like a tassel or like a table bell, and be very, very smart? How could you possibly know when to change your skirt length as the day goes on? How could you know that now you may be as picturesque as a Kate Greenaway person, or as stately as a Greek lady? How could you see the whole picture of the Paris Openings, and appraise the fashion significance of each couturier's models? How could you determine your type of tailleur, and accent your new costumes with appropriate accessories? How could you choose the perfect wardrobe for flying? How could you advise the loveliest costume and its complements for the bride of 1930? How could you know what's best for beaches, and tennis, and all the other smart activities of the summer season? How could you know any or all of these things, unless you betook yourself this minute to a news-stand and then went home and spent an entrancing hour or two among the colourful, costume-inspiring pages of



Harper's Bazaar for April



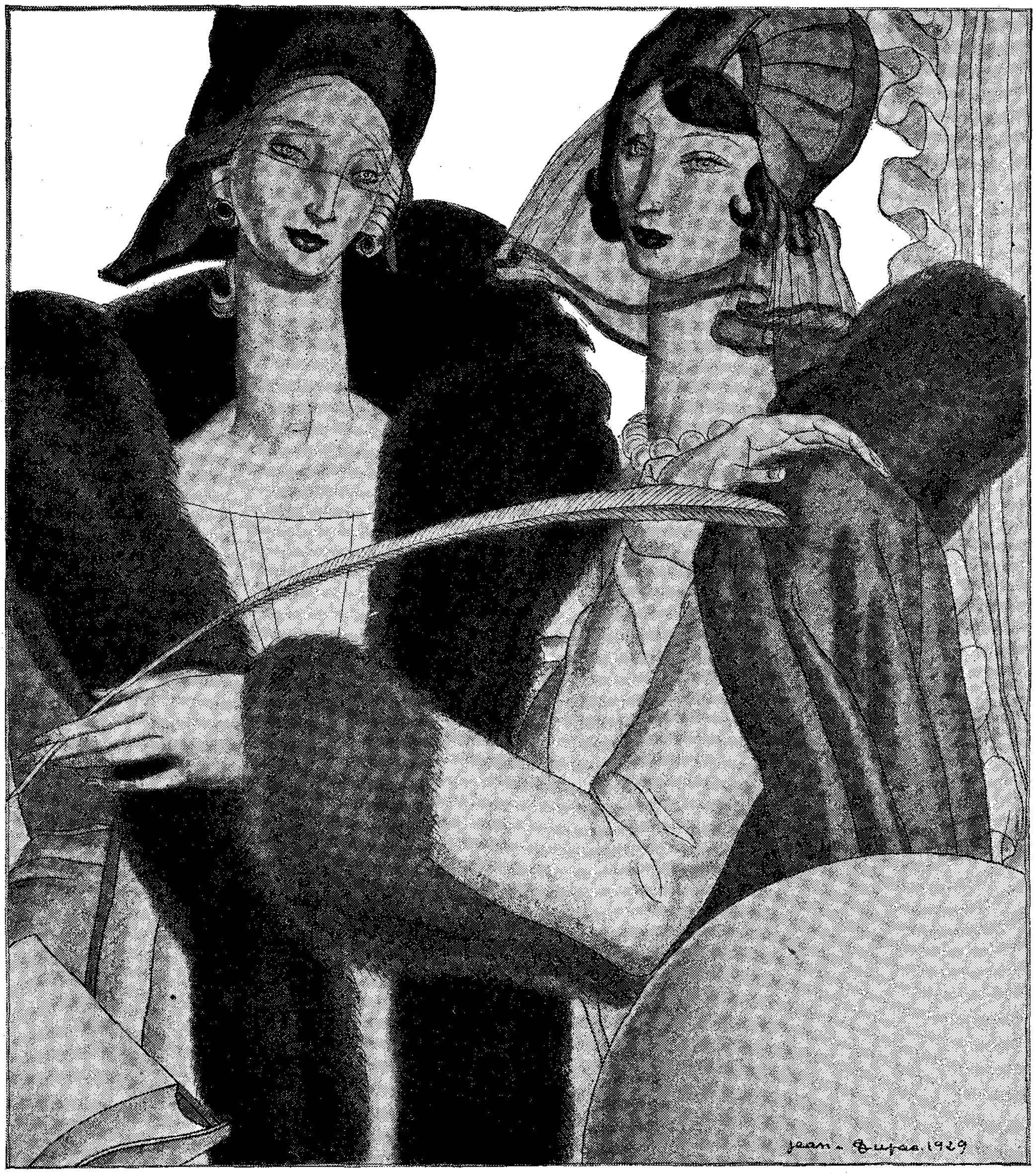
This silk may be purchased by the yard or in ready-to-wear dresses as illustrated, at McCreery's.

IF YOU SEE DOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES THIS SPRING . . . LOTS AND LOTS OF THEM . . . LARGE AND SMALL . . . ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW . . . DON'T FEEL THAT YOU HAVE A BAD ATTACK OF THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES. ON THE CONTRARY. YOU ARE SIMPLY OBSERVING FASHION'S ENDORSEMENT ON THE DOTTED LINE . . . SMALL DOTTED PRINTS FOR DAYTIME . . . AND LARGE DOTS, WIDELY SPACED, FOR EVENING.

Stehli Silks

Copyright, 1930 by Stehli Silks Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue,, New York: London: Paris: Zurich.

YOU CAN BUY STEHLI SILKS BY THE YARD—OR ALREADY MADE UP IN THE DRESSES AND ENSEMBLES FEATURED BY SMART SHOPS.



"Copy of Chanel"
"Copy of Vionnet"

If your spring coat bears either of these inscriptions on the back of its price-tag it is just about the smartest thing going this spring.

While Chanel and Vionnet *did* design many furred coats in their last collections . . . their little unfurred ones are the talk of the town . . . slim, long lines that have a young, long-legged look . . . intricacy of cut that is the despair of copyists . . . and an air apart that fairly cries the names of their ingenious originators.

75.00 AND UP

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

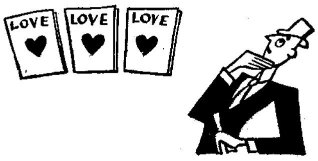
AFTER years spent writing our hazy comments and crotchety opinions, we finally wrote something that touched our public and brought a response. It was our whimpering little paragraph about the difficulty of using bath salts in a shower bath. Several persons wrote in post-haste and instructed us how to unscrew the cap of the pipe, insert salts in it, replace it, and allow the water to come filtering through. A concern that makes toilet preparations wrote indignantly, chiding us for not knowing about their Effervescent Salts, and telling us a dreamy tale of standing under the shower while the powdery flakes fell softly down over our glistening white body, softening the water in a bubbly fluff and perfuming the air of the whole room. It was such a sensuous, fragrant picture that we had to drop our work, shut our desk, and go home and take a bath.

ONE interesting thing about Rudy Vallée's book is the announcement on the jacket. "This is an authentic autobiography of Rudy Vallée and has been entirely written by himself." This not only establishes Mr. Vallée's literacy, it goes deeper. Here is a book written by its own author. It should be a great selling point and it suggests an idea to us, which we will pass on to publishers. Why not issue some of the older works in new editions and advertise them as genuine? People would probably snap up a bargain such as "Little Women"—*absolutely written by Louisa Alcott.*

A TRAVELLER, footsore and dusty, comes to us from far Binghamton on the Susquehanna with great tales of a new departure in the restaurant business. The idea may well take hold here. It seems that a restaurant in Binghamton designates, on its bill of fare, certain dishes which it regards as peculiarly suited to ladies. The items so regarded are marked with an asterisk. Thus, the consommé is permitted to the ladies, but not the potage. Ladies may also have garden spinach, fried sweet potatoes, and turkey livers Creole with rice, while the men must string along as best they can on roast loin of pork, mashed turnips, green-pepper salad, Edam cheese, and buttermilk. The only approach to this idea in New York that we know about is Alice Foote MacDougall's, where a luncheon for little children is featured on the bill. We shall never forget the day we asked for it, and got turned down, big baby that we were.

IN this immodest and abandoned day, we feel called upon to report any signs of civic modesty, or municipal purity. Luckily we have just come across a fine and hopeful example. A lady who lives in a hotel in Lexington Avenue has shown us a letter she received one day from the manager. "For the moment," it says, "we have seven rooms occupied by men on the fourteenth floor. I hope it meets with your approval. These men are here for a convention and we could not take care of them any other way. I offer this explanation in case you see a gentleman on the fourteenth floor." We are happy to report that the lady, immediately upon receipt of the letter, went out into the corridor, actually saw a gentleman, and fell down in a dead faint.

WINDOWS of five-and-ten-cent stores have ever been an inspiration and a dream. These days they are better than ever. Four new ten-cent magazines are displayed—the *Home Magazine*, the *Detective Magazine*, the *New Movie Magazine*, and the *Love Magazine*. The titles are a roll call of America, a ten-cent cross-section, a dime view of the land. The contents are the answer to ten-cent humanity: home—the bid for finality and security, a home unlike the home one lives in; detective stories—the release from home's humdrum in a world of murder, crime, and terror; movies—the fantasia of life, the dream world of a hyperbolical people; and love—the Ultima Thule, sex transcendent, beauty with the power to free. We often pause, in the crush of sidewalk life, to wonder about that last magazine, *Love*. Who works for it? Are all its employees in love? Are any of them married? Once we even saw ourself, in our imagination, as a reporter for the *Love Magazine*. We saw ourself caught in a hypothetical infidelity by a purely hypothetical wife, and explaining airily that it was "just a



little job" we were doing for the magazine.

•

A STORE on a side street, just off the Bowery, displays on its window in gold letters the word "Noolas." You read it backwards—and use your own judgment.

Those Names

WE'VE been much happier since finding out the truth about Pullman-car names. The truth is that Mrs. Frank O. Lowden (*née* Florence Pullman) does *not* name the cars, and does not receive thirty thousand dollars a year for doing it, as has been solemnly rumored. The cars are named by a committee, and it's a secret who the members are.

As far as we can gather, the only car named after a living person is the Colonel Lindbergh. All other persons so honored are dead persons, like Marco Polo and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The first Pullman car ever to get a name was the Pioneer. Previously it had been called just "A," because in the early days there was a plan on foot to designate all Pullman cars by letters of the alphabet. The plan worked finely until the twenty-seventh car was built.

Car "A" was also the first car built completely by George Mortimer Pullman. It cost about twenty thousand dollars and was a rush job—rushed through so that it could form part of the funeral train that bore Abraham Lincoln's body from Washington to Chicago and thence to its final resting place in Springfield.

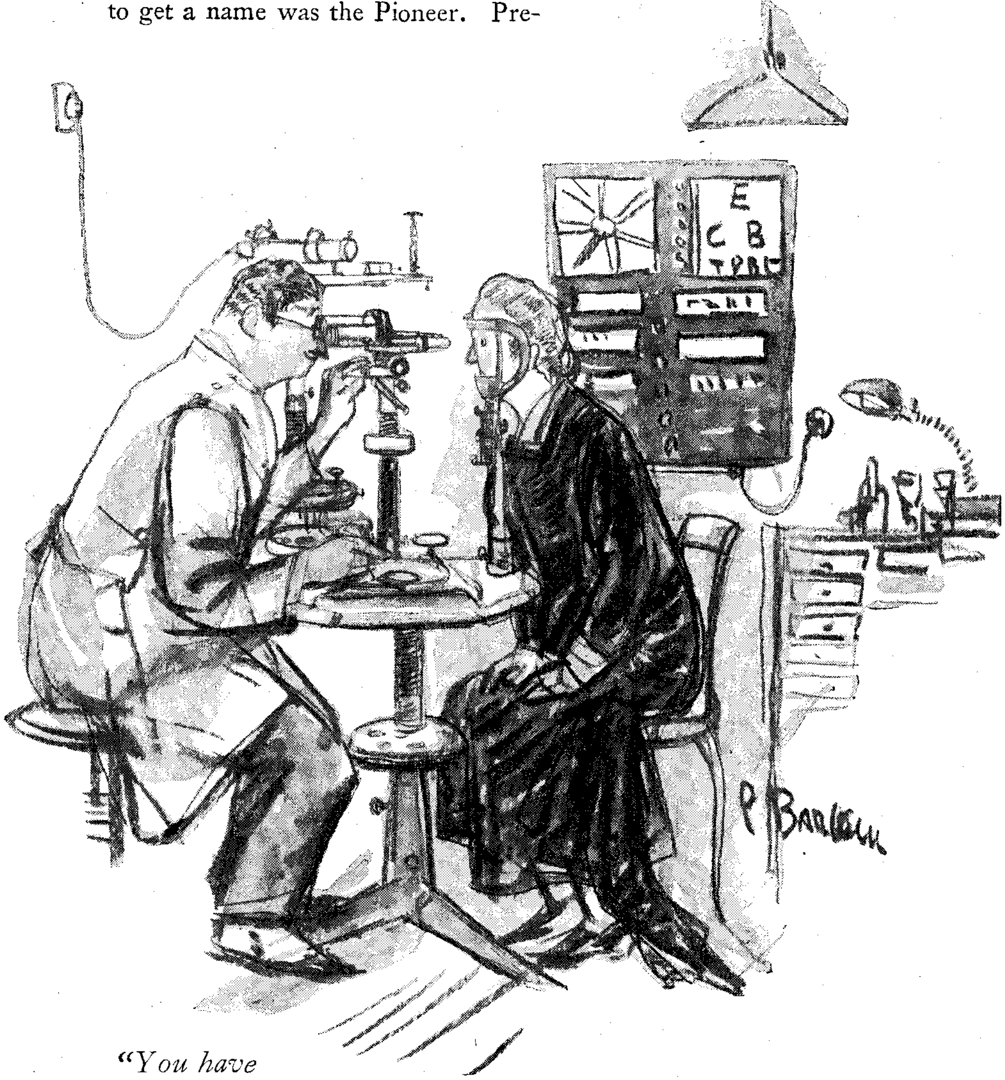
Although to a casual traveller the Pullman names seem to have no rhyme nor reason, there are certain principles that seem to underlie the nomenclature. Parlor cars, for example, are usually given feminine names, or the names of birds and flowers. Sleeping cars, generally speaking, are named for rivers, lakes, cities, towns, countries, local historical figures, soldiers, poets, heroes, authors, battlefields, and camps. Of recent years an attempt has been made to classify the cars according to names. Thus, all cars named Mount Something are observation cars containing sections. All cars named Great Something (like Great Spirit, Great Plains) are on the Great Northern Oriental Limited run. The Sunset cars (Sunset Beach, Sunset Cape) are on the Sunset Limited. Cars for the California Limited of the Santa Fe are given the prefix "Silver."

Certain special cars, with compartments and drawing-rooms, are named for literary folk—poets, dramatists. The Lake, Camp, and Fort cars are all one type—ten sections, drawing-room, and two compartments. Also there is a brand-new series, Saints and Macs, which has twelve sections and one drawing-room. Hard to remember, but interesting. On the Congressional Limited the cars are named for the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

One funny thing happened. It was when the Pullman Company took over the Wagner sleeping cars. It was discovered that there were about three hundred duplicate names, and naturally something had to be done about that, and done quick. So a vice-president led a battery of clerks to the Chicago public library, and began delving deep into Roman and Greek history. It wasn't twenty-four hours before there was a wholesale christening of the three hundred Wagner cars, and some lovely names there were, too.

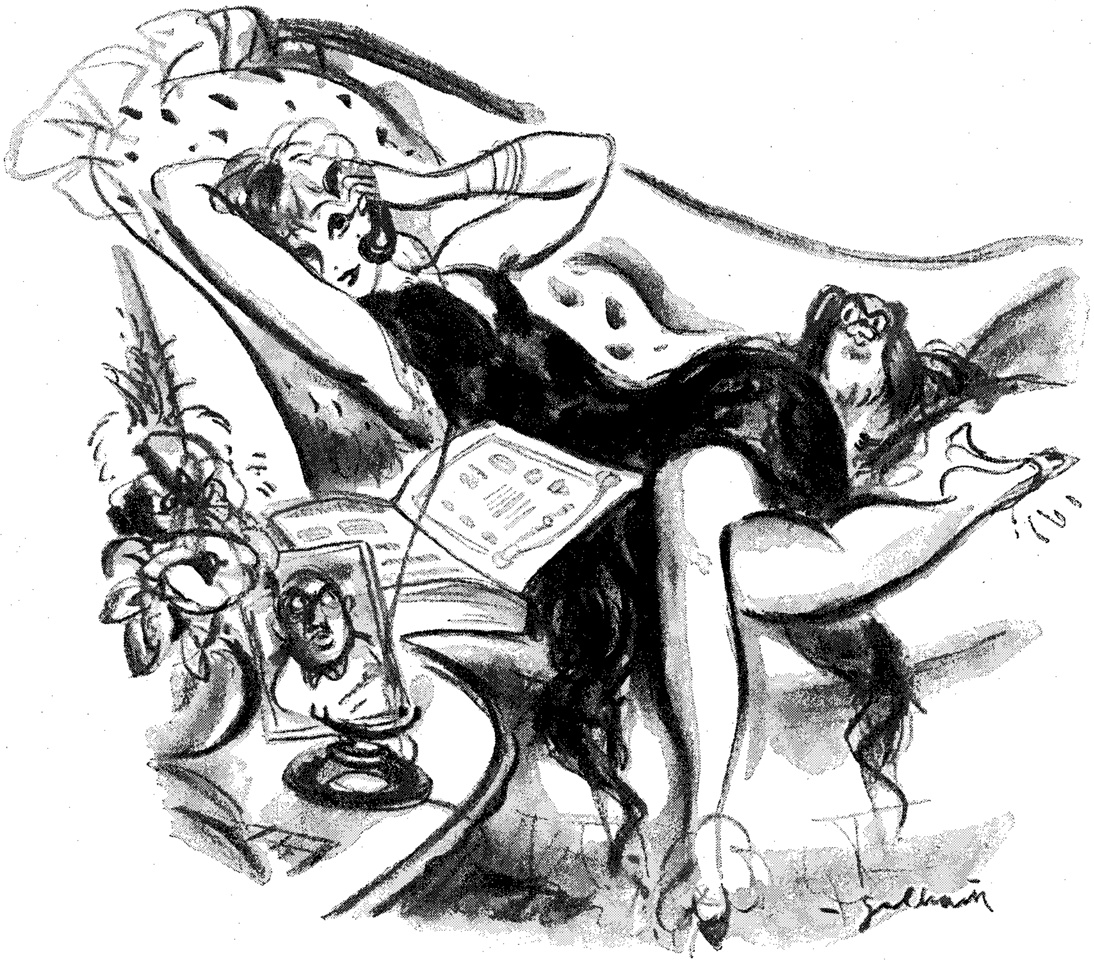
Noble Experiment

THE prohibition issue crept quite charmingly into the Flower Show last week, and then was seized by the scruff of its neck and thrown out. It was most amusing to a little group of ironists who watched. The Federated Garden Clubs of New York State were holding an exhibit of dinner tables set in the period between 1820 and 1880, known sometimes as the good old days. Naturally enough one very handsomely appointed table held decanters filled with what looked like wine. In the midst of the judging, a short, stocky, firm woman, apparently in charge of most everything, barged up to the lovely table with a charwoman's bucket and shortly, stockily, and firmly proceeded to dump the contents of the decanters into the bucket. The exhibitor protested bitterly, pointing out that it was not real wine, but merely colored water. The lady explained that this



"You have blue eyes, haven't you, Mrs. Thomas?"

didn't make any difference, and that the W. C. T. U. had once before raised a row over a somewhat similar exhibit. She said the W. C. T. U. didn't like to see anything on a table that even looked like wine. So the decanters were drained. The little group of ironists stood silently looking at the outraged table for many minutes and then went home.



"I want a policeman."

Oop

NOW and again we print an anecdote which brings ripples of lovely laughter from the bright throat of our niece—not because she thinks it's funny but because she happens to know that it originated with O. Henry, or Shakespeare or somebody. It now appears that the one we published about the discontented sailor who said he was going to set out with a pair of oars on his shoulder and not stop going till he found someone who asked him what those things were for, was first told by Homer, the Greek poet, two or three thousand years ago, and as well as we told it too. A Mr. de Rochemont has copied it for us out of Butcher and Lang's translation, Book XI, *ca.* verse 119:

"But when thou hast slain the wooers in thy halls . . . thereafter go thy way, taking with thee a shapen oar, till thou shalt come to such men as know not the sea, neither eat meat savoured with salt; yea, nor have they knowledge of ships of purple cheek, nor shapen oars which serve for wings to ships. And I will give thee a most manifest token, which cannot escape thee. In the day when another wayfarer shall meet thee and say that thou hast a winnowing-fan on thy stout shoulder, even make fast thy shapen oar in the earth and do goodly sacrifice to the lord Poseidon. . . ."

Now let some scholar come along and tell us where Homer got the story.

Gus

GUS, the jolly, fat doorman at the Fifty-sixth Street entrance—the artists' entrance—of Carnegie Hall, will soon be deserting his post for a time. He is going to Europe with the Philharmonic on its spring tour—ostensibly as assistant baggagemaster to the orchestra, but really to see the Derby run. He hasn't been in London for over forty years, and when Mr. Arthur Judson, who is manager of the Philharmonic, heard this, and heard too that Gus had a passion to see the famous race, he fixed it up for him to go.

Gus—his full name is George Augustus Wade—was born in London sixty-seven years ago, and one of his boasts is that he has spent fifty-five years of his life in uniform. The last thirty-three years, he has worn the uniform of Carnegie Hall; before that, for eight years, he was togged out as a bandsman in the circus; before that, he wore the uniform of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards. He was twelve when he enlisted in the Guards, and he served fourteen years, not without excitement. When he was still a boy, he was on guard duty at Buckingham Palace, during the wedding of the Duke of Edinburgh. It was cold, and a kind-hearted duchess brought him a glass of hot rum punch; an officer saw him, and arrested him for drinking while on duty. The duchess, however, got him out of it.

Later, he went out with Kitchener to the relief of Khartoum, chased Arabs, drank a pint of rum every night for his stomach's sake, had a grand time. Once he was stationed at Cyprus, six thousand feet above sea level: they shot eagles for recreation, and watched the goings-on about their own troopships, in harbor forty-five miles away. Another time, his regiment was in a six weeks' forced march across the Suez Peninsula, during which they never had their clothes off once. When they reached the seacoast, the whole regiment stripped and went for a bathe in the ocean, while the supply sergeants made a bonfire of all their uniforms on the beach. Gus won decorations for his fighting. He came to this country and joined the circus, playing the flute, trumpet, or bugle, as occasion required. He liked circus life too.

He is short, stout, with a plump genial face and a drooped mustache. After so varied a life, however, he is not lacking in a certain dignity. In fact, very often, when he comes out on the stage at Carnegie to open the piano or move chairs about, he gets a round of applause from people in the audience who have been misled by his dignified bearing into thinking he is the soloist, despite the fact he is in uniform. Gus gets a good deal of pleasure, in his quiet way, out of this. He himself, of course, knows all the artists, their habits, their idiosyncrasies. After thirty-three years' experience, he knows how long, to the minute, each conductor takes to play every piece in the Philharmonic's repertory, and he is a martinet at marshalling the ushers at the head of the aisles, just in time to rush down with floral offerings when the last note has been played.

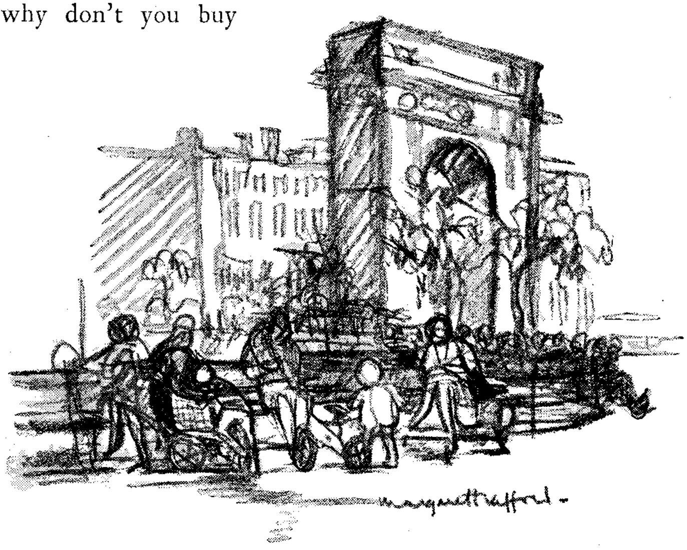
Besides seeing the races and looking up some of his old army friends, there is just one other thing Gus is looking forward to, when he gets on the other side. He is going to buy himself a bang-up new pipe. He says you can't get a good one anywhere outside of London.

Sales Assistant

High-Powered though they be, the big department stores have no natural merchandising genius—genius, for example, such as one finds in the bazaars of the East Side. We are thinking at the moment of Samuel Shipman, merchant of Orchard Street, dealer in corsets, brassières, and things like that. Mr. Shipman's pushcart is enlivened by a parrot that sits there, looking sharp. We paused for a few minutes in passing, strangely drawn by the pinkish rumpled garments and the greenish rumpled bird. After we had hung about, tentatively, for two minutes, the parrot cleared his throat and in that withering tone that only a tropical bird can command, he addressed us as follows:

"You've looked at everything, you've felt everything, why don't you buy something?"

There was nothing for it but to pick out a good brassière and be on our way.



The Muse

The policeman with shield No. 12701, stationed at Forty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue during the theatre rush hours, entertains the pedestrians, while they are waiting for the green light, by reciting his own poetry. For example, he said to one lady, "Lift up your feet when crossing the street." He has much longer flights, however. That same evening he recited a little thing of his own which went like this:

"Would you care
To hear what happened
At Union Square?
The Reds were there,
Their heads were bare,
The police did not spare—
And that is what happened
At Union Square."

On the other hand, Guard No. 05493 (downtown express platform of the Eighty-sixth Street subway station) is an observing philosopher, not a minstrel. On a recent rainy morning he said to a gentleman—who instantly came to this office and reported it—"Down here we don't actually know what it's like up above, but all the faces look like the weather. I know it's cloudy and bad this morning. Not a single smiling face, all unhappy. Yes, sir, you can always tell the weather from the people's faces."

Book Doctor

If your rare leather bindings are getting creaky at the hinges and in general are going to pieces, the person to see about it is Miss Janet Lewis, at 15 West Forty-seventh Street. She and her assistants spend all their time going around to people's libraries, treating the bindings with a special ointment designed to save them from decay. She has rubbed up the libraries of Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. Seward Webb, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and Mrs. Bayard Cutting. She started on her career in 1908, when her friend Mrs. Richard Morris Hunt asked her what to do about some old French bindings she had inherited. Miss Lewis at that time was a portrait painter (she founded the Pen and Brush Club) but the problem of preserving ancient bindings appealed to her, and she began investigating. Bookbinders she asked recommended vaseline. She tried that but it didn't do much good. Next she tried a rare black oil made from prehistoric fish deposits. This worked, but it was hard to get. Finally, with the aid of a chemist, she worked out an ointment made of oils more easily obtainable, a formula she has kept secret.

She has worked in many of the famous libraries, including J. P. Morgan's, where she fixed the geography book of Mary, Queen of Scots, for which the elder Morgan paid over thirty thousand dollars. The binding dated from the sixteenth century, and its intricate gold tooling was in danger of breaking. Now, after a treatment of Miss Lewis' fluid, it will last another four hundred years. She has fixed five Shakespeare first folios. One, valued at fifty thousand dollars, was in Marsden J. Perry's library of Shakespeareana. She restored its color with leather dyes, then rubbed it fresh and soft again. Mr. Perry, by the way, is the one person whose books Miss Lewis treated who didn't come in to watch her work. Most people do. Once she rubbed twelve thousand books, all about fish, for the late Daniel Fearing, with Mr. Fearing watching all the time.

One of Miss Lewis' hardest jobs was Dr. Vollbehr's collection of incunabula. Fresh from the cool vaults of European monasteries, the volumes were put on exhibition in New York and Chicago, and the heat almost ruined their bindings. Miss Lewis worked over them for a week before they were all right again. Generally it doesn't take so long. Most of her assistants can handle anywhere from one hundred to a hundred and fifty books a day if they don't steal time out for reading. She herself can do two hundred.

Ladder's Top

Hollow as life is, it's not hollow to some people. We cite the case of a fellow in a bank. Not long ago he was talking things over, reflectively, with an acquaintance and this, so help us, is what he said:

"I've done pretty well, when you come to think of it. Came here from

St. Paul, landed this job, and inside of three years I'm married to a girl in the *Social Register*. We have a duplex apartment in East Sixty-fourth Street, with a butler and all like that." Here he paused briefly and looked at his friend in a kindly way. Then he proceeded in an even tone: "You and your wife must come to dinner some evening. I'll send you a printed card."

Old Rider

LAST week we paid a respectful call on Mr. Frank Tully, the grand old horseman. He lives in East 117th Street in a neat red house full of hunting prints. He was the first man ever to put a horse over a six-foot bar. This feat he accomplished on Decoration Day, 1886, in the old Madison Square Garden. He still lives in its memory, and in the memory of the days when horsemanship was the mark of a gentleman.

Mr. Tully, now seventy-three, trained three generations of the best riders in America. He came to this country in his teens, the son of an Irish horse dealer, and at twenty years of age was in charge of the late August Belmont's stable on Long Island. Later he took charge of the Meadow Brook horses as well. Those were the days when August Belmont, Stanley Mortimer, John Sanford, Thomas Hitchcock, E. D. Morgan, James Gordon Bennett, Pierre Lorillard, and Adolf Ladenburg were names to be conjured with in horse circles. One day at Hempstead, a year or so after the famous six-foot jump, Belmont bet Tully a hundred dollars he couldn't jump his horse over a five-foot bar with a water ditch in front of it. There was snow on the ground. Tully did it, and offered to put another foot on the bar for another hundred dollars. He won this also.

Tully's hunting prints are good ones. He got them at auctions. Sometimes he rents them out, but always refuses to sell them. (John McEntee Bowman tried to buy them for the Biltmore.) He also has some very excellent china, and some very excellent and lively little Pomeranian dogs, which he raises. The dogs romp around in a parlor full of their trophies and blue ribbons. Tully goes off hunting now and then, and sometimes goes to Newport in the season. At seventy-three he is still a fine-looking man, mildly resentful of a life of comparative idleness among Pomeranians and prints, always dreaming mellow dreams of the times when the old polo fields were at 110th Street and when he could sit a horse with the best of them.

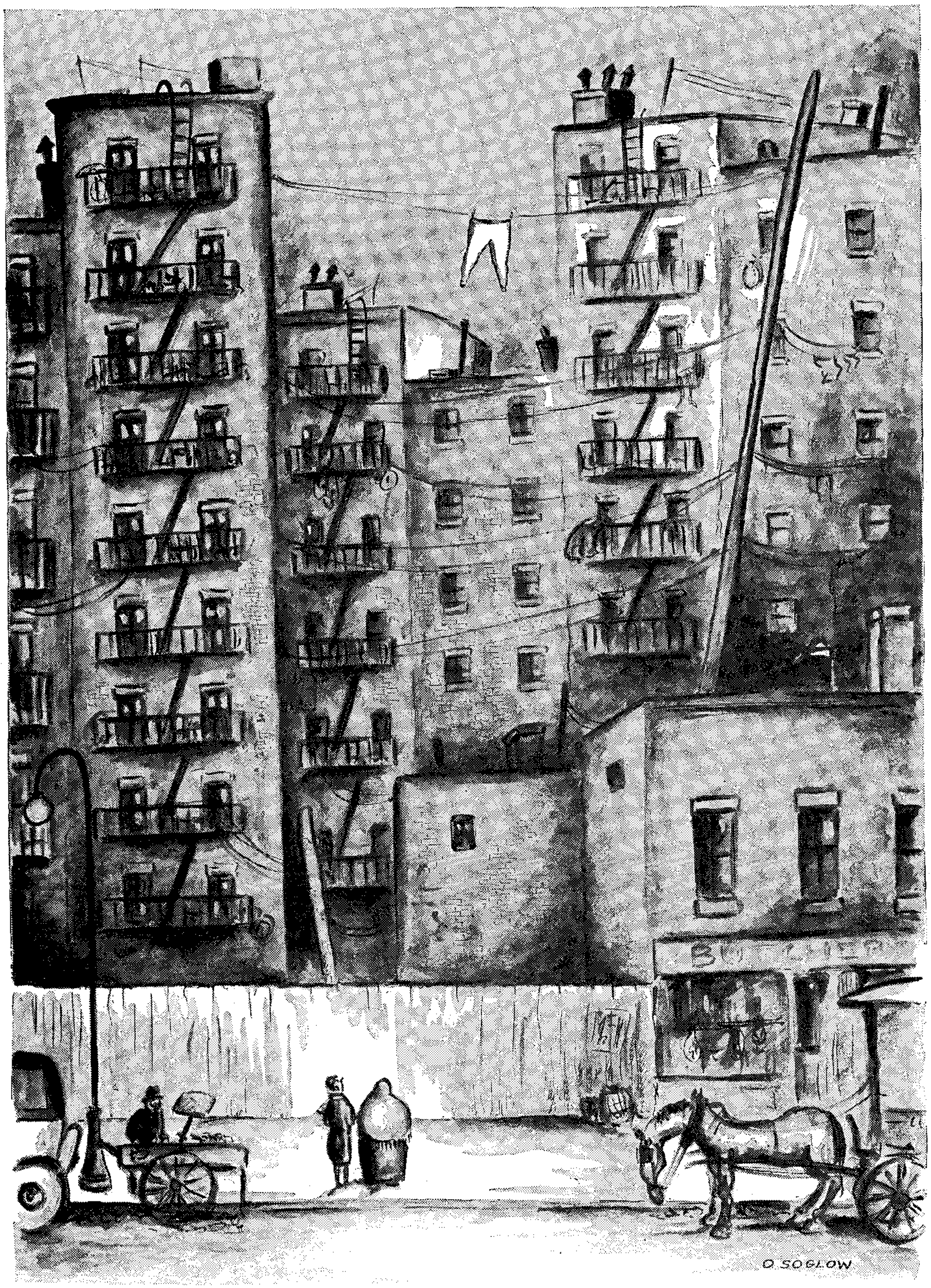
Sonny Boy

IT was with a certain dismay, tinged with fright, that a gentleman and his wife, returning from Florida, discovered that twenty-four bottles of pretty good wine had disappeared. Only the empty bottles remained to bear witness. In despair they questioned their thirteen-year-old son—asked him if he had ever noticed the servants drinking any wine.

"No," he replied. "I poured all the wine down the sink. I can't go on living in a house where laws are violated."

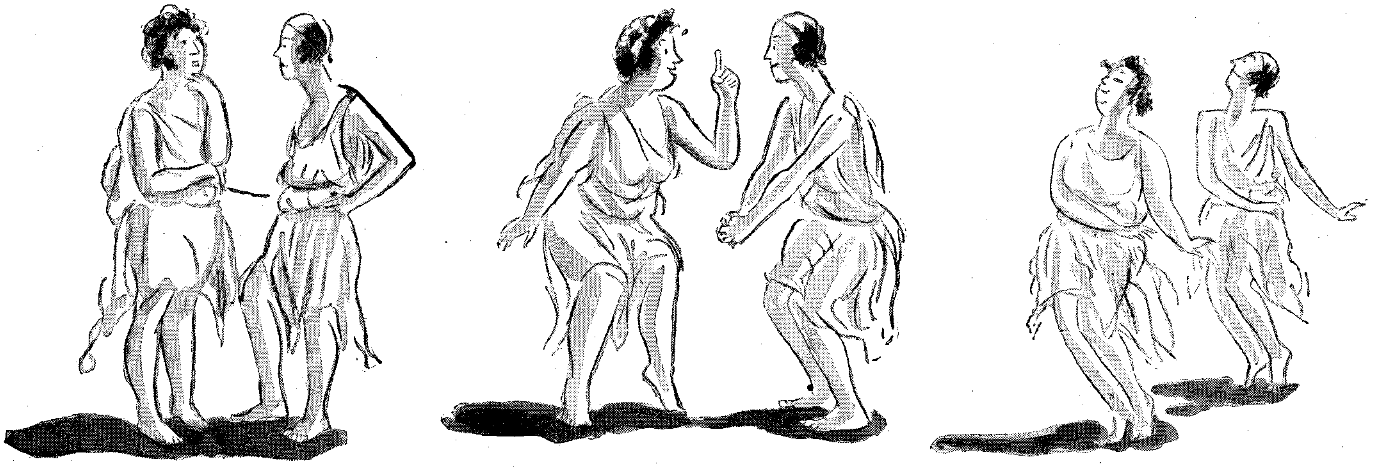
It seems the lad had heard something at school about being a good citizen, and had got right to work.

—THE NEW YORKERS



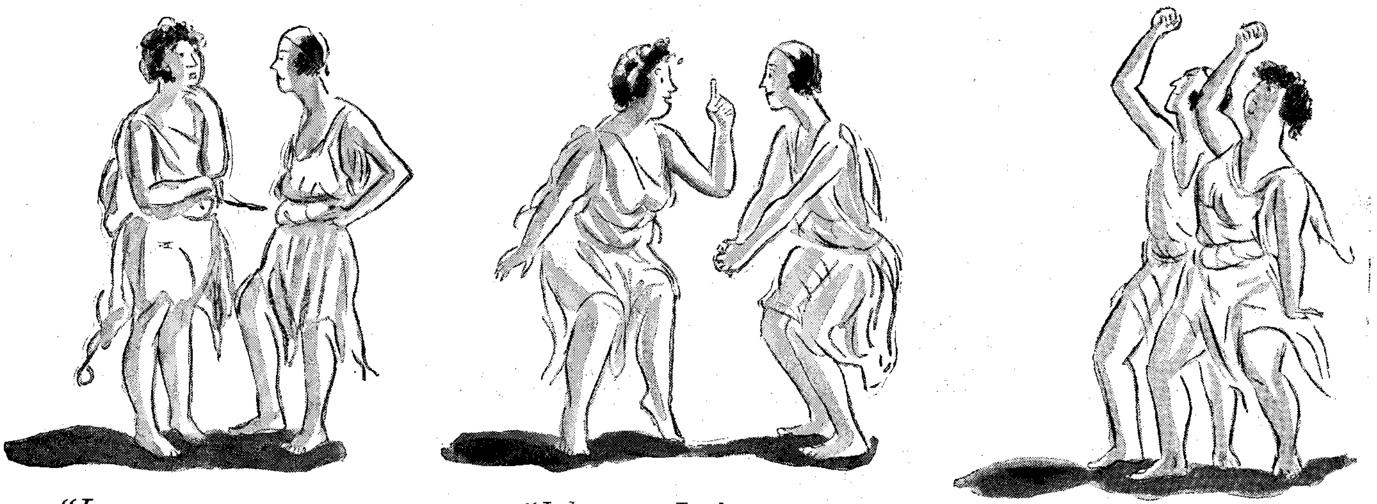
"I love an early spring, don't you, Mrs. McCarthy?"

AN AFTERNOON OF TWO STUDENTS OF RHYTHM



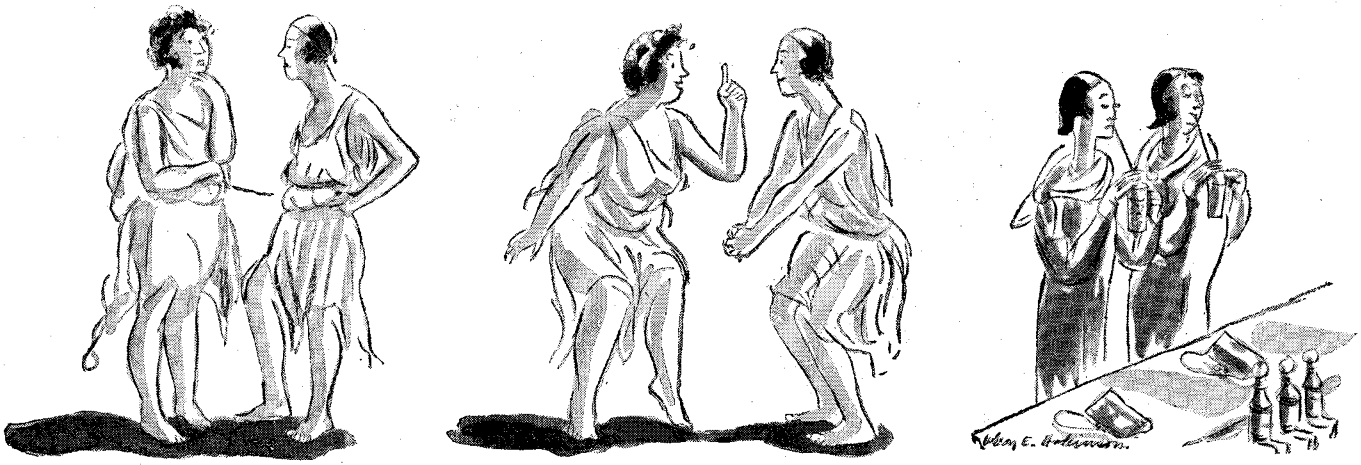
*"Let me see—
what shall we do
now, Mabel?"*

*"I know. Let's
do the Tschaikowsky!"*



*"Let me see—
what shall we do
now, Ethel?"*

*"I know. Let's
do the Heroic!"*



*"Let me see—
what shall we do
now, Mabel?"*

*"I know. Let's go
and get a chocolate
frosted malted milk!"*

MEMOIRS OF A BANQUET SPEAKER

THE sanity of the average banquet speaker lasts about two and a half months; at the end of that time he begins to mutter to himself, and calls out in his sleep. I am dealing here with the young banquet speaker, the dilettante, who goes into it in quest of glamour. There is, he finds out too late, no glamour at banquets—I mean the large formal banquets of big associations and societies. There is only a kind of dignified confusion that gradually unhinges the mind.

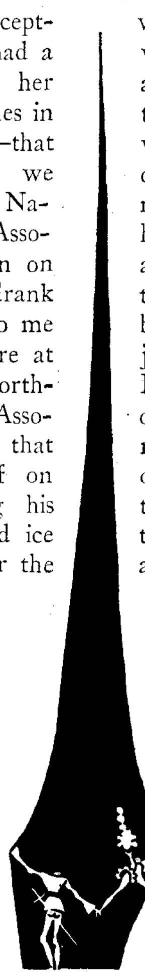
Late in my thirty-fifth year, having tasted every other experience in life (except being rescued by Captain Fried), I decided to be a guest of honor at some glittering annual dinner in a big New York hotel. At first blush, you might think it would be difficult to be asked. It isn't. You don't, of course, have to be a member of an organization in order to address its annual banquet. In fact the organization doesn't even have to know who you are, and it almost never does. The names of the speakers are got out of newspapers and phone books, and from the better Christmas cards; sometimes a speaker is suggested to the entertainment committee by a woman named Mrs. Grace Voynton. That's all I know about her. She suggested me. I never saw her again. As a matter of fact, I never saw her at all. She phoned me one day and asked if I would address the annual banquet of a certain organization, the name of which, in the ensuing conversation, which was rather controversial, slipped my mind. I said I wouldn't address the banquet because my dinner pants were too tight. She was pleased to regard this as a pleasantry, and phoned me again the next day, as a woman will. Finally I said I would make a short talk. I was told to be at the Commodore Hotel at seven-thirty on a certain Wednesday evening. It was only when I was in a taxi on my way to the hotel that I realized I didn't know the name, or the nature, of the organization I was going to talk to—let alone what I was going to talk about. So high is the courage of youth that the young banquet speaker is likely to dismiss this unfortunate ignorance too lightly. He has an idea that Mrs. Voynton will be at the hotel, or that the doorman will recognize him. Certainly, he thinks, it is going to be easy enough to find the banquet-room. It *isn't* going to be, though (the italics are mine). During the banqueting season anywhere from three to eleven banquets are being held, simultaneously, at the average hotel on any given night. Not realizing this, the young guest of honor is almost sure to think that the first banquet table he spies is the one at which he belongs. There is only about one chance in ten that he is right.

I walked into the first banquet-room that I came to, on the mezzanine floor, after having been met by no one at all except a man who asked me where the ladies' dressing-room was. I told him I didn't know and he walked over and told a lady who was with him that I didn't know. There is no reason in the world why a trivial incident like that should unnerve a banquet speaker; it leaves him, however, with a vague sense of insecurity: he begins to wonder where he is, and what night it is, and whether the whole thing may not possibly be a hoax.

In somewhat of a daze—the first warning of a bad mental state—I found myself seated at a long table on a daïs, next to a lady who asked me, as soon as I had drunk a glass of ice water, if I understood the makeup and purposes of the organization we were about to address. She had also accepted over the phone, and had had a miserable connection. I told her facetiously—as one who whistles in the dark to keep his nerve up—that I was under the impression we were the guests of honor at the National Women's Bulb-Raising Association. This caused the man on her right to pale slightly. He drank a little water and whispered to me that, on the contrary, we were at the annual dinner of the North-Eastern States Meat-Handlers Association. I could see, however, that he was uncertain of himself on that point: he kept twisting his napkin. After the coffee and ice cream he was called upon for the first speech of the evening, and if ever a man touched lightly on the meat-handling situation he did. His nervous condition and incoherent remarks obviously upset the toastmaster who, all we speakers were instantly aware, was not absolutely sure that he was at the right banquet himself.

AT this point, since I figured that several speakers were yet to come before I would be called on, I slipped from the table and made a hasty trip to the lobby to look up the sign which tells where the various conventions are being held. Seven were listed, and their locations were given merely as Ballroom A, Ballroom B, Second Assembly Hall, Jade Room, etc. It was impossible to identify these rooms in the short time at my disposal and so I simply hurried back to my seat. From the sign, however, I had discovered that there was a possibility I might be in the midst of the National Chassis-Builders Association, the Society for the Advancement of Electric Welding, the American Society of Syrup and Fondant Makers, or the Past Presidents and Active Officers of Ye Olde Record Binding Company.

AS I sat in my chair, breathing heavily, I tried to think up a few words of greeting and appreciation which might apply equally to the aims and purposes of all the various organizations. This got me nowhere at all. Nor did I receive any help from the gentleman who was talking at the moment. His expression was the agonized expression of a man who hasn't the slightest idea what it is all about and wishes he were home. He told four stories, in a husky voice, and sat down. The toastmaster now arose and said that we were going to have the pleasure of listening to a man who knew more about the subject nearest our hearts than anyone else in America, a man whose great authority in this field had been recognized by his being selected to write on the subject for the new "Encyclopædia Britannica" (I quote him more or less accurately—it was a little more involved than that). Instead of naming his man at this juncture, the toastmaster told a story, and then reverted to the world's greatest authority on the subject nearest our hearts, repeating what he had already said and finally, with a sweep of his hand, pronouncing the speaker's name—"Mr. Septimus R. Groves." As the toastmaster sat down, I lapsed back into my chair and applauded lightly. Nobody got up. All eyes then followed the toastmaster's—and rested finally on me. I knew now that I was at the wrong banquet. Vaguely, as I got to my



feet, I wondered where Mr. Groves was, and on what subject he was so eminent an authority. I was received with tremendous applause. When it quieted down I began to speak. I sketched briefly the advance of transportation, the passing of riveting, the improvement shown in the handling and distribution of meats, and the absolute reliance that one could place nowadays upon the bindings of old records. In conclusion I left with my audience the thought that in meat-handling, as in bulb-raising, chassis construction, electric welding, and binding old records it is Service and Coöperation that count. The speech was received with thunderous applause and a little stomping.

IT was not until I got into a taxi that I realized my mind was already beginning to go. The driver asked me where to. I was surprised to hear myself tell him the Pennsylvania Hotel. There I registered as "Septimus R. Groves." "We already have a Septimus R. Groves registered here," said the clerk, with polite interest. "What's his name?" I asked. "Septimus R. Groves," he said. "He's attending the annual banquet of the Fish and Game Wardens." "Oh," I said, "there must be some mistake; the man you're thinking of is Horace R. Morgner—gypsum blocks and building laths." The clerk gave me my room key, albeit with a certain reluctance. It was a week before I went home. I don't mutter any longer, but I still cry out in my sleep.

—JAMES THURBER

•

There are approximately 40,000 horses in daily use in New York City. The number of taxicabs is 26,628.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

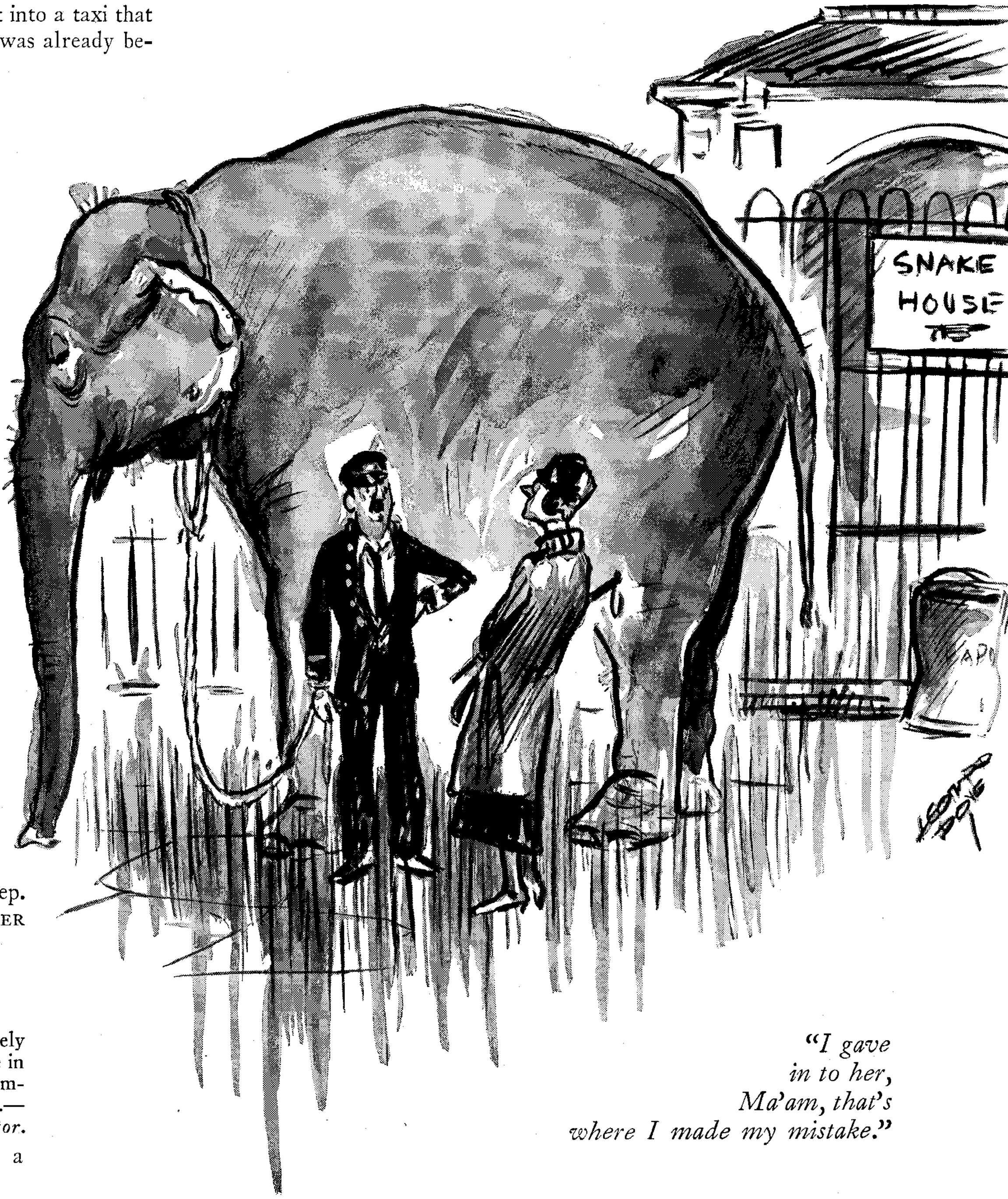
And you can't kiss a girl in a horse, either.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

Stung by a bee, he leapt and, leaping, snatched
From the vast shadowy tree, from Yggdrasill,
One leaf, scarce-budded.
Wild with conquest then,
Fevered and staring, sandals all unlatched,
He dashed about the town, with clamor shrill
Belling abroad his mastery of men;
And those who oft had slept beneath the boughs
All-sapient, wondered at his mad carouse;
While those who ne'er had known the soothing shade
Marvelled or mocked—half-jeering, half-afraid.
Then, presently, he paused, and with surprise
Noticed his madness mirrored in men's eyes;
Returned, for fresher leaves his brow to deck
Seeking—essayed to climb—and broke his neck!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

• •



"I gave in to her, Ma'am, that's where I made my mistake."

A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE

THE voice from the telephone was a wail.

"Listen," it said. "Will you do something for me? Will you come to the dress rehearsal? It's all terrible and I'm worried sick. The play is terrible and I'm terrible and my clothes are terrible and I'm so close to it I can't get a perspective on anything, and I want a fresh point of view, and I want someone I can believe, so will you come?"

"Why, yes," I said.

"Oh, that's grand. Tonight at eight, and bring a notebook, so you won't forget anything. Have a good look at my yellow dress. I know it makes me look fat, and watch my makeup, and watch my hands. Tell me if I move 'em about too much, and watch the scene on the sofa—"

"I'll watch everything," I said.

"Do," said the voice. "And we'll go over it all together afterwards. You're just an angel to do this for me, you're saving my life—oh, and will you particularly watch my scene with the door? In the second act. Write it down so you won't forget."

"Scene with door. Act 2," I wrote obediently.

"Have you got it? Don't forget it. I'll see you tonight."

"I'll come to your dressing-room—" I began, but the voice had already gone.

WHEN the rehearsal was over I went to her dressing-room. She was waiting for me.

"Sit there," she said, "and have a cigarette, and I'll get this face off." Then to her maid: "Wait outside and keep everyone else out. Tell them I'm dead." She smeared a lot of cold cream on her face, and began to remove the greasepaint.

"Now!" she said.

I produced my fairly copious notes.

"First—" I began.

"Oh, how did you like my clothes?" she asked.

"They were all right. Now first—"

"Didn't you like them?"

"They were all right. The yellow dress does make you look fat."

She stopped rubbing her face.

"Where does it make me look fat?"

"I don't know—all over."

"All over? Where were you sitting?"

"Down front."

"Oh, well, that was it. It looks all right from further back; that's what it's designed for. You can't get the proper effect when you're close."

"I see," I said. "Now, about your first act—"

"How was the scene with the door?" she asked.

"It didn't get over," I said.

"How do you mean it didn't get over?"

"Well, the business you did wasn't clear to me."

"Are you sure you're thinking of the right scene?" she said. "I mean the one at the end of the second act."

"That's the scene," I said.

"And you didn't understand it? Where were you sitting?"

"Right in the same seat," I said.

"I mean were you on the side?"

I said that I had sat, for once in my life, in the fifth row centre.

"I only asked," she said, "because I thought that perhaps you hadn't seen very well. Was the door too far upstage?"

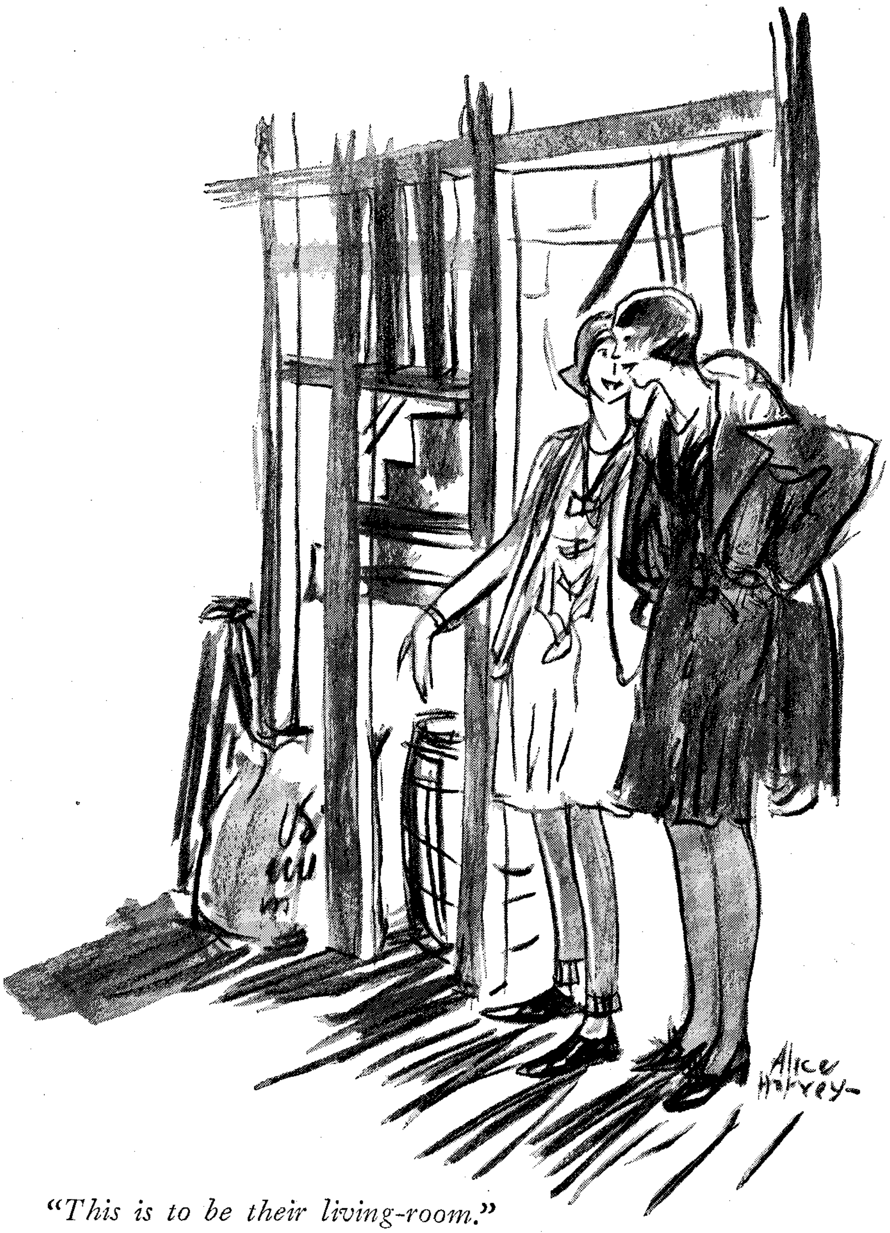
"The door was very well placed. It was the business itself that was wrong," I said.

"Then you mean that *I* was at fault," she said slowly.

"Exactly," I said.

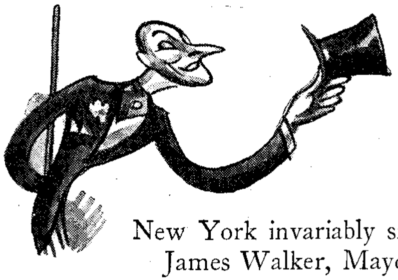
THERE was a short silence.

"You know," she said, "I think you must be wrong about that. If I thought you weren't I'd be only too glad to change the business, or work it out some other way, but I've studied and studied that scene from every angle, and I think that the way I play it is the only way *to* play it." She reflected another moment. "No," she said finally, "I think that scene is all right. But tell me about my hands," she said, getting to work with a large pow-



"This is to be their living-room."
"My dear, not really!"

• •



JIMMIE WALKER

[WRITTEN IN A THEATRE]

New York invariably smiles,
James Walker, Mayor of Bronx and Queens,
Of Staten and Manhattan Isles,
When you appear on movie screens.

In part it's your fantastic clothes,
Your cut-in coat and tailored knees,
Your handkerchief and fancy hose
That touch our risibilities.

Some mayors as lightly could insult
The office of hegemony
And just as brashly make a cult
Of irresponsibility.

They also holidayed abroad
With cheerful disregard for all,
Like modern children under ward
Of omnipresent Tammany Hall.

They mixed the King and Jester's art,
And for obstructionism strove,
They comicked the tragedian's part
And wisecracked from the seat of Jove.

They made their office unsublime,
And wore their robes on nightly sprees,
Recording in the sands of time
No acts but trivialities.

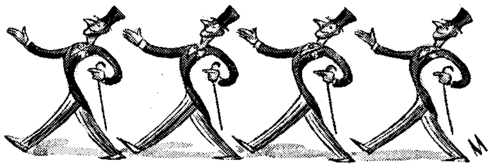
Yet never could these others raise
The glee which from the gallery shelf
Salutes the public film-displays
Of your unmitigated self.

Unique, undoubled, matchless Mayor,
Whose world is William Gaynor's shoe,
The charm of youth, the debonair
Seems quintessentially you!

A stony heart 'twill be that feels
In you an instrument of harm;
And moral he whom no appeals
Can wake to your ingenuous charm.

No doubt posterity must note
Your hopeless insufficiency;
But now, amorally I vote
You are the perfect Mayor for me.

—FILLMORE HYDE



• •

der puff. "Did I use them too much?"

"A little," I said.

"Where?"

I fumbled through my notes.

"In the scene where you listen to the will. You should sit perfectly still there."

"But I do sit perfectly still there. I never move."

"You move your hands. It would be far more effective if you were utterly motionless."

"Why?"

"Because you would stand out as the one calm figure in the scene."

"Well—" she said. "There I *don't* agree with you. And anyway, I don't *move* my hands, I merely twist a handkerchief. That's the one scene where I *have* been careful of my hands, but was there any place where I *did* use them too much?"

I put down my notes.

"No," I said.

"How was the play as a whole?" she said, hunting about for eyeshadow.

"Pretty good, but it drags a lot. It didn't always hold me."

"Where didn't it hold you?"

I reached once more for my notes, but she ignored them.

"Don't you think," she said, "that it seemed draggy because there was no audience? With only a few people out front there is no response, and without response anything seems slow. You know, I don't really think you can judge *any* play at rehearsal."

"I see that," I said.

"Wait till you see it with an audience," she said.

"I will," I said.

She finished her eyes and picked up a lipstick.

"How was my makeup?" she asked.

I glanced at my notes.

"Too pale," I said.

"I knew you'd say that," she said. "You do love pretty pink cheeks, don't you? I hate 'em. I *like* a pale make-up."

She reddened her mouth and sat back.

"How was the scene on the sofa?" she said.

I put my notes in my pocket.

"Fine," I said.

"And my little comedy scene in the third act?"

"Fine," I said.

"Oh, and how was the first-act curtain?"

"That was fine," I said.

She sighed and got up. I got up too.

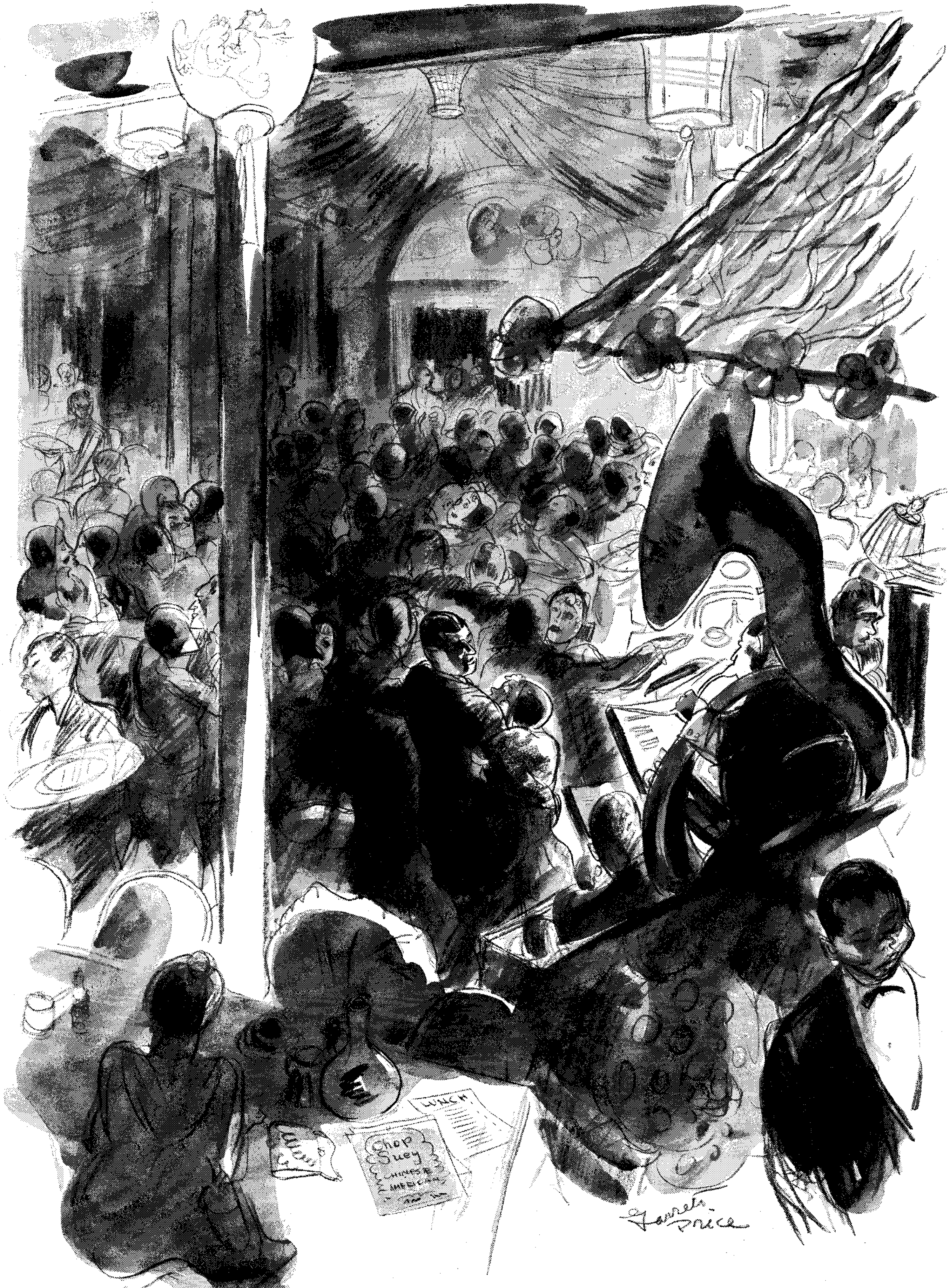
"Well, you've just been an angel," she said, "because I had lost all my perspective on it, and I would have died if somebody hadn't given me a fresh point of view. And you haven't any suggestions? You really think it's all right?"

"I think it's fine," I said.

"Well—you don't know the relief it is. Good night, darling, and thank you ever so much."

"You're very welcome," I said.

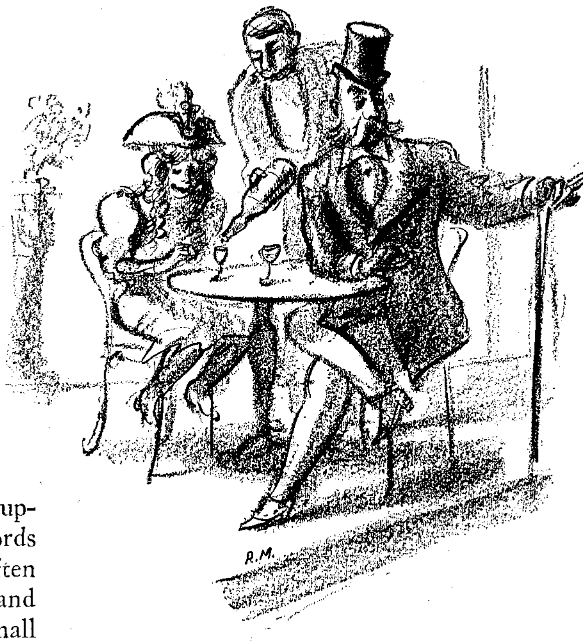
—PATRICIA COLLINGE


LUNCH
Chop Suey
CHINESE & AMERICAN
Garrett Price

*"Oh, I don't mind
taking chances with a strange fellah at noontime."*

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

PARADES AND TERRACES



I WAS born in Broadway—below the Flatiron Building when the Flatiron was not. My parents had just arrived from London—first class—and there was fear lest the heir apparent (he was so certain, my poor father) be born at sea. Nor must the heir (heir to nothing in particular, really) be born in a hotel. So two floors were taken in a brownstone house, and there I saw the light. Yes, one saw the light in those days of five-story houses. Purcell, the caterer and restaurateur, lived directly opposite, and daily, waiters, with charcoal-heated braziers, carried food across a Broadway of mild cable-cars and horse-drawn coupés, and up two flights of stairs to where it was served on our own private dishes! There was a billiard-room as well as a drawing-room, and there Thomas Nast, Jim Wales, Richard Watson Gilder, then editor of the *Century*, and other leading cartoonists and writers played against my father.

Years later when we were in Italy I remember Father showing a snapshot of the fifteen-story Flatiron Building to Roman friends—"*Impossibile!*" "*Miracolo!*" the four-story Italians exclaimed—and now the fifteen-story buildings hump their flat roofs in shame and look shyly up at the towers and terraces and domes of a Carcassonne that exists only above the twentieth floor—below they are waffle-irons.

UNTIL I was six we dwelt in that Palladian line of houses called London Terrace in West Twenty-third Street, now dustily being torn down. It is a vague memory of a double drawing-room with red velvet furniture, white woodwork, and Irish lace curtains, and a conservatory in the back in which the usual unsympathetic plants flourished and the pretty flowers died, and where once I left what was proudly called "A French Doll" with an exquisitely painted face of wax. The sun shone hotly through the glass, and when I again sought the doll, her face was no more. In that same rear drawing-room there was a fascinating structure which by day was a combination of desk, bookcase, a set of drawers, a cupboard for shoes, and a mirror. At night the entire front could be swung aside, revealing a bed. I fancy that this six-in-one was frequently used as a guest-room by my father's inebriate acquaintances. . . . Oh, those lovely wicker demijohns of red wine, which I was allowed to taste at an early age.

Two other memories link themselves with these rooms: the charm of lying beneath the red velvet chairs, almost smothering beneath the pressure of the sagging springs, and pulling off the fringes; and the sound of my father coming home before dinner, sitting down at the ebony upright piano, and striking minor chords which shot me down the stairs, often falling on my impetuous fat legs, and causing me to dance like a crazy small thing up and down the length of those two rooms.

I adored our coupé—which wasn't ours. You hired the carriage and horse from a nearby stable, but the coachman wore your livery, and, most delicious of all, a little cockade at the side of his silk top hat.

My handsome, healthy, Somersetshire mother did not approve of the Americans of the early nineties. She thought their voices too high, their physical development too low, and their manners too informal. So I was taught, when enthusiastic passersby leaned over my carriage and exclaimed, "What rosy cheeks that little girl has! Won't you give me a kiss, darling?" to reply, "I cannot kiss you but I will shake hands with you."

FIFTH AVENUE was our next move, among the Thirties, into a brick house painted white. De luxe china stores, smart men's tailors, and lordly jewellers flanked us, but it was still residential. I went to the Sacred Heart Convent in Seventeenth Street, and each morning I was put on the horse-drawn omnibus which rattled over the cobblestones to my destination. I was given ten cents daily—no more. If it was a ten-cent piece, then I had to lurch down the narrow aisle to the circle cut in the glass at the fore-front of the bus and placed near the great thigh of the red-faced driver. I pulled a little leather strap which went "ting," and asked him for change. It required all my adolescent courage to do this, for I hated the undignified way in which I was thrown upon the other passengers by the plunging of the bus. Then came that terrible morning when I dropped my Christmas five-dollar gold piece in the box instead of my nickel! "Please, *please*, driver, can't you get it out?" "No, miss, I don't see no gold piece." . . . I faced a Fact of Life.

Every Friday my blond-bearded father called for me at the Convent at noon. I always wore my best coat and hat and patent-leather button boots, though my school uniform of blue serge was underneath. We then went to Louis Martin's for lunch, on the old Delmonico site at Twenty-fifth and Fifth Avenue. If it was fair, we sat on the terrace, and drank a Dubonnet to start. Then I, in convent dress and fat ringlets, ordered lunch in French of the *maitre d'hôtel*. "Most women know nothing about food and wines. You shall, my dear." . . . All this sounds rather snooty. It probably was.

I saw the Dewey arch being erected; living in Fifth Avenue, parades were one of our sources of entertainment. My small brother and I would prepare ourselves for the event by ordering maple sugar, which came in pleasantly crinkle-edged cakes, at five cents a cake, from the grocer in Fourth Avenue. Contentedly we would then sit ourselves in the nursery bay window, slobber happily over the maple sugar, dodge the seeds scattered by the canary who dwelt in the cage above us, and watch yellow-fever-crippled soldiers drag back from the ignoble Spanish-American War, or wonder why the Irish wobbled so on their horses in the St. Patrick's Day parade.

I remember what may easily have been New York's first tea-room. It was started across the way from us in the basement of a private house. The basement was down two steps. The windows were curtained in pink silk, there were pink-shaded lamps on little tables, and a timid small sign said, "Tea from 4 to 6." My English mother was delighted—America was becoming civilized—and she would tow us across the Avenue to support the enterprise. I fear she was the only steady customer, for in a very short while the pink silk curtains disappeared.

Do New Yorkers remember when the west side of Fifth Avenue was *the* shopping side, and *the* side to promenade, and if one wished to be really haughty and conservative one walked in dull isolation on the east side?

The pond in Madison Square still exists, but usually empty, and no longer floats the water lilies, whose lure nearly drowned me, when, naughtily pulling at one of the rubbery stems, I was dragged in—and dragged out.

A famous jeweller, now dead, liked my father and daily would call upon him with, "Now, Mr. Hegger, how about a leetle snifter at the Holland House before lunch?" And what was this mysterious snifter? A vermouth! A strange, slightly acrid French apéritif, which few Americans knew, or valued at its medicinal worth.

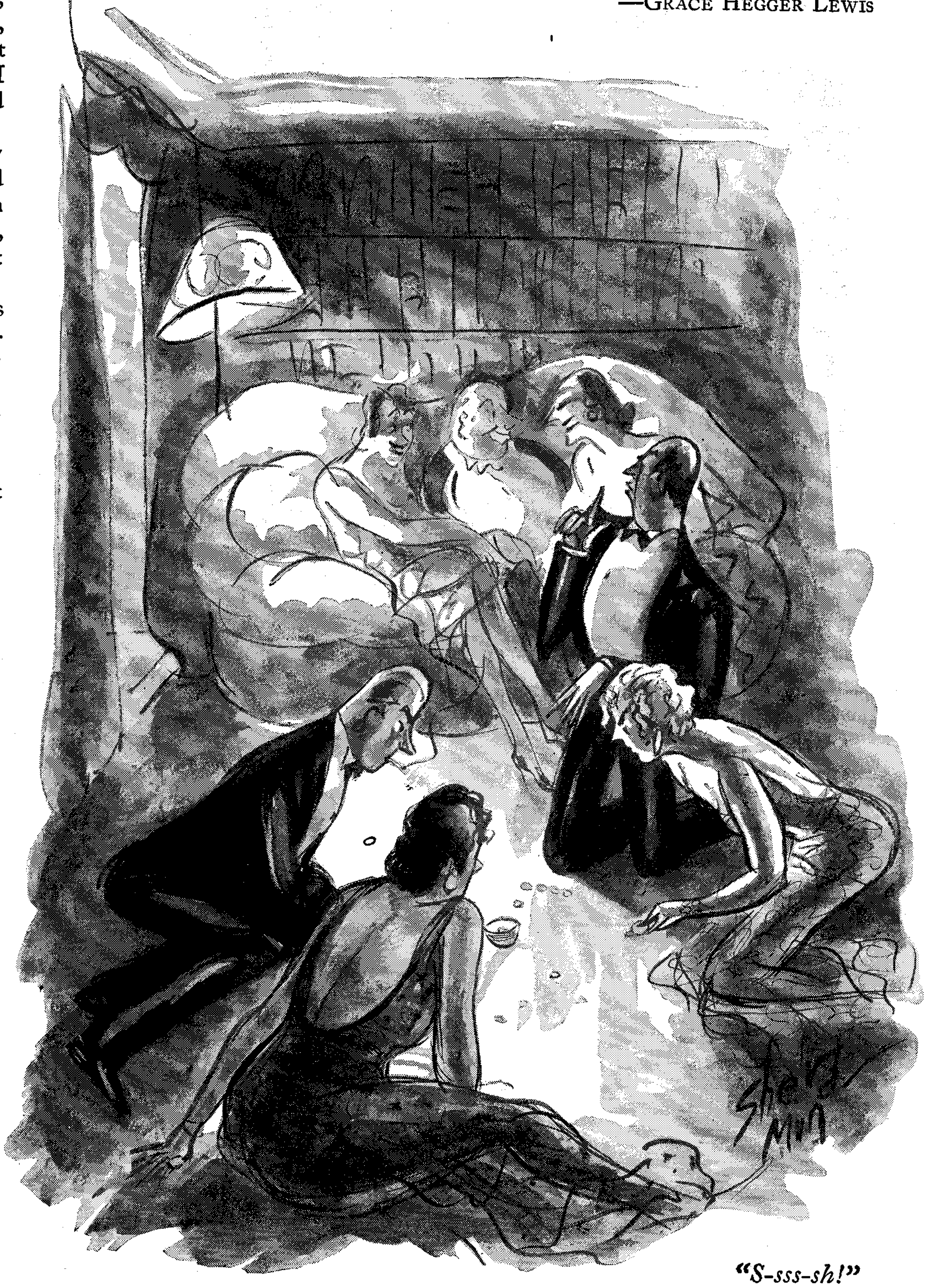
WE children rarely went to the theatre. My first spectacle, I think, was Palmer Cox's Brownies; then Proctor's Vaudeville in Twenty-third Street, where we sat proudly in one of the four rows of red velvet chairs, as wide as English stalls; and of course, the Circus and the Eden Musée.

I was never stage-struck. In fact the idea rather bored me, but you had to be either crazy about Ethel Barrymore or Margaret Anglin, and I belonged to the Anglin group. Miss Anglin was then playing at the Princess Theatre at Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street. "Zira," "The Great Divide"—which was it? I remember that the Princess Theatre had an outside iron staircase leading to the stage entrance, and up this we climbed in snowy weather for the privilege of hearing her say, "Hello there, children," and then disappear into her carriage. One girl boasted of having seen "The Great Divide" seventeen times and of knowing Miss Anglin's part by heart. Even then it seemed to me a questionable acquisition.

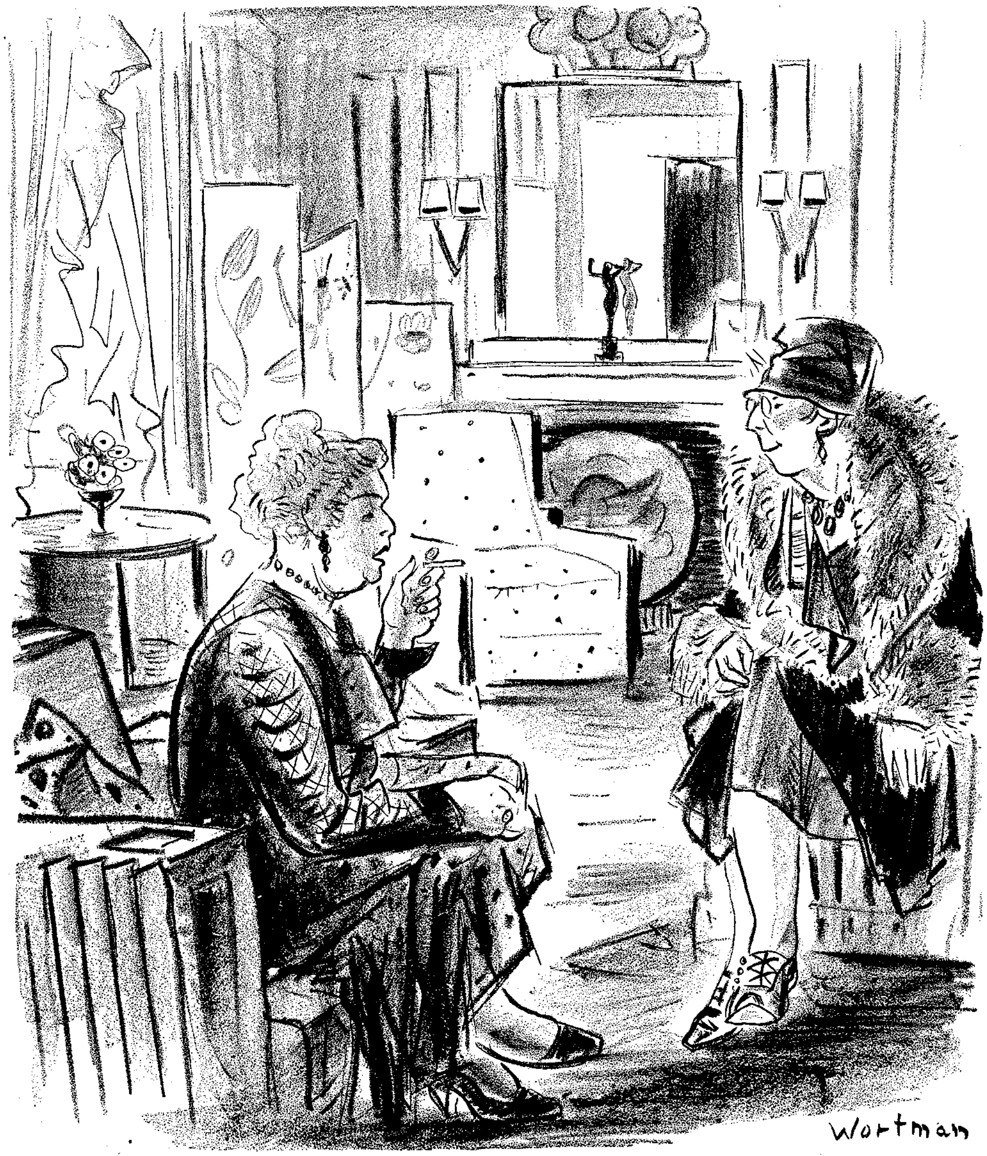
WALKING through one of the Thirties the other day I was amazed to find the shop still standing where my first hat was made to order. Inside the crown the milliner had sewed a tiny sachet, which made my hair smell ever so sweet. Delirium! Farther down the same street was the office of my dentist, my first love. No rose arbor by moonlight provided a greater thrill than that achieved by a twelve-year-old girl when a white linen arm encircled her neck, she could press her head against a white linen coat, and a polite voice murmured, "Open a little wider, please."

Down Thirtieth Street, toward Sixth Avenue, lay Mystery. At one corner was a gilded saloon from which my father brought home delightful small pretzels; on the opposite corner was the Haymarket. It must have been ten years later that I discovered its utilitarian purposes.

—Grace Hegger Lewis



"*S-sss-sh!*"



"I've been turning over the Austrian Tyrol in my mind."

• •

TRAFFICS AND ANNOYANCES

A STUDY IN WEAR AND TEAR

THE Sixth and Ninth Avenue "L" trains which run over the same tracks above Fifty-third Street and to the unaccustomed eye are indistinguishable.

The red lights in upper Fifth Avenue after the baby-carriage trade has disappeared in the dusk; the long empty street ahead, the total absence of cross-traffic, the waits.

The Fifth Avenue bus at night which suddenly loses all interest in life and begins to dawdle maddeningly while five others, on which you are not travelling, go hurtling by.

The incredible accuracy of cab-drivers who manage to stop always at an eastbound street when you are going west, and vice versa; their caution about lights when you are in a hurry; their maddening disregard of lights when you are nervous. Their refusal to learn that the one-hundreds east are not beyond Third Avenue. Their intuitive knowledge of what streets are torn up and the fatality with which they take those streets.

The profound and limitless mystery of Columbus Circle and the movement of cars through it.

The decision not to oppose the traffic; the ensuing half-minute when not a single car comes by to stop your crossing the street; the reversed decision and the ensuing spate of cars which catches you between two moving lines; the immediate turn of the light making your entire effort utterly pointless.

Waiting two minutes, in a cab, at Madison, moving thirty seconds to turn into Park, and waiting one minute more for the Park lights to change.

The two successive stop signs on the old-type control signals now used in Central Park for left-turns.

THE emergence from the Queens subway at Grand Central, carrying bags; the disappearance of all the exits leading to elevators; the tunnels which wind and go up flights of stairs and turn into other tunnels; the final arrival near Fortieth and Park with even the Black Cap porters looking like dots in the distance.

The totally unexpected emergence from the same subway by way of the Chanin Building.

The gate closing the King Street entrance of the Seventh Avenue subway late at night; the invisibility of that gate until you have gone all the way down the stairs; the visible arrival of the last train for ten minutes just as you start back on your way to the Houston Street entrance.

The insistence of chauffeurs that they cannot turn in Eighth Avenue before nine o'clock and their swift plunge around the Ninth Avenue "L" pillars to take you to a theatre near Seventh Avenue.

Seeing the meter that registers thirty-five cents for conveyance from Forty-fourth and Broadway to Fortieth and Broadway.

The rubber casing of the subway doors pressing in on you as you squeeze into a car; the standstill of the train for a minute thereafter.

The motors which sweep by when you are trying to hail a street car and the convenient blindness of the motorman to your signal from the curb; the motors which forget the "eight feet please—it is the law" and graze you as you descend from a street car; the indecision of all street cars about stopping at odd-numbered streets.

The crosstown buses which stop at the near side and regularly miss the light; the attempt to read a newspaper in these buses. The stolid indifference of these buses at Eighty-sixth and Broadway after midnight, when they sit on their haunches for ten minutes while you curse softly in their cavernous and unfragrant depths.

The local which jams up when you decide to forgo the express and avoid the crowd; the express which stops between Pennsylvania Station and Times Square and lets three locals pass; the local which stops when you might have taken the express.

The people who fight back at you when you are trying to get out.

The inward-turning gates on the old "L" trains.

The death of all conversation during traffic waits; the embarrassing conversation of fellow-travellers in buses rising high on the same occasions.

THE old ticket-choppers still in action at obscure "L" stations; the "Exit Closed" signs concentrating all in- and e-gress through a single channel; the justifiable fury of incomers who brush you out of the way.

The triumph of those who drop nickels, locking the turnstile on you as you are hurrying out of the subway.

The window-shoppers on the wrong side of the sidewalk, the people who turn suddenly, bump into you, and scowl.

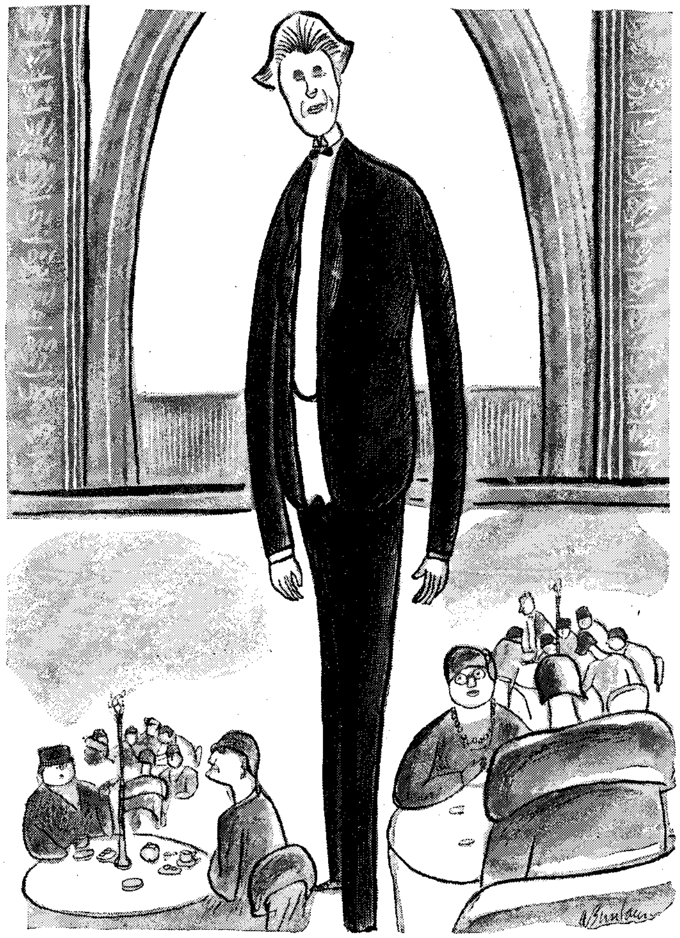
The memory of an ancient phrase: the pedestrian has the right of way; the growing awareness that your nerves are not getting better and that you are not becoming hardened to the traffic; the immovable conviction that nothing will ever be done about it.

The regrettable, illogical, immoral, anti-social thrill of beating the traffic laws, of jaywalking through Fifth Avenue, of escaping all the cars when you are walking and nearly getting all the pedestrians when you are riding; the little sigh of relief when you are safe at home. —GILBERT SELDES

•

FLIRT

Love's a harp
For come who may.
Want to try it?
Can you play?
—MILDRED WESTON



RESTAURANT ROYALTY

Tall, distinguished (oh, that interesting gray at the temples!), and handsome, Paul might well have stepped from the pages of a Michael Arlen novel to add a final touch of refinement to lunching and dining proceedings at the Plaza.

THE LOVERS

"WELL, howja like him?"

"Like who?"

"You know—Rudy Vallée."

"Oh, Rudy Vallée. Well, I think he's simply awful. I tell you, to me he was terrible."

"You think Rudy Vallée is terrible? For goodness sakes, Mrs. Jacoby, can you stand there and tell me that you think he's terrible?"

"Listen, Mrs. Rifkin, I don't care what you or Mrs. Kaminsky says, I still think that Rudy Vallée is simply awful. I saw him on your recommendation alone, and I don't see how you can fall for him."

"Fall for him? I never fell for him. All I said was that I thought he was wonderful. That's not falling for him. Why don't you like Rudy Vallée? Whatsa matter with him?"

"Well, in the first place, I don't see where he comes off to have any It. As far as I'm concerned he ain't got the lease bit of sex appeal. Roddy La Roche, he's got him beat a mile. Roddy La Roche, he's got more sex appeal in his little finger than Rudy Vallée has got on both hands."

"I can't see why you don't think he's sex-appealy. I could swear sure you'd like him. Why, I even says to Mrs. Kaminsky, 'Just wait until Mrs. Jacoby sees Rudy Vallée and I bet she falls for him.' And Mrs. Kaminsky says, 'Sure, she'll fall for him.' I tell you honestly, I'm so disappointed you didn't like him."

"Like him? How can I like him? First of all, what has he got? He's got nothing but a voice. All right, so his voice is good. Well, what's that so wonderful you gotta like him for that?"

"Who's talking about Rudy's voice? I'm talking about his personality. I'm talking about his figger. He's the athaletic type. He's also a college boy."

"All right, so he's a college boy. All right, so he's athaletically inclined. To me a man has got sex appeal by looking in his face. I can tell in a minute if he's making a hit with me if he's good-looking."

"But Rudy Vallée, he's got plenty of good looks. The pictures in the lobby, they show you if he's good-looking or not."

"Say, I know most of them pictures are a fake, believe me. You gotta see a person to his face to know if he's good-looking."

"WELL, I don't know. I still think he's very good-looking. You take Mrs. Kaminsky—well, she's simply wild about him. She says to me, 'If Rudy Vallée would run away with me,' she says, 'I'd pick up Shirley and I'd leave Mr. Kaminsky in a minute,' she says. I think it's really awful. If I was Mr. Kaminsky I would watch out. Only a coupla weeks ago it was Richard Arlen. It was Richard Arlen this and Richard Arlen that. And now she's saying the very same thing about Rudy Vallée. But the very same thing, mind you."

"Yeah, it seemsa me the lease she could do is to stick to one man. You know, a thing like that shows up a woman's nature in a minute. I mean, well look, if she talks that way about Richard Arlen and Rudy Vallée in the same breath, who knows about Mr. Kaminsky?"

"Waddeya mean?"

"I mean, simply this. Today she's Mrs. Kaminsky. Tomorrow Mr. Kaminsky brings some buyers to the house. All right. There's a handsome buyer. I'm not saying anything, only I mean what guarantee have you got that the buyer ain't gonna be the Rudy Vallée?"

"Sure."

"It seemsa me a woman who was so crazy about Richard Arlen shouldn't ought to fall so quick for Rudy Vallée because if she falls that way it goes to show that she'll fall for any man."

"Well, I gotta run along now. I gotta attend to the baby."

"You gonna take in a picture show tonight?"

"Uhuh."

"Who you gonna see?"

"The boy friend."

"I didn't know Ramon Novarro was playing in anything. Well, have a good time."

"Thanks. And don't feel so bad because I didn't like Rudy Vallée. Maybe it's because I got eyes for only Ramon. Believe me, if Mrs. Kaminsky stuck to one man she'd be better off. Well, goodbye."

—Arthur Kober

OF ALL THINGS

THOSE who speak of the ninth planet as a member of the Solar System only show their ignorance. It has not been confirmed by the United States Senate.

•

The task of naming the new planet is a difficult one at best. To make it harder, nobody tells us whether the Little Stranger is a boy or girl.

•

Horace D. Taft was an engaging and effective witness for the drys, but Connecticut gave him poor support. Yale was a flop and Hartford staged an untimely epidemic of Jamaica-ginger paralysis.

•

It is not surprising to learn that income-tax receipts have fallen off a little. We know parties who practically enjoyed sending in their cheques this year.

•

The problem of censoring imported books was settled with true Senatorial wisdom. The job was taken away from the custom-house official who knows nothing about the subject and was given to the court which knows, in round numbers, the same.

•

Here is another alibi for the prohibitionaries on the straw-vote disaster. It was unfair of the *Literary Digest* to take the poll while the hearings were going on at Washington. Those things always produce a raging thirst.

•

The circus is now imminent and the press-agent admits, when cornered, that John Ringling is importing some mysterious curiosity. Is it—could it possibly be—that old Turk who hasn't had a drink for centuries?

•

The rumor is that Mr. Wickersham is slated for a position in the World Court. By comparison with his current job, the toughest international problem will look like a setup to George W.

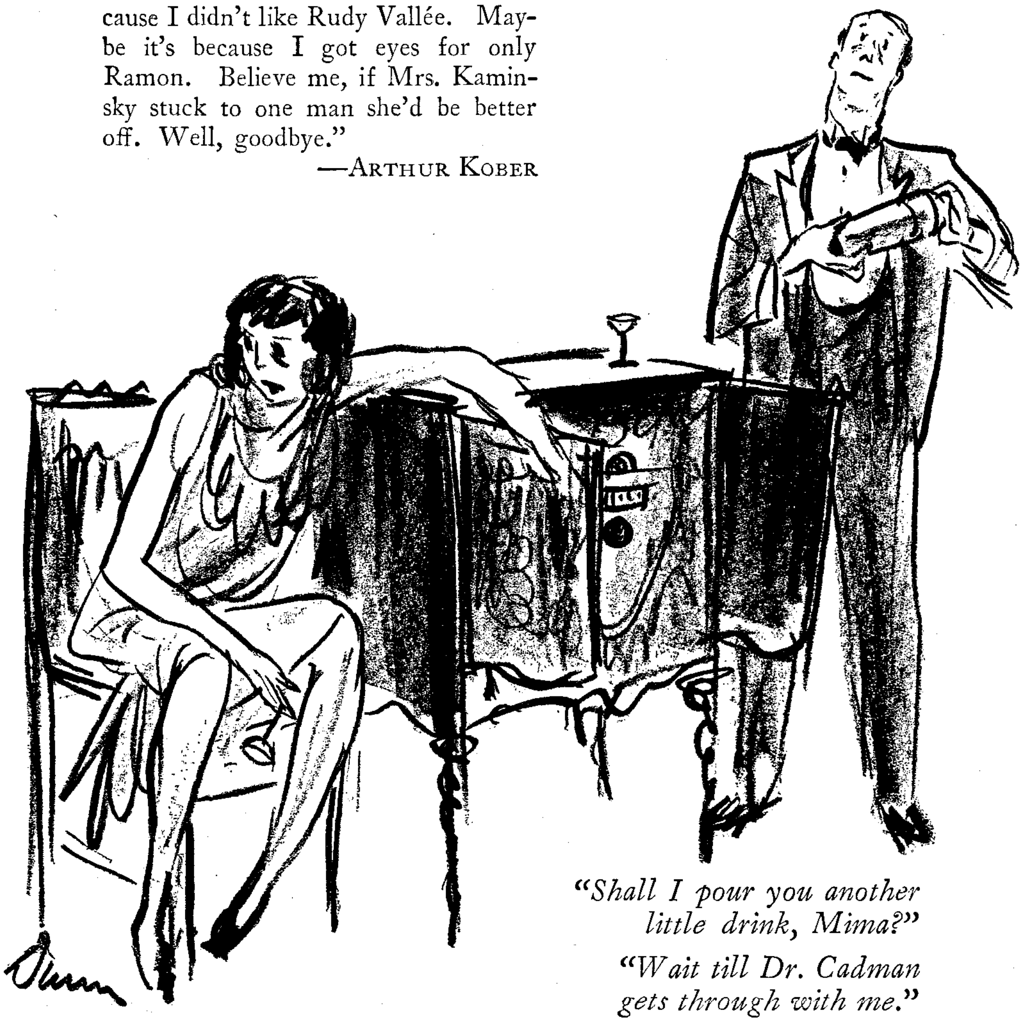
•

Our State Department has gently reproved Byrd for disclaiming American sovereignty over the new land he discovered. Byrd forgets that an admiral's first duty is to cement bonds of ill-will with Great Britain.

•

Whatever else he is, our Mayor is consistent. He opposes the ten-cent fare even for taxicabs.

—Howard Brubaker



"Shall I pour you another little drink, Mima?"

"Wait till Dr. Cadman gets through with me."

• •

IN MEMORIAM
A PLEASANT FRIENDSHIP

b. 1914 d. 1929

If I were dead and gone to heaven
You'd still be dining out at seven.

If I were dead and gone to hell
You'd still be telling stories well.

My furthest absence would not be
A scratch on your felicity.

In short, I need not keep alive
For you consummately to thrive.

I should rejoice, you will aver,
To know you a philosopher,

And that no little friendly qualm
Can kink or curb your fluent calm.

I should commend your fair, free lot—
These lines record that I do not.

—Babette Deutsch

THE THEATRE

SPRING LETHARGY

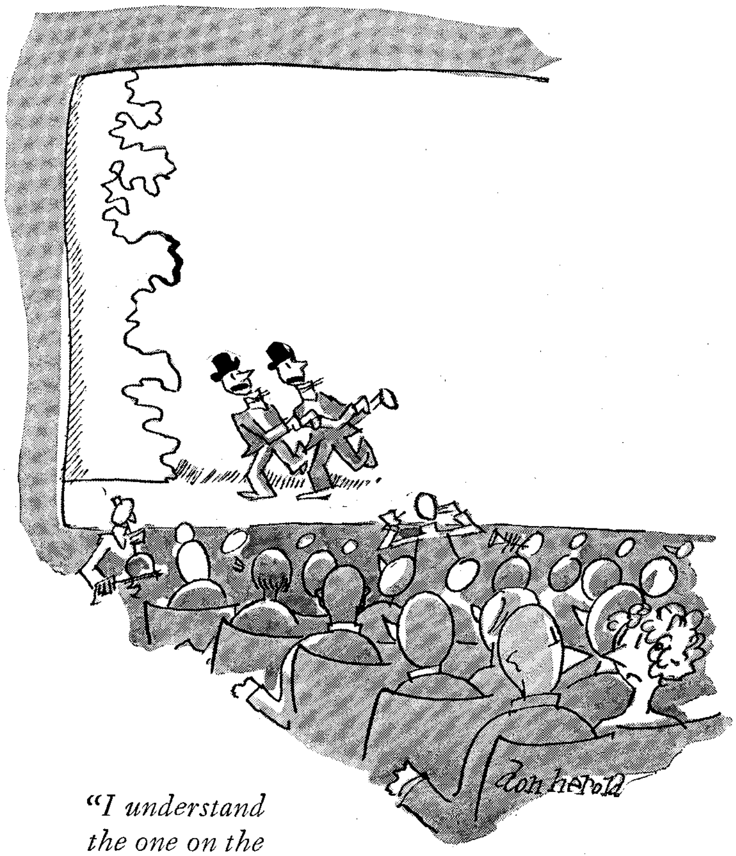
MOST of them worthy enough, but all a trifle slow on the uptake, the dramas of the past week have sauntered more or less majestically by on their way to the boneyard. A few may linger pleasantly until the tiny spring onions are in and the May wine is ready, but, for most of them, "transient" would be a kindly word. And yet, there were several which were very nice in their quiet way.

"A Month in the Country" was perhaps the nicest. The temptation to say that "A Month in the Country" was a good name for it, or that it seemed more like two months, is not strong enough to give in to, for that would be unfair in its implication that the evening was a boring one. It was a long evening, and not a very exciting one, but it certainly was not boring—at least, not to this section of the theatregoing public, whose boring-point is 96° F. If this has the earmarks of faint praise, take it as such. "A Month in the Country" is a faint play—but a nice one.

Part of its merit lies in the fact that the Theatre Guild has thrown some of its best troops into the engagement. (The military metaphor may be a little too dashing, considering the almost tropical languor of most of the action.) Nazimova, up from the art fields in Fourteenth Street, makes her scenes exciting by some special kind of Russian repression which renders her most quiet lines dynamic. Her scene with Alexander Kirkland, in which she tells him to stick around by the time-honored means of telling him to go away, is as neat a piece of work as you will see in town today. I am getting a little old now to be convulsed by the awkward or vicarious suitor, and so the deftly played scenes of Dudley Digges and Henry Travers left me as cold as Dudley Digges and Henry Travers could ever leave me, which is nothing to worry about. I am quite warm now. And my general recollection of "A Month in the Country" (which, by the way, was written by one Turgenev) is one of pleasant anticipation of something which never came, but which really wasn't needed after all.

MR. HARRY WAGSTAFF GRIBBLE is one of the enigmas of the playwriting profession. He refuses to rent a niche for himself, and consequently one never quite knows what to expect from him. Sometimes, as in "March Hares," he jumps out all alone with a flaming sword in his hand. Again, as last year in that one about the child evangelist (name furnished after considerable research trouble if you really want to know), he mixes things up in a highly interesting, if quite unaccountable, way, so that you laugh at the wrong places and really don't know where you are, or where he is. And this year, in "The Royal Virgin," he comes forth with a genuine, blank-verse Shakespearean bit of writing about Queen Elizabeth and Essex which treads its dignified way through anterooms and council chambers, queen's boudoirs and Towers of London, all in legitimate and metrical dialogue, but all suffering from the necessity of being acted as if it were Shakespeare—which is no mean handicap. Thaïs Lawton may be like Elizabeth or she may not. At any rate her voice carries well. Hugh Buckler might very well be like Essex. Even after reading Mr. Strachey I wouldn't know about that. But "The Royal Virgin," however it may be, like the peers' chorus, "dignified and stately," is still not the kind of play that we insist on having from Mr. Gribble. In fact, I do not remember ever having insisted on having this kind of play from anyone.

IN "The Matriarch" we are confronted by another of the worthy, but static, bits of playwriting which are so difficult to appraise. I have a feeling that, if the truth were known and the spirit which it derives from G. B. Stern's novel eliminated, it would not be even particularly worthy. The Jewish grandmother who, by sheer right of eminent domain, rules the lives of a large family of Rakonitzes until she gets them all in a terrible mess, is a dramatic figure, but the lines which have been given the characters to speak, and the characters who have been chosen to speak the lines, are certainly nothing to lean out of windows about. The thing is an obvious fabrication, and, in a great many of the minor rôles, is played with almost fatal amateurishness. Miss Constance Collier, as the *grand'mère*, is sufficiently dominating and handsome, and, in her big scenes, emotionally effective, but her Jewish is something which we in New York can easily recognize as phony (there are times when she becomes almost a Mother Machree and others when she is just grand old Mother Collier), and I am not quite sure that, some of the time, she is not just giving us what is known as "un-



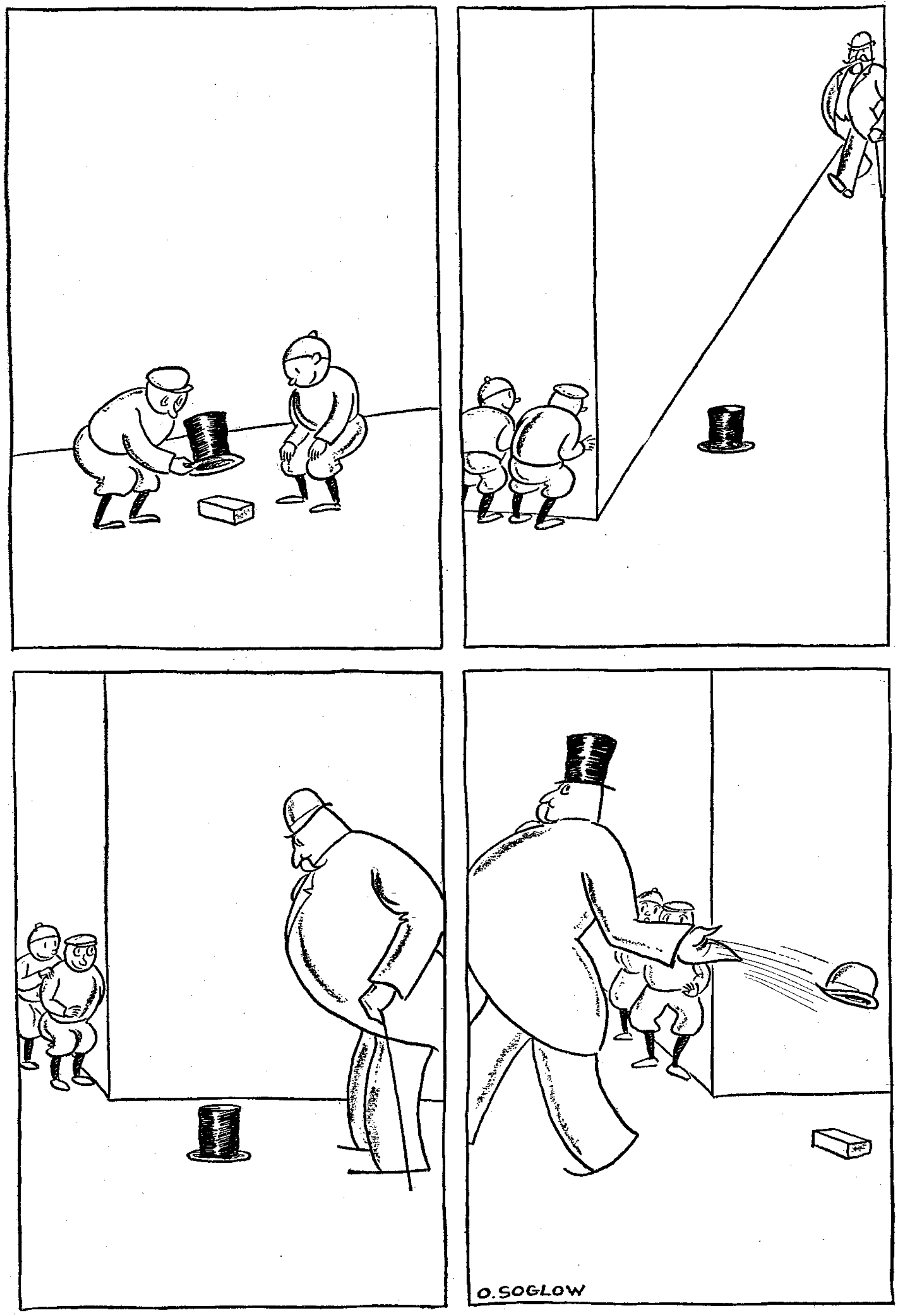
"I understand the one on the left is the brains of the act."

important" acting. There is a great deal of British-trouble in the enunciation of the rest of the cast, and, aside from Abraham Sofaer as Isaac Cohen, practically no illusion of the genuine kosher product. But perhaps we in New York have been spoiled for imitations. And that is what "The Matriarch" really is.

THERE are several almost insuperable obstacles to the success of the play which opened at the Liberty last week. In the first place its name: "I Want My Wife." One might almost stop there, and several people did. Those of us who went through with it (up to a certain point) discovered that the author had worked up, all out of his own mind, such distinctive ingredients as amnesia, a will with a clause in it by which the hero must marry by the twentieth of the following month or lose a million dollars, and a pseudo-psychiatrist who holds oranges under people's noses to make them think they are being married. Orange blossoms—do you see? There are several good actors in the cast who, I am sure, would rather not have their names mentioned in this connection.

IN "Mayfair" we are treated to something pretty, really, awfully, and I mean, all that sort of thing, British, acted by a good cast which includes Chrystal Herne, Arthur Hohl, and Frederick Worlock. There is an epigram for everybody, and an orange for those who don't like epigrams, and we all go home feeling that we have had just a bit of a glimpse into what is called in Paris "hig-liff." It is just a little too "hig" and not quite enough "liff."

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



•

STORIES OF TODAY

I—THE WHOLE WORKS

Reverend O. G. Davis,
Professional vice investigator,
Prowling in the red-light district
Of Chicago,
Asked some disreputable characters
Where he could get
"Whiskey and gambling—
The whole works."

They led him to a hallway
And gave him
"The whole works,"
Including unconsciousness
And the abstraction
Of forty dollars.

II—INCONGRUITY

John A. McGregor,
Divorce expert
Of Detroit, Michigan,
And official investigator
For the local Divorce Court,
Has resigned his position.

It seems that his wife
Is suing him for divorce.

III—SOMEBODY LIED

Professor T. W. Gibson,
Of Long Island College,
Says that the chance
Of getting a perfect bridge hand
Is one in forty billion,
But that five perfect bridge hands
Were reported last year
In the United States.

"Impossible," says the Professor,
"Somebody lied."

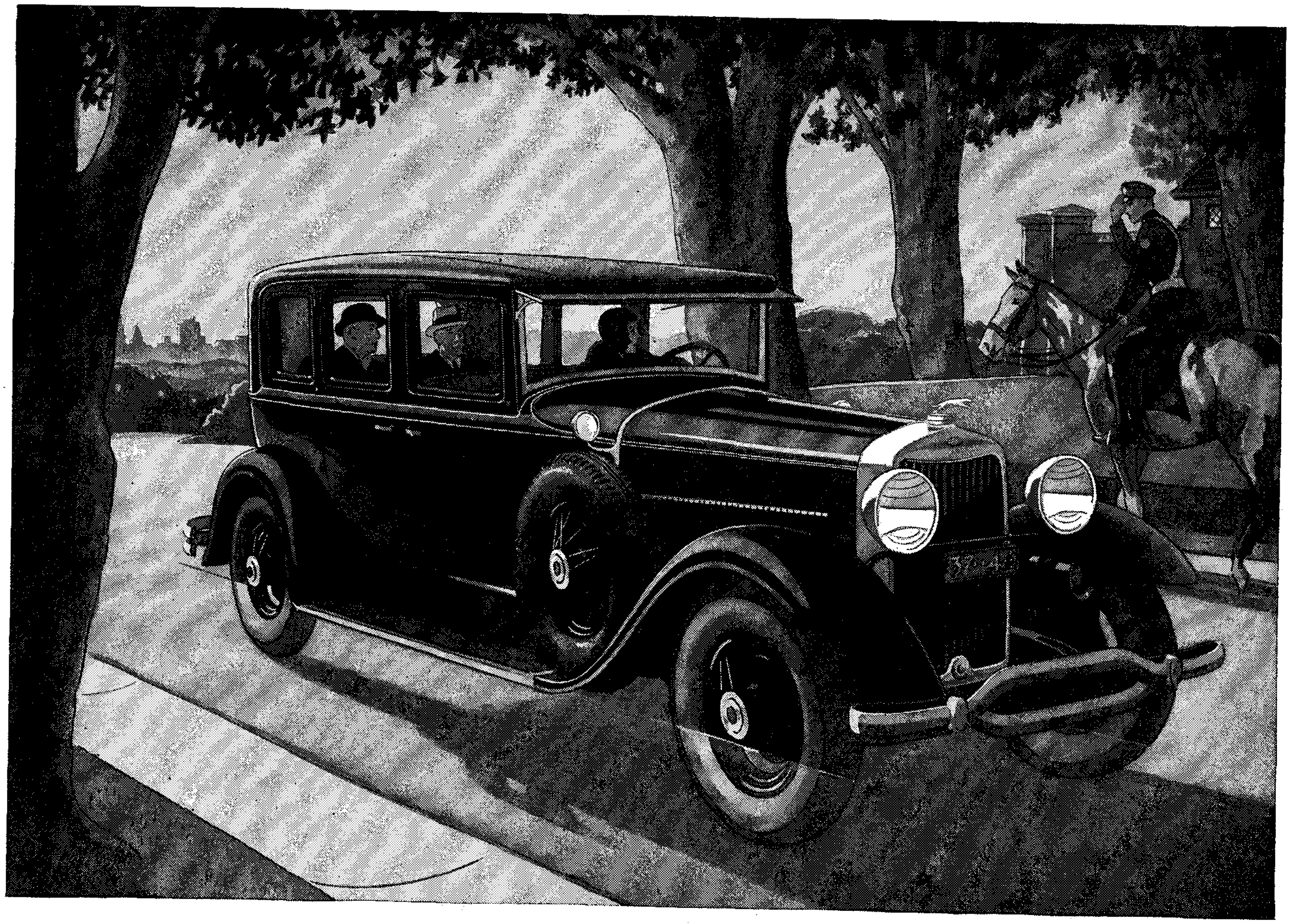
IV—SO EXCITING

The United Brethren
Sunday-school class
Of Brazil, Indiana,
Is playing Bible Baseball.
A question is pitched
Instead of a ball,
And only thirty seconds
Are given for reply.

Championship tournaments
Are being arranged.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

THE LINCOLN



THE FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN

A motor car, too, reflects its background

LINCOLN has used its unlimited resources to develop a motor that notably combines *strength* and *performance.*

In making this motor, operations that best can be done by hand are in the unhurried hands of fine craftsmen; whereas operations that are beyond the power of even the finest craftsman to perform . . . inhumanly delicate measurements and exquisite applications of tremendous force... are done by machines that are the wonder of the engineering world. Costly to maintain, these machines often slow up production; but there is no intention to produce the beautiful, luxurious Lincoln in large quantities. The intention is to make it as nearly perfect a motor car as possible.

Because the motor avoids periodic vibration, as soldiers avoid keeping step on a bridge, the excellent structures and precise alignments in the Lincoln are left undeteriorated throughout the years. Because the parts are related with such unparalleled precision, the powerful Lincoln needs no tedious breaking in . . . but is, from its first day of service, a quiet, steadily functioning possession for those who can afford to purchase anything they desire; yet who demand authentic value for their money.

À votre santé
mesdames . . .
messieurs . . . .

"To your health, ladies and gentlemen," says the Sherry chef as he selects these delicious beverages for his patrons.

BEVERAGES AND FLAVORINGS . . .

ADVOCAAT . . . Warnink's Dutch egg tonic . . . a Sherry-approved import . . . delicious and restorative . . . $1.25 the half pint; $2 the pint.

VANTOGRIO . . . a delicious Bohemian Sherry wine, to be used as a flavoring or drink . . . bottled in Czechoslovakia . . . $2.50 the quart; $27.50 the case of 12 bottles.

JUNGBRUNNEN . . . a dry sparkling red wine from the Rhine . . . one of the best non-alcoholic wines obtainable . . . $2.50 the quart; $27.50 the case of 12 quart bottles.

GETREIDE-KÜMMEL . . . a Sherry-approved import from Germany . . . possesses the desirable Mampe Kümmel flavor . . . to be used for flavoring or drinks . . . $2 the quart bottle.

THESE DAINTIES . . .

CASCOS de GUAYABA in glass . . . guava peels in pure sugar syrup . . . a Sherry-approved import from Havana . . . $1.25 the pint jar; $2.25 the quart jar.

LARGE FRENCH PRUNES in glass . . . especially packed for Sherry . . . stuffed, 75c the ½-lb.; $1.25 the lb.; $2 the 2-lb. jar. Plain, $1.50 the lb.; $2.50 the 2-lb. jar.

STUFFED FIGS and DATES in glass . . . stuffed with almonds and pecans . . . finest Locoum figs and Fard dates . . . 70c, $1.25, $2.25 the 9, 14 and 30-oz. jars.

MEAT SPECIALTIES . . .

CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES . . . deliciously seasoned . . . a Sherry-approved import from England . . . 85c the pound tin; $10 the dozen tins.

SQUAB in tin . . . ready to heat and serve . . . $1.50.

FAMOUS PRAGUE HAMS . . . cooked in their own juice . . . a Sherry-approved import from Czechoslovakia . . . packed in flavor-sealed 1 and 2 pound tins, as well as larger tins averaging 12 pounds weight. $1.25, $2.25 and $13.50 respectively.

TWICE-A-DAY MANHATTAN DELIVERIES
SPECIAL DELIVERIES AT SLIGHT CHARGE

Selected displays in Madison Avenue and 62nd Street Shop. Consultation on cuisine by appointment, or telephone REGent 8530 for Sherry catalog.

Louis Sherry
TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

AT MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET
Other Shops at—748 Fifth Avenue (at 58th Street) · 373 Fifth Avenue (at 35th Street) · 300 Park Avenue

WHILE YOU WAIT

ONOFRIO, who had been recommended to me as the best cobbler in Florence, informed me that my shoes would be repaired in three days' time. If I called next Wednesday, they would be ready.

I called next Wednesday, but there was only a blank look on Onofrio's comfortable face when I mentioned my shoes. The Signor had left some shoes with him to be fixed? I became explicit and pointed out the shoes in question on the bench where they lay, untouched. It turned out that Onofrio had completely forgotten them. He hoped that I would forgive him for this slight lapse and assured me that one of the most certain things he knew of at the present time was that my shoes would be ready on Saturday.

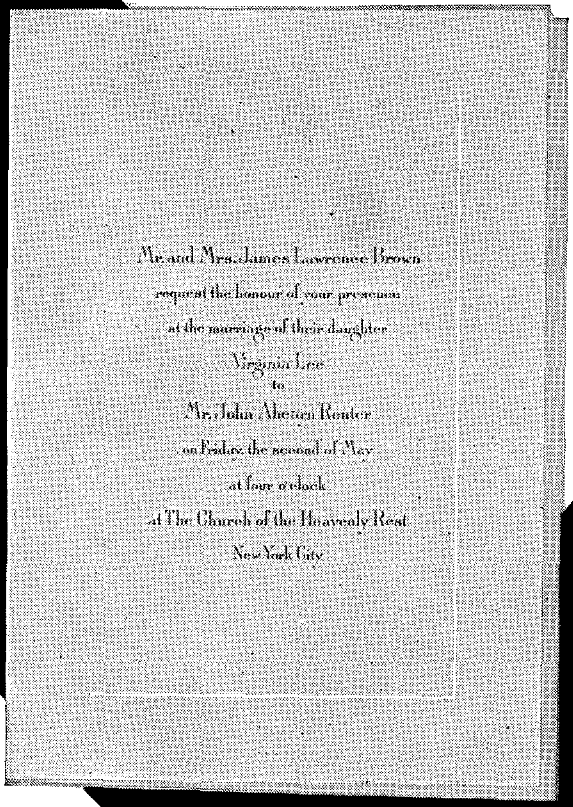
When I returned to his shop on this day my shoes, not at all to Onofrio's shame or embarrassment, occupied the same position in life as they had before. I pointed this out to Onofrio and in turn he pointed out that I must be somewhat impatient. As far as he was concerned, he had never found impatience a virtue. Once, when a young man, he had been impatient and—but I was not interested in what misfortune had befallen him and told him so. I wanted my shoes repaired. Onofrio suddenly looked distressed and said that he hoped his grandfather would appear before him and accuse him of being a sinful man if my shoes were not finished by tomorrow.

The next day my shoes still remained ungraced by Onofrio's casual hands. Onofrio admitted this quite cheerfully. Somehow, the task had not been done, though it had been in his heart to do it. I replied that it was in my heart to be very angry with him. Three times he had promised me my shoes and three times he had failed me. What was more, he had called his grandfather into the matter and his grandfather had evidently done nothing about it. This, I held, was a sad state of affairs.

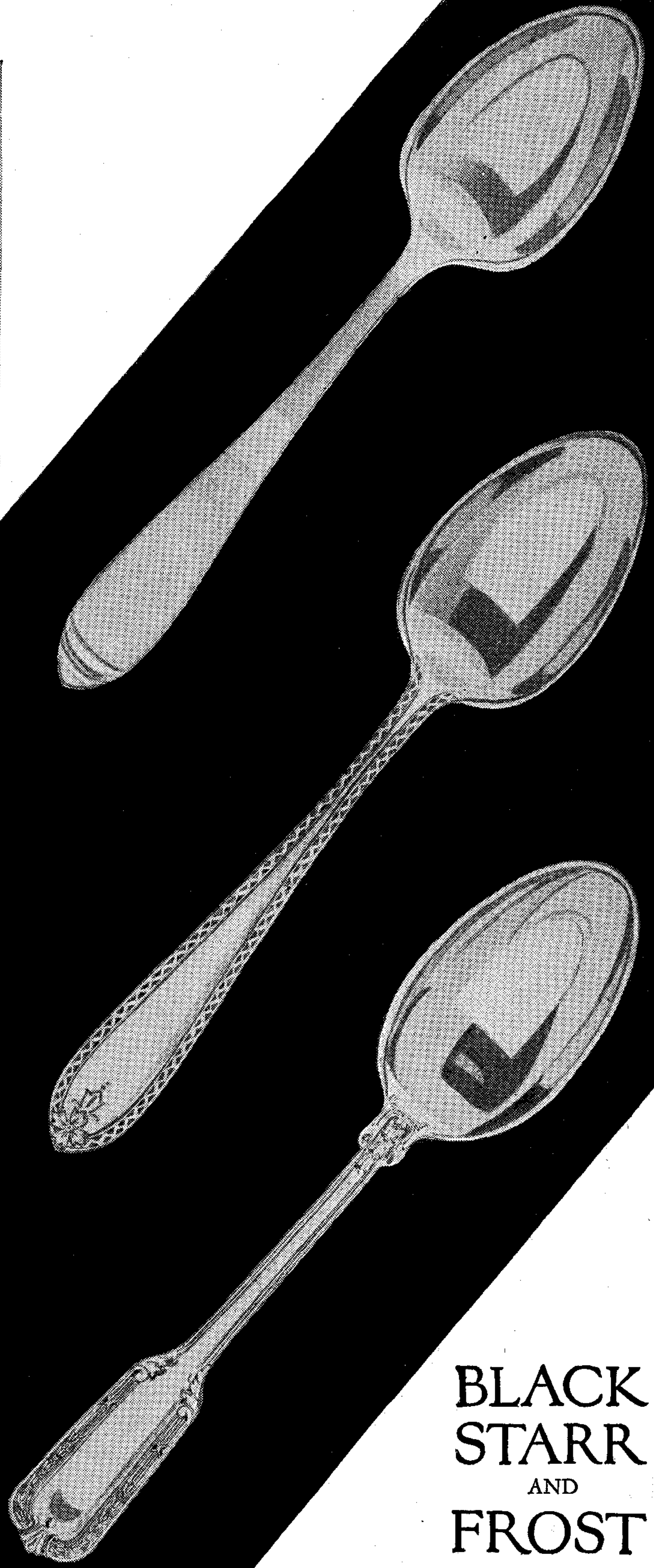
"Signor," Onofrio chided, "what is a day in a lifetime? Tomorrow you will have your shoes."

BY some miraculous upheaval of affairs, Onofrio kept this promise and, to my surprise, sent the shoes around to my hotel early the next morning. I began wearing them, and for two days everything went nicely. Then they began to squeak. It was not a tiny squeak which amounts to nothing at all and has no effect upon the

ABOUT ONE-HALF ACTUAL SIZE



Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence Brown
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Virginia Lee
to
Mr. John Ahearn Reuter
on Friday, the second of May
at four o'clock
at The Church of the Heavenly Rest
New York City



©B.S.&F.—G INC. '30

To know absolutely the correct and authentic in wedding forms and wedding gifts is definitely the duty of the jeweller. More than four generations of customers have looked to us for such counsel.

**BLACK
STARR
AND
FROST
GORHAM
Inc.**

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK
SOUTHAMPTON : : PALM BEACH
Associated with SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC., *Chicago and Paris*

The Sport of Queens

EUROPA

Challenges the

BREMEN

A new Queen invites her twin rival to a gay regatta of Speed and Luxury, in week-ends to Europe. ●

Next Week-end of the **BREMEN**... April 12

Next Week-end of the **EUROPA**... April 26

●

The re-discovered **COLUMBUS** rounds off the Lloyd Express week-ends to England, France, Bremen. ●

The Luxury of Leisure in

LLOYD CABIN QUARTET

BERLIN · STUTTGART
MUENCHEN · DRESDEN

Sailings Weekly to England, Ireland, France and Bremen.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

57 Broadway, N. Y. C., Tel. Bowling Green 3880, or your local agent

nerves; it was a loud, raucous squeak which sounded like a miniature symphony orchestra playing out of tune.

Back I went to Onofrio with the shoes. Beaming with happiness he announced that I was a fortunate man indeed to have shoes that squeaked. For that, he said, was a sign of good leather. As for being bothersome, why—. As for being bothersome, I interrupted, I wished the squeak to be removed.

Leaving the shoes with the aggrieved Onofrio, I did not return for two days. When I saw him then he triumphantly boasted that he had removed the squeak. It had been a sorrowful thing to do, but he had done it. Never again would this particular pair of shoes squeak. Never again would they send out their music. Never again would they lift up their voices to tell the world of good leather.

For another five days' wear it seemed that Onofrio's statement was true. Then, quite abruptly, the shoes began to squeak just as much, if not more, than before.

I WAS stern when I went to see Onofrio this time. But, he protested, how could I be so unhappy about this? Rarely in one lifetime did a man's experience such good fortune. For were not the shoes singing with happiness at being on my feet? Were they not crooning with joy at belonging to such a fine young man? How could I think of stilling their spirits after knowing that? How could I fail to appreciate their appreciation of me even in the face of discouragement? How could I stop the joyful tunes they sang to such a wholly admirable owner?

There was a good deal more of this, but to none of it was there an answer. I realized, now, that Onofrio could not be downed. He had even made me feel humble before my own shoes. So, a beaten man, I took them protectingly under my arm, and bid Onofrio an affectionate but eternal farewell.

—THEODORE PRATT

•

PUEBLO MAN KILLS WIFE AND SON. ROBBERS ATTACK STOREKEEPER, 68. BOY TESTIFIES HE SHOT STEPFATHER. WYOMING OFFICER PROBES DEATH OF RAWLINGS MAN. COUPLE ARRAIGNED ON LIQUOR CHARGES. CREOSOTE AND LIME GIVE BOOZE FLAVOR. NEW BORN BABY FOUND MURDERED.—*Headlines in the Denver Post under the general headline "What People are doing in Rocky Mountain States."*

What *aren't* people doing?

THE PERFUMED MANICURE

meets the Decree for Softer Feminine Fashions

GENTLER FINER PREPARATIONS. SHAPELY GRACEFUL GROOMING PERFUME PERFECTION BY THE CREATIVE GENIUS OF THE PERFUME WORLD. LUSTROUS PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH COTY LASTS FOR DAYS, DOES NOT CHANGE COLOR OR MAKE THE NAILS BRITTLE. PRESENTED IN A COTY BOX ·· COMPLETE PERFUMED MANICURE ENSEMBLES.

MANICURE SETS IN THREE SIZES
AS ILLUSTRATED, FIVE DOLLARS
ALSO FOUR AND THREE DOLLARS

COTY
PARIS
NEW YORK

REMOVABLE FITTED DRESSING TABLE TRAYS

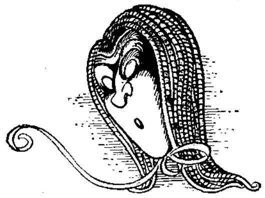
REFILLABLE

AT THE BETTER DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

Coty

COTY, 714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
PLACE VENDOME - PARIS

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



"DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS"

THIS page is written in honor of a book by a man named Haggard —and I don't mean Rider. But in all the gleaming, treasure-laden chapters of "King Solomon's Mines" there is no more mystery, color and excitement than you will find in Howard W. Haggard's "Devils, Drugs and Doctors." This is a sound but flagrantly popular history of the science of healing, and a fresh reminder to any man bent on writing a book that it does help a lot to know what one is talking about. I have lately read so many histories and biographies apparently turned out by men who had not expected to be called upon.

When the Doctor's book first swam into my ken a few weeks ago, I had not chanced upon any printed comment on it, nor seen any frenetic exploitation of it by the cautious Harper's. I therefore rather intended to discover it, endorsing it as heartily as if it were some brand of coffee, and aiding its sale, perhaps by several copies, through the sheer force of my ejaculations. Indeed, I was launched on that gracious undertaking when, fortunately, I happened to notice that "Devils, Drugs and Doctors," although a product of the past year, was already in its eighth edition. Somehow it seemed to be getting along without me. There was nothing left to do, therefore, except to snatch up a transparency and tag along in the wake of the procession.

Draw up your chair and listen to old Dr. Haggard. You will hear yarns of all the healers from Esculapius to Mrs. Eddy. You will pace the long centuries of darkness that ever enshrouded the miracle of childbirth, and watch, as on a battle-map, the slow conquest of leprosy, of smallpox, of puerperal fever, of yellow fever, of pain. You will read how, for three hundred years, malaria and plague attacked and enfeebled the Roman Empire before ever the Goths and Vandals finished its undoing. You will walk through the noisome shambles that was the Hôtel Dieu in Villon's time, and watch the credulous apothecaries of the early nineteenth century compounding the drug called usnea, which was made of moss scraped from the skull of any criminal who had died in chains. You will stand on Castle Hill in Edinburgh that bright day in 1591 when Agnes Sampson was burned as a witch for trying to help a mother escape the pain of labor. You will learn, possibly for the first time, how amazingly prophetic a scientist was that earlier Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose son is today, I suppose, the First Citizen of the United States. You will, in short, enjoy "Devils, Drugs and Doctors."

IF Doctor Haggard's book proves eminently readable to laymen, it is perhaps because he had tested all his material on his swarming classes at Yale and here has used only those parts of his lectures which had there gone over big. His course at New Haven is referred to by the undergraduates as "Industrial Phiz." There must be times when he wonders how much good the course does, how much deposit from his own learning ever lodges in the student mind.

Examination-papers may well make him pensive. For instance, he had discoursed so vividly on the long struggle through the centuries to let a little light into the mysteries of midwifery. He had told how for hundreds of years even the physicians were kept in the dark and how when, at Hamburg in 1522, a pioneering doctor attended a confinement disguised in the petticoat and mittens of a midwife, he was promptly seized and burned at the stake for this violation of the code of modesty. It took a king to change the fashion and it took something more than a mere queen to prod him into it. It was when the fair La Vallière was brought to bed with child by her royal lover that the King's physician was ordered to attend. Now, all these fascinating facts became marvellously transmuted in the mind of one student who brought them forth, scarcely recognizable, at a time when, oddly enough, he was struggling with a question as to who Florence Nightingale was. Even those of us who could not ourselves answer that question so amply as Professor Haggard could, or Lytton Strachey, say, might still be taken aback by the student's answer, which was as follows:

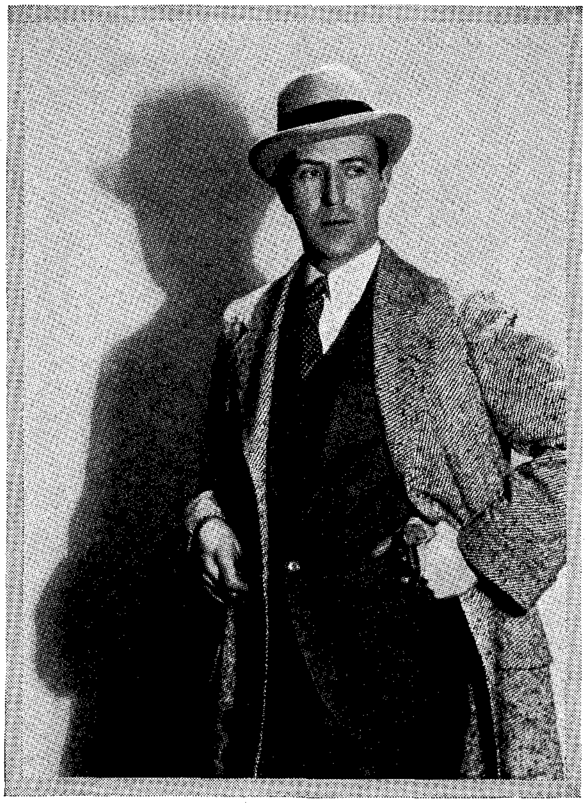
> Florence Nightingale was the mistress of Louis XIV and the first woman in Europe to submit to childbirth.

Another of Doctor Haggard's students rather startled that jolly old pedagogue by revealing some previously unsuspected facts about a certain great Swiss therapist. Paracelsus, it seems, "about whom Tennyson wrote a poem, was a mysterious physician who, by his own efforts, kept the lying-in hospitals and insane-asylums going in Europe." Then there was the student who decided to hazard a guess that a scrofula was the female of a scrofulus. Bless us all, how these answers do carry us back to the fond pages of "The Diary of a Freshman," and the fatal examination when Granny Wood answered that the Lombard League was a coalition formed by the Lombards.

I think we may assume that Doctor Haggard is highly regarded by the undergraduates at New Haven. I do not naïvely deduce this from the large enrollment in his classes, which might, if memory serves, be due to an undergraduate impression that his course was a cinch. But he must be dear to the student body if for only one sentence on page 69 of his *magnum opus*. The rest of his book may have been written for God and Country, but this one sentence was surely written for Yale. I refer to the passage where, in mentioning one of the unmentionable maladies which make life complicated, he says that it first entered Boston in 1646, and then adds, wantonly, "ten years after Harvard College was founded."

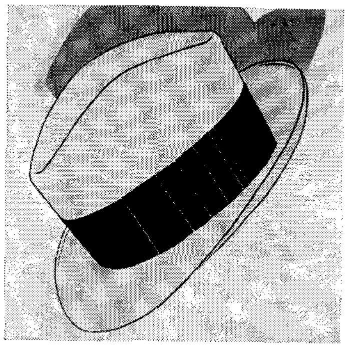
I HAD meant to be real booksy today but here is my space all exhausted. I had meant to recommend with all my heart a deeply moving novel called "Mothers Cry." It is too good for anyone to miss. Then I had meant to exclaim, from half-way through the shining book called "Cimarron," that it promises to be the best thing that our Miss Ferber has done since she wrote "The Girls." With the new books stacked high around me, I really must learn the secret of compact criticism. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Planted in Savile Row...to bloom for Spring · in the New York Manner



The family tree of this topcoat is rooted in the little shop of a brilliant custom-tailor of Savile Row. Its twigs of inspiration have shot forth and blossomed for Spring through the skill of Tailor Guild craftsmen. This is the coat for the young man of Manhattan...for it's in the New York Manner...as are the correct suits and interesting furnishings we have to go with it.

Tailor Guild Suits and Topcoats
$50 and upward



● **CROFUT & KNAPP HATS** The skilled hands of the latest generation of a long line of hat craftsmen have made this headwear of finest quality fur felt. $8.50

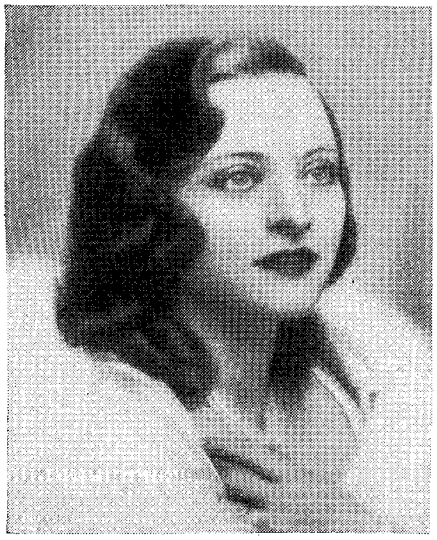
● **NETTLETON SHOES** · We are suggesting the Devon model—a custom-last of established success constantly demanded by men who appreciate minute refinements of workmanship. $15

Weber and Heilbroner

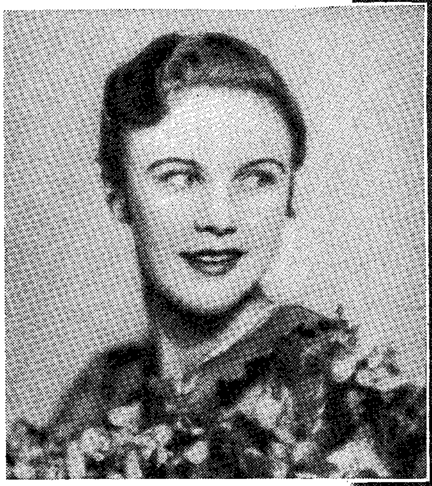
THIRTEEN STORES IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA

The Stars whose charm keeps the white lights glowing

Care for their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap . . .



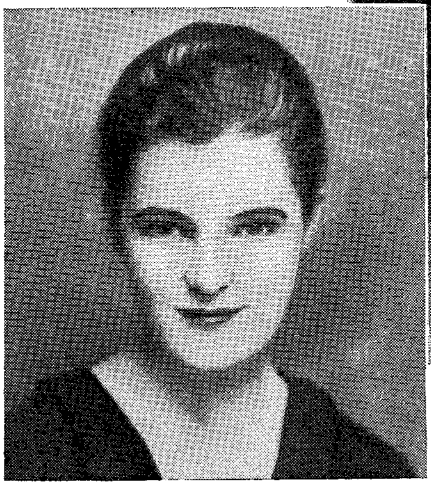
(Left) MITZI, appearing this season in a revival of Sari, is one of the many beautiful women of our theater who use Lux Toilet Soap. "It gives my skin a fresh smoothness," she says. "I am really enthusiastic about it."



(Upper right) GINGER ROGERS, an engaging newcomer to Broadway this season, has a skin irresistibly fresh and blooming. "Lux Toilet Soap's a joy!" she says. "I wouldn't for anything be without it."

(Below) BARBARA NEWBERRY, starring in *Heads Up*, says: "It's quite the nicest soap I ever used—so soothing and refreshing!"

(Right) LINDA WATKINS is young and ingenuous and altogether appealing as the heroine of *June Moon*. Of Lux Toilet Soap she says: "It keeps the skin as refreshed and smooth as one could desire! I'm delighted with it."

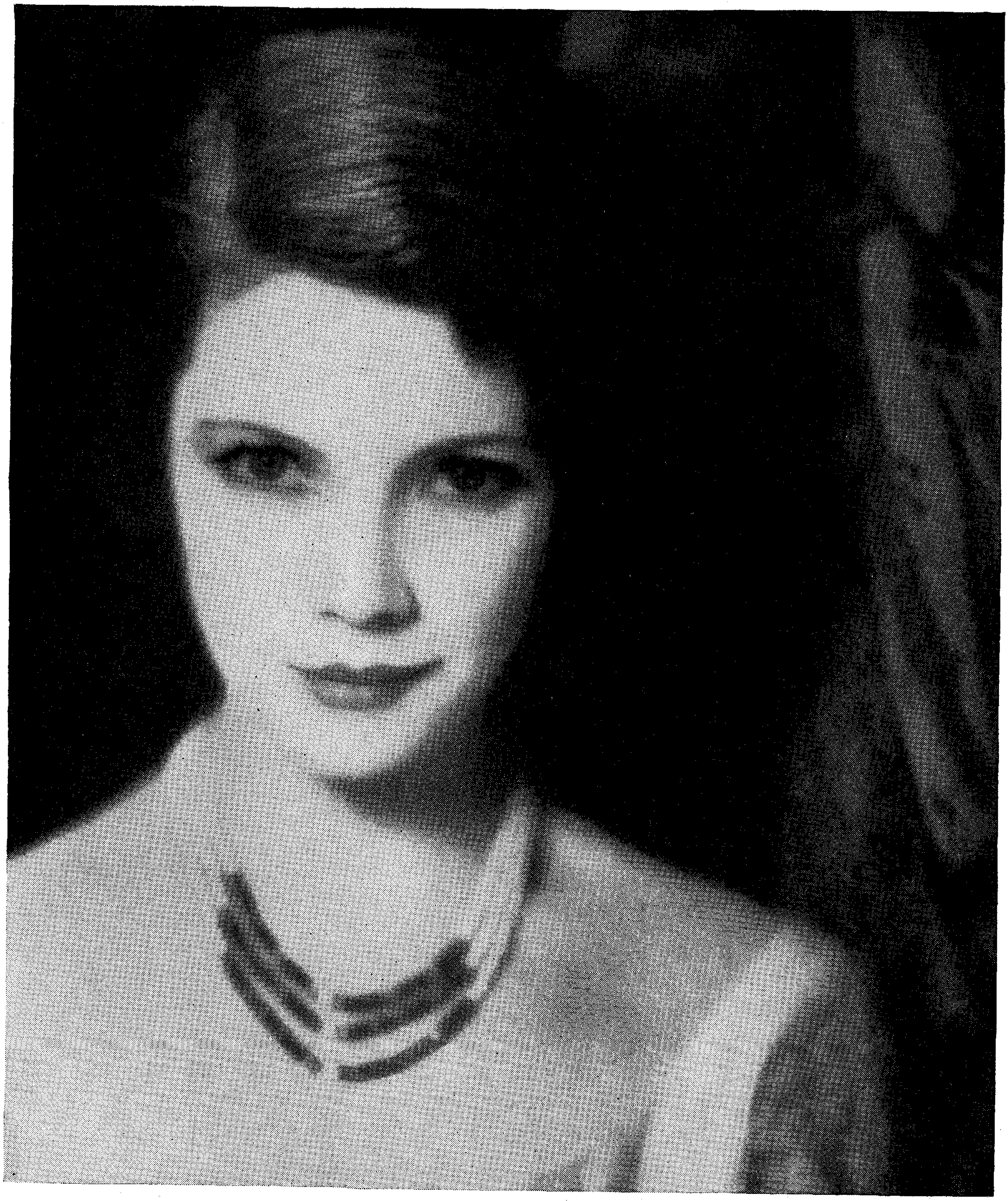


THE LURE of Broadway is the lure of its lovely stars! Stars tall and short and in-between...Stars blonde and dark and in-between...Stars oh! so wise in the ways of feminine enchantment...

"Beautiful skin is most important," they will tell you. "And that means, of course, the right kind of care is important!"

***They* use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. So many of them that Lux Toilet Soap is found in the dressing rooms of 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York! And their skin has always a smooth perfection that speaks volumes in praise of this fragrantly gentle white soap.**

And now that so many of them are join-



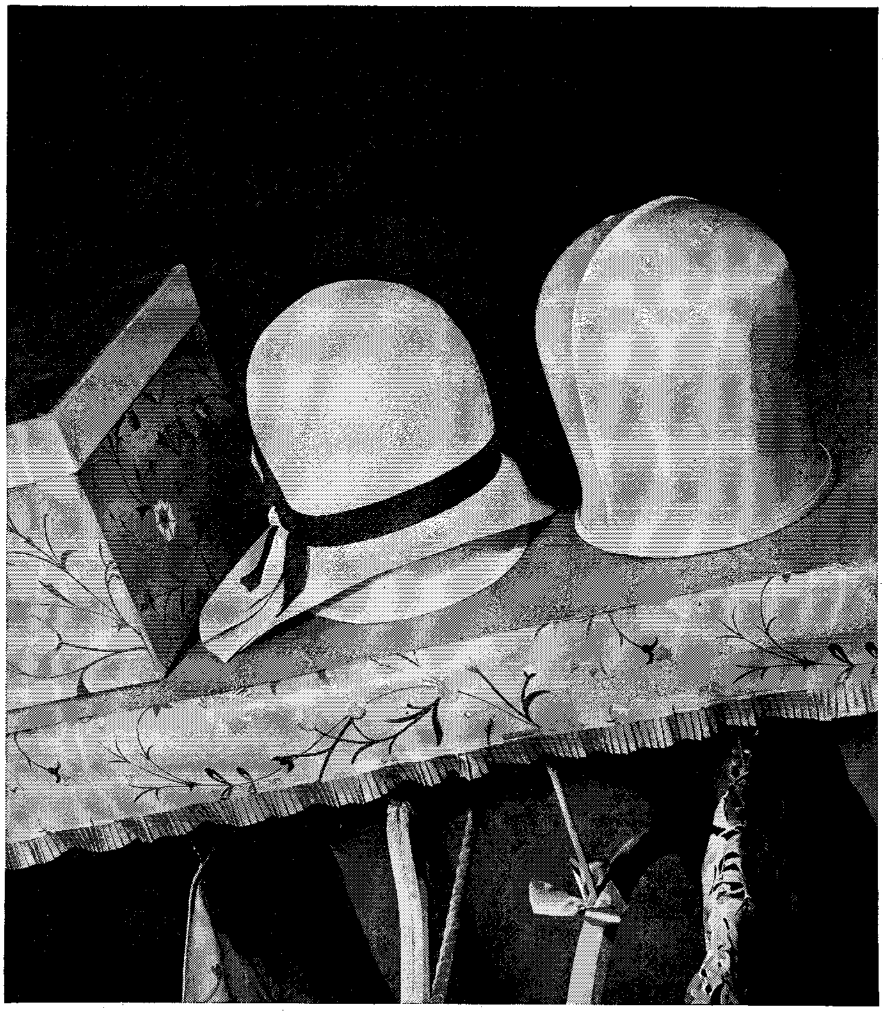
ing the trek to Hollywood to do "talkies" they are more than ever grateful for flawless skins! They find that the close-up is a cruel test of beauty—and that 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

***You* will want to try it for *your* complexion. So order several cakes and begin today. You'll find the lather quick and generous even in the hardest water. And the delicious feeling of fresh smoothness it gives your skin is sure to delight you.**

When Tilly Losch first appeared on Broadway as the premiere danseuse of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, she had already been acclaimed all over Europe for her supreme artistry, which combines with rare technique a distinguished genius for creation. Returning to London, she contributed richly to the success of *This Year of Grace* and *Bitter Sweet.* This year she comes to Broadway in *Wake Up and Dream*—her lambent grace and exotic beauty a joy to all beholders. "Smooth skin is essential to loveliness," she says. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

First Sweeping Hollywood . . . then Broadway

. . . and now the European Capitals 10¢



HOW TO HANG YOUR HAT

To RETAIN its smart line, the simplest and easiest way to keep your hats like new is to use HATFORM. You will not have to bother with boxes and tissue, stands that fall over and pegs that leave humps . . . HATFORM is a simple frame which slips easily into your hat, adjusting naturally to the shape of your head. It will hang on a hook, stand on a shelf or in a box, and takes up the least possible space.

In pastel shades to match your closet accessories. From seventy-five cents up.

WHERE SMART ACCESSORIES ARE SOLD INCLUDING

Lord & Taylor . . . . James McCreery & Co.
John Wanamaker . . . . . Abraham & Strauss
L. Bamberger & Co. . . The Closet Shop

Gustave Sales & Distributing Co., Inc. . . . . . 417 Fifth Ave., New York

FIRE NEXT DOOR

AT the little restaurant tables were lone men, most of them reading, and unescorted girls and women, dining abstractedly. At the larger tables—husbands and wives, casual groups, faintly interested in their food and talking in low voices about unmoving things.

While we were waiting for our soup there came from the muted medley of the street outside a high, strident scream. The whole room listened while the fire engine approached. Minor traffic scuttled away from it, a police whistle shrilled, the squalling behemoth passed the very door of the restaurant and stopped, its voice dying suddenly to a low growl. The proprietor of the place and one of the diners hurried simultaneously to the sidewalk.

More apparatus arrived and it was evident immediately that the fire was very near. Through the double doors we could hear occasional shouted commands. Traffic noises multiplied, and the people inside looked at each other with inquiry. When the man who had risen finally returned, his voice was raised either with excitement or with a desire to convey his information to everyone.

"Fourth floor next door," he said.

His companion, also a man, replied in an equally loud voice, "Big fire?"

"Pretty big."

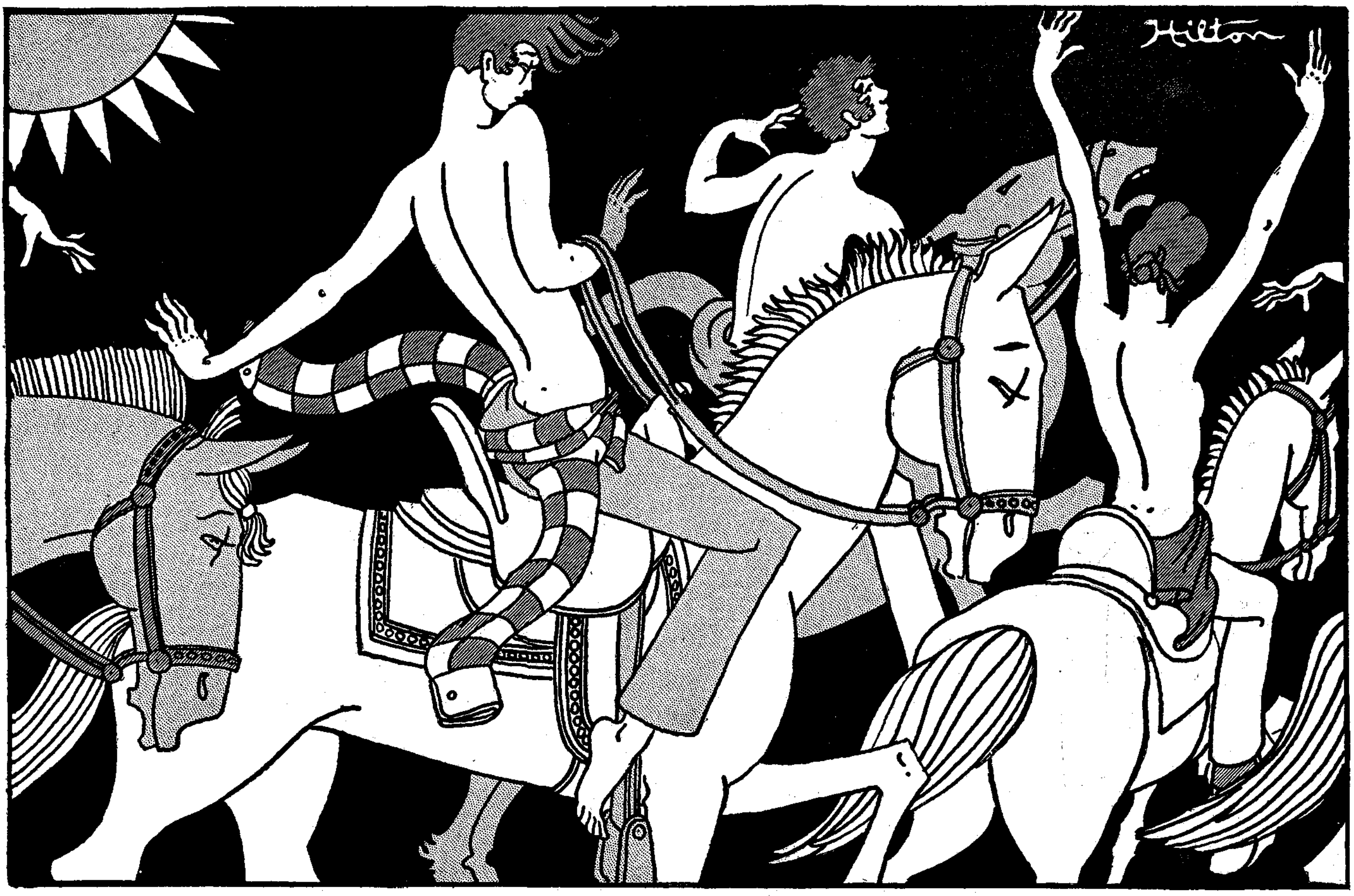
"Flames?"

The investigator was forced, one would think unwillingly, to shake his head. "Not yet. Plenty of smoke, though."

He had done his duty. We all knew, now, where the fire was, and its visible magnitude. The voluntary reporter, however, having tasted the pleasure of limelight, summoned the waiter and spoke publicly again. "Waiter, take my dinner to the fourth floor next door and warm it up."

A titter ran over the room. Ordinarily such a sally would have provoked no response whatever. I looked about me. Some people had stopped eating altogether and were engaged in vehement conversation with each other. Others now were devouring their food with gusto. One of the boys who had been reading had closed his book and was looking at a girl who sat alone. She returned his gaze transiently.

OUTSIDE, the noise increased. Suddenly a Niagara of downpouring water was dashed across the plate-



Sun Worshippers in the Ultra Violet Zone

Footloose, heart whole and fancy free! They jog informally down the Dude Ranch trails, acquiring their sun tan out in the mountain altitudes of Montana and Wyoming...where the world is closer to the Sun, and Nature.

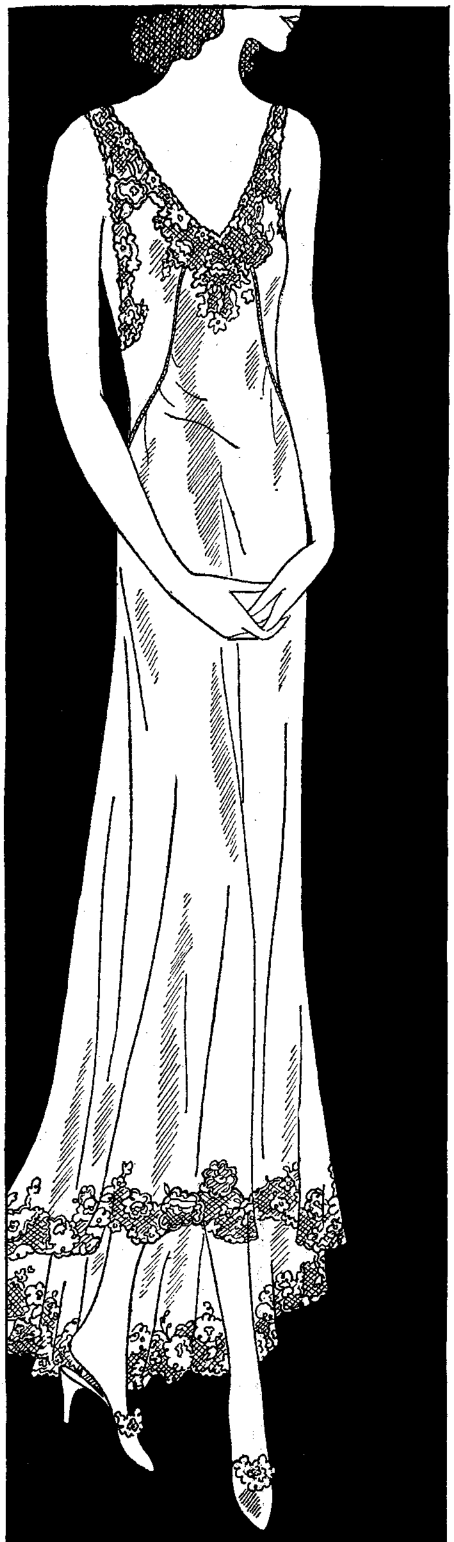
Let us help you choose a 1930 vacation ranch now. You can go there luxuriously on the Northern Pacific Railway.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
635

For "Ranch Book" and vacation information,
call at our New York office, 560 Fifth Ave.,
Phone Bryant 5490, or address E. E. Nelson,
231 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn.

North Coast Limited

A NEW Train for Summer Travel West



a lovely, lissom

NIGHTROBE

in French crepe with hand-run Alencon, all snowy white.

$29.75

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

glass window. A faded lady in a brown dress rose hastily, paid her check, and went out.

Then someone up there in the smoke wailed audibly for help. Everyone heard the voice. For an instant we were transfixed.

Then several men and one or two women hurried to the door. Those who remained were asking each other uncertainly if they had heard the same thing. I followed the others to the entrance. A snake's nest of hoses girded the building next door. A searchlight played on a cloud of smoke that writhed from the upper window. Ladders, to which firemen clung, black and shiny-wet, with hoses in their hands, led up into the smoke.

Two men came out of the front door carrying a stretcher. Way was made for them to a waiting ambulance. We heard the diminishing sound of its gong. A second stretcher followed the first.

"Two of them," someone said.

"Hurt?"

"Hurt? They're not going to the hospital, brother. They're going to the morgue."

Smoke swirled. Firemen called hoarsely. Water fell upon us, and we retreated inside the bright restaurant. Now the tempo had changed utterly. No one was reading, no one was content merely with his food. Someone reported that the door to the restaurant had been temporarily blocked. A fireman came in. "—Under control. You're perfectly safe here." As he went out I noticed that the boy and the girl were having their coffee at the same table.

Eyes were bright and cheeks had become flushed. "Did you see the woman on the stretcher?" they said; and, "I remember a similar fire in Pittsburgh."

The waiters were carrying coffee and desserts. I heard laughter, and high voices. "Fire," they said. It seemed to me that everyone was suddenly happy.
—PHILIP WYLIE

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's*]

Trees, the subject of a famous poem, are curious in many ways, and in some aspects unique. When the season of warm weather begins, they put on clothes. When the summer heat sets in regularly, they put on the thickest clothes obtainable. When the season becomes cooler, they begin to remove their clothes. And when the bitter cold of winter arrives, they take off all their clothes.

Everybody's talking about
Bernie Cummins
and his
NEW YORKERS

And everybody's dancing to their music in the Terrace Restaurant of the new Hotel New Yorker. Against the sophisticated modern background the scene is a brilliant pageant—during the dinner hour and after the theatre to a wee hour. The music will entice you from one of Chef Berard's finest accomplishments—the gaiety will enthrall you with its smart vivacity.

Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers play nightly at dinner and supper. No couvert at dinner, $1.00 couvert after 10 P. M. except Saturdays and Holidays—then $2.00

2500 rooms... all with radio, tub, shower bath, Servidor, circulating ice water... four restaurants... room rates $3.50 a day and upward. 85% of the rooms are $5 or less. Suites $11 a day and upward.

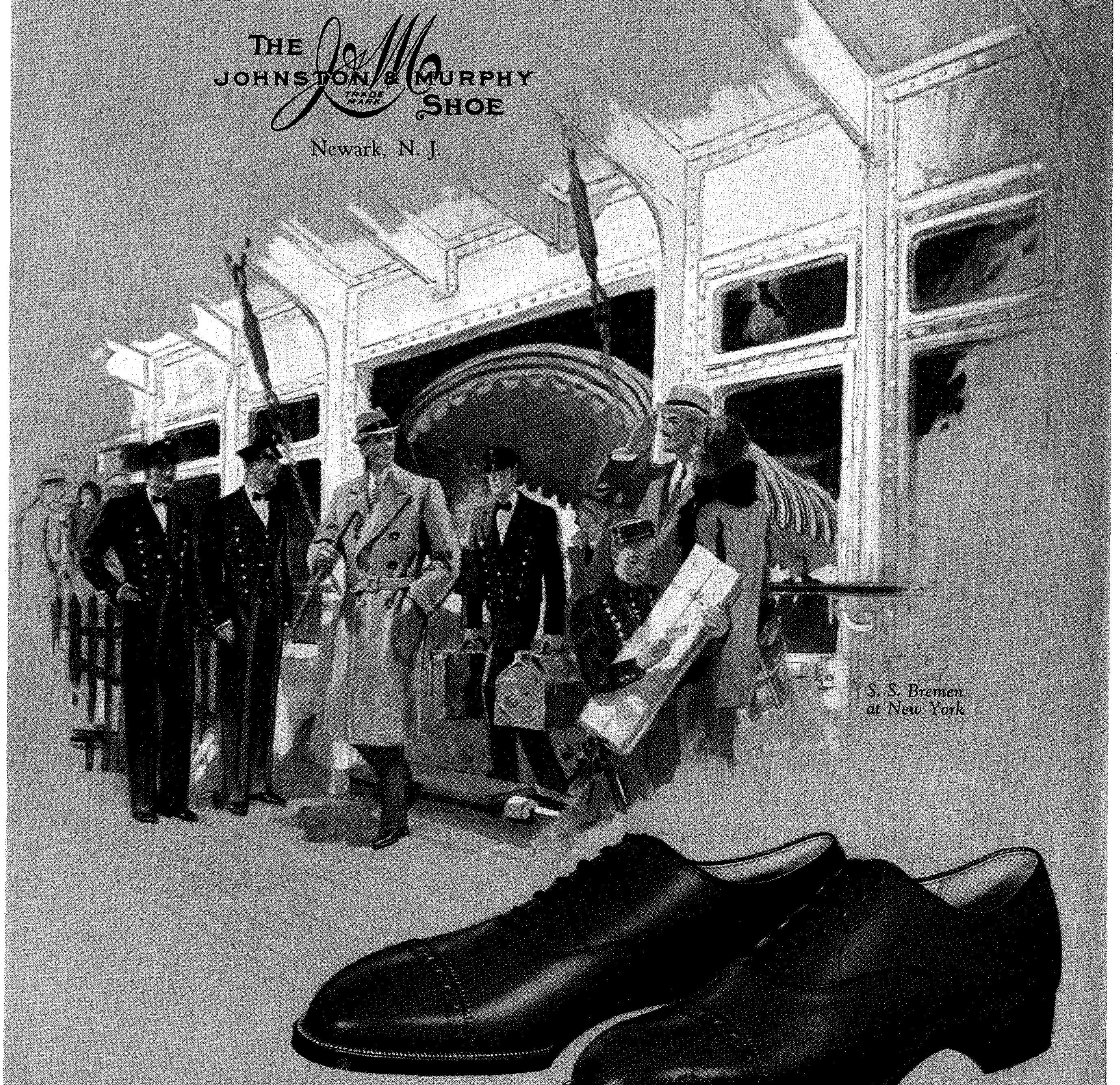
EMPIRE TEA ROOM
The Empire Tea Room is the rendezvous of those who like to be seen in smart places and have a particular fetish for good food. Why not drop in for tea or luncheon?

THE NEW YORKER HOTEL
RALPH HITZ, *Managing Director*
34th St. at 8th Ave., New York City
Telephone, Medallion 1000

The
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
Shoe for Men

Wherever leisured fortunates gather—one finds an overwhelming preference for J. & M. footwear. Those who appreciate the quiet distinction of custom lines and the finest quality, include a pair of Ambassador Hand-made Oxfords in their outfit.

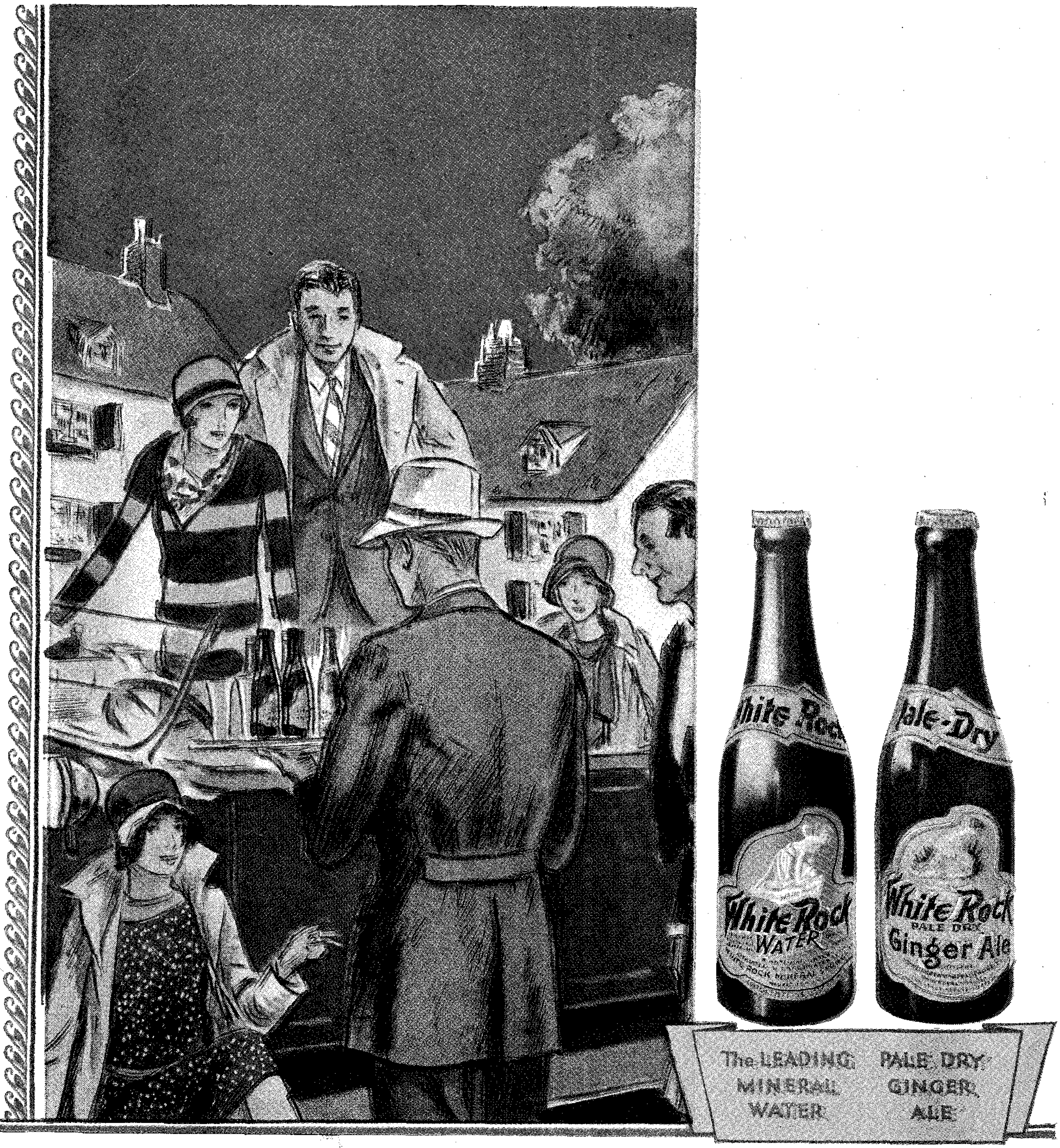
THE J&M JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
TRADE MARK
Newark, N. J.



S. S. Bremen at New York

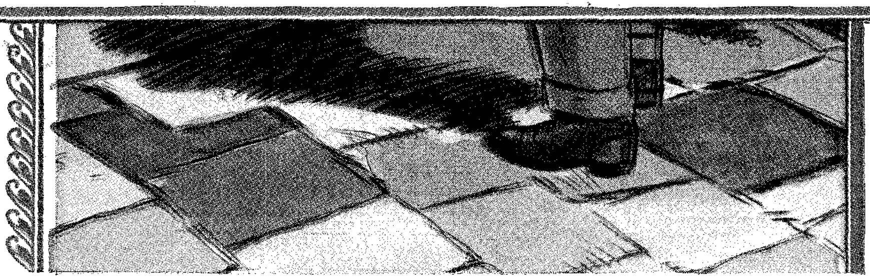
Hand-made—Ambassador Oxford, Style 317

A distinctive model in tan calfskin. Also in dull calf No. 417. For sale by a leading dealer near you. Ask for Style Booklet.


White Rock
White Rock
WATER
Pale-Dry
White Rock
PALE DRY
Ginger Ale
The LEADING MINERAL WATER
PALE DRY GINGER ALE

THE fair, fresh fragrance of returning spring . . . new worlds to attract youthful conquerors . . . gay camaraderie of the open road to everywhere . . . highways dotted with quaint inns and pleasant hostelries . . . and, of course, White Rock and White Rock Pale Dry, twin toasts to Youth and Springtide . . . bubbling, sparkling thirst quenchers for those carefree adventurers who would make the whole spring-glorious world their playground.

White Rock
Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.



A REPORTER AT LARGE

COP INTO COLLEGE MAN

IN the eight-story building at the corner of Broome and Cleveland Streets, where Mr. Loft, the candy man, used to make bonbons out of fondant, Grover Whalen is now making college students out of cops. The two processes have points of similarity. Uniformed policemen enter the portals of the Police College looking massively, and discouragingly, unacademic. They emerge from locker-rooms dressed in blouses like those the West Point cadets wear; their hearty, authoritative voices are reduced to classroom whispers; the furrows in their foreheads are no longer fearsome scowls, but the worried frowns of submissive scholars.

The Police College trains policemen in such a variety of things that the listing of them would grow tedious: they range from simple Courtesy up to the legal intricacies of court procedure and the methods of marshalling competent evidence in criminal cases. In between, there are classroom work and laboratory instruction in a hundred miscellaneous subjects: how to wrest a gun from a gangster, how to fire tear-gas bombs, how to make a horse change his gait, how to question a suspect, and so on, ad infinitum. Most of the space on five large floors of the building is given over to the classrooms and laboratories where these things are taught.

This college for cops is Grover Whalen's own development of the old Police Academy, which merely trained rookies. Now the training of rookies is just the first step, the freshman year, in a policeman's education. The oldsters, who went through all of that, must come back for postgraduate work. They no longer are given rough-and-tumble instruction by old-line police captains who depend, for their lessons, solely on what they learned in the school of experience. The faculty of the college was carefully selected from "the brightest minds of the department," minds which have been taught how to teach by "Faculty Advisors"—educators, lecturers, lawyers—so that they would know how to "arouse and maintain a mental attitude of interest and inquiry."

You have to get a pass from the Office of the President or from the Dean of the College (Deputy-Inspector John J. O'Connell) to go through the building. This is because, when the college was opened a few months ago, visitors stole things from under the teacher-officers' noses. There are a lot of desirable things to take: a fast worker, with a glass-cutting diamond, could carry off the famous sashweight with which Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder bashed their way into police immortality. This is one of hundreds of similar exhibits in the Police Museum, on the sixth floor, to which, however, we must make our way in an orderly fashion, taking the building a floor (or "gallery," as it is officially called) at a time. Have patience, for in the end we may get to shake hands with the President of the College himself—Mr. Whalen.

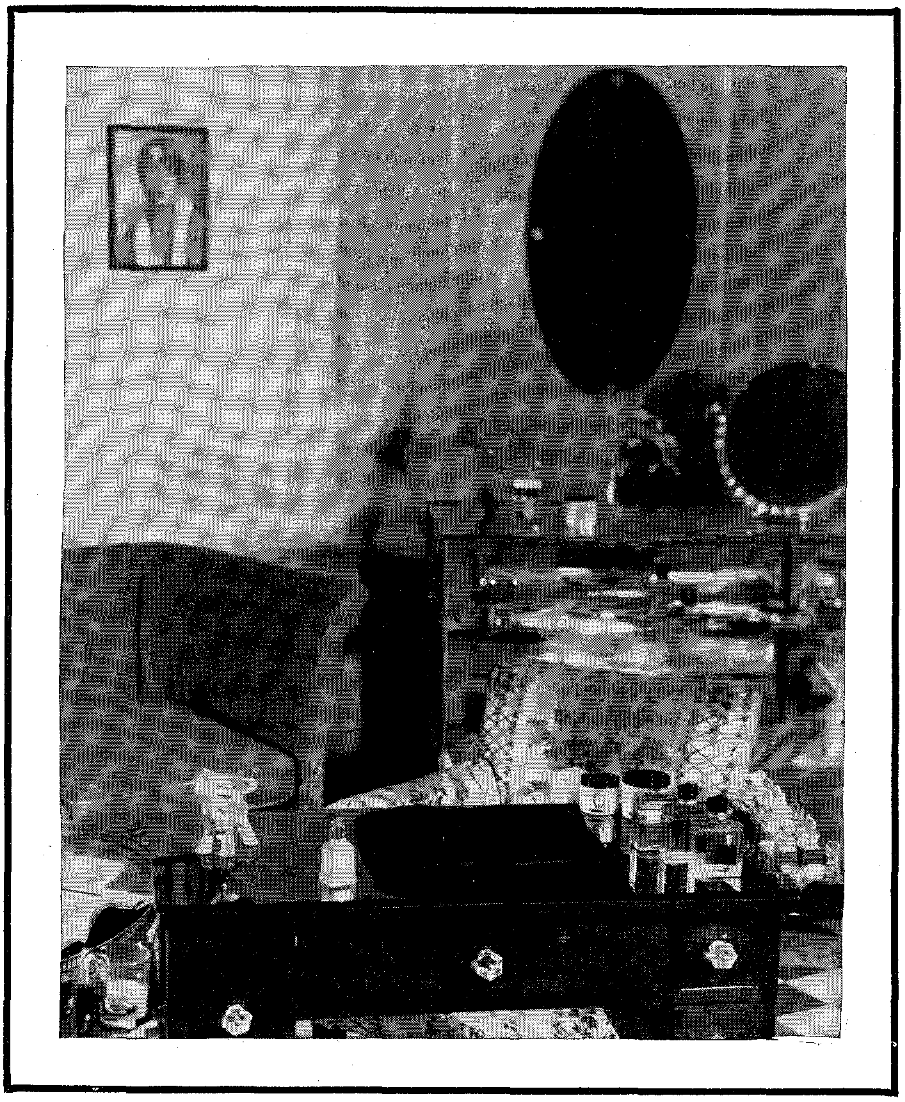
SO much goes on in this Police Headquarters Annex that you might think it was all pretty confusing. On the contrary, it is arranged with fine precision—like the aisles of a department store. The hand that helped maintain orderliness at Wanamaker's has proved the worth of such a training here. On the first floor, at your right as you enter, is the police equipment store, with a snappy window display of cops' uniforms. Inside, in mahogany

Bruce Bairnsfather

"I knows beauty when I sees it. That's why I left it to the last."

PEGGY SAGE . . . perhaps you know . . . the smartest salon in town for manicures . . . and for the season at Palm Beach . . . East Hampton . . . Southampton. A distinguished clientele . . . very studied manicures . . . and, if you like, the famous Peggy Sage hand massage that is so effective in slenderizing fingers.

PEGGY SAGE
50 EAST 57TH ST.
WICKERSHAM 5198



PEGGY SAGE has every shade . . . all the new deep colors that are so smart . . . especially for evening. Palm Beach Coral . . . Biarritz Red . . . Lido Crimson and Blood Red . . . and the rare jewel shades . . . Onyx, Pearl, Silver and others. These new shades may be seen at her salons . . . at other exclusive salons which use her products . . . at the smartest cosmetic counters everywhere.

PEGGY SAGE
50 EAST 57TH ST.
WICKERSHAM 5198

showcases, are nightsticks, service revolvers, leather holsters, handcuffs. This of course has nothing directly to do with the Police College, and, indeed, there are one or two other floors which are unrelated to the—shall we say?—campus, but which, as long as we are going through the building, are worth glancing at from the elevator. There are an express elevator and a local. If the operator of the local were to sing out, as the car rises, what goes on on each floor, he would say: "Second floor: Property Clerk, lost and abandoned property, and property held as evidence; three hundred thousand dollars' worth of unidentified jewelry, seventy-five thousand dollars in cash, including nine one-thousand-dollar bills in one envelope; unclaimed bags, wallets, suitcases, and the like.

"Third floor: Record Room, histories of all the twenty million arrests made since 1885; taxi-drivers' records; copies of all licenses issued, such as those to cabaret owners and proprietors of massage parlors.

"Fourth floor: Classrooms, Motor Transport School; display of types of automobiles and motorcycles used for police work; chassis and engines dissected for study; School of Horsemanship; instruction in anatomy and physiology of the horse (no, lady, no real horses are used here, just dummies); mounting and dismounting; tactics and equipment; unusual problems incident to handling of parades and assemblages. Model muster-room of a police stationhouse, with replica of a lieutenant's desk.

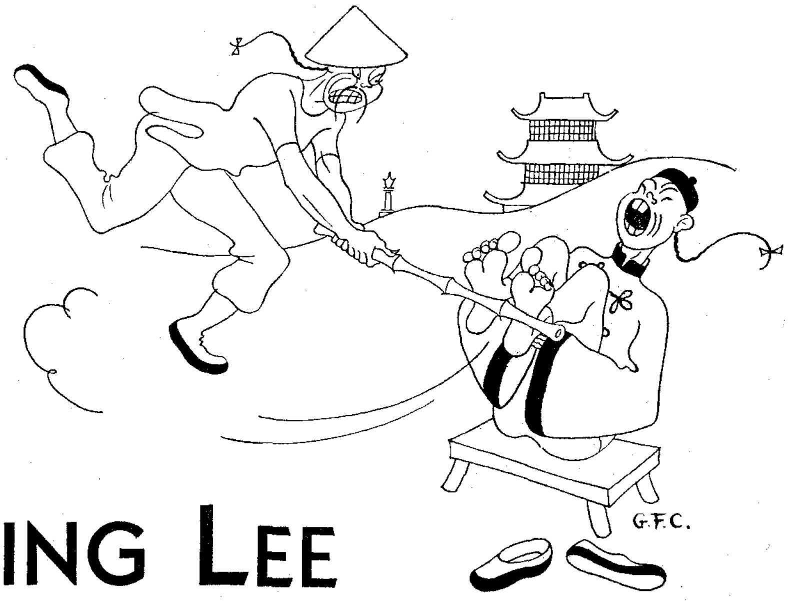
"Fifth floor: Classrooms; Library, containing standard works on sociology, criminology, psychology, psychopathology, human behavior, environment, delinquency, ballistics, graphology, and the like.

"Sixth floor: Classrooms; Museum of Criminal Paraphernalia—." At this point the average sightseer steps off the elevator and gets what was described by our own guide, a soft-spoken student cop, as an "eyeful." Usually there are only a handful of persons in the room, mostly policemen with an off-hour between classes. A uniformed cop at a desk takes your name and address and keeps a courteous eye on you. A horrible-looking man leaning against a pillar gives you a start until you discover that he is a dummy demonstrating how to wear a bullet-proof vest.

VISITORS are drawn first of all to the cabinet which holds the evidence gathered in the Snyder-Gray case, the New York Police Department's proudest achievement in the science of assembling clues. These are artistically arranged, under glass, and centre about photographs of the three principals. Here are the famous picture-wire, timetables used by Judd Gray, a torn scrap of his Pullman ticket, Ruth Snyder's jottings of figures on the edge of a magazine in an effort to estimate how much income per week she would derive from her husband's insurance (seventy-eight dollars, she made it), burned matches and cigarette butts, bottles of liquor. The whole is topped off with a Christmas card that Ruth sent Judd, expressing a tender sentiment about the "magic art of spreading happiness around." Such an exhibit would delight the heart of a Coney Island concessionaire and, indeed, if it were freely open to the public would doubtless result in such crowds as jam courtrooms at the more exciting trials. Perhaps it was to avoid too great a rush for passes that police allowed the rumor to go around undenied some months ago that the sashweight, after the trial, was taken out on a dark night and thrown into the harbor. No evidence used in a criminal trial is ever destroyed, however. Here are blood-stained knives and pistols with the fingerprints of notorious criminals still on their sinister barrels. They hold your attention much more closely than any exhibit of weapons at the Metropolitan Museum, for these were used by no nameless and forgotten warriors, dead five hundred years; they were brandished in a dark hallway in Bleecker Street last March, or on a corner of the Bowery back in the days of Gyp the Blood.

The proper fillip to such an exhibition is given by a specially selected rogues' gallery on the walls. Here, in excellent prints on glossy paper, appear the faces, properly labelled, of some of the most famous criminals of the present century: the familiar front view of Gerald Chapman, with its shrewd eyes

• •



SING LEE

gets all the breaks!

When a Chinaman trips over Chinese law the common punishment is the bastinado.

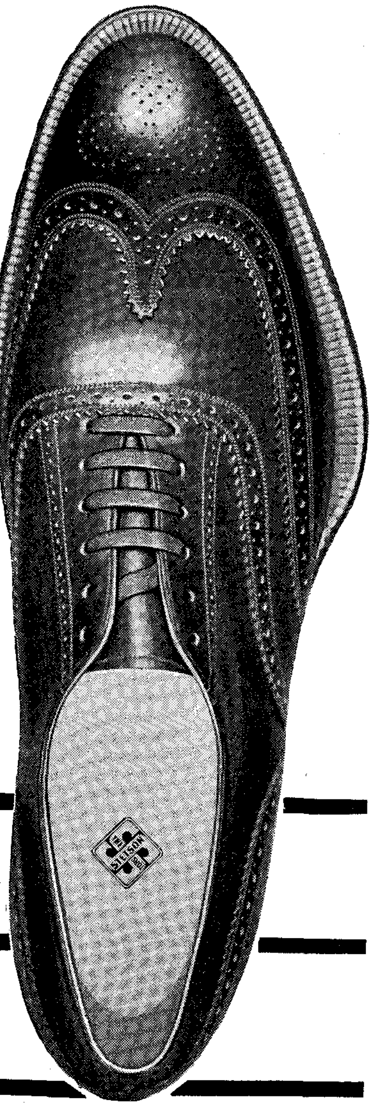
His bare feet trussed up, he is given ten or more whacks on the soles with a bamboo stick.

Love taps...compared to the torture inflicted on the inoffensive American who scrambles through life without ever getting his name in the paper for deeds good or bad.

Love taps...when compared with 'breaking-in' a new pair of shoes. Ten miles on a Satanic treadmill with a million imps making whoopee with needles and pins!

• • •

But the day of justice is at hand. By a marvelous method of progressive factory assembly. . . .



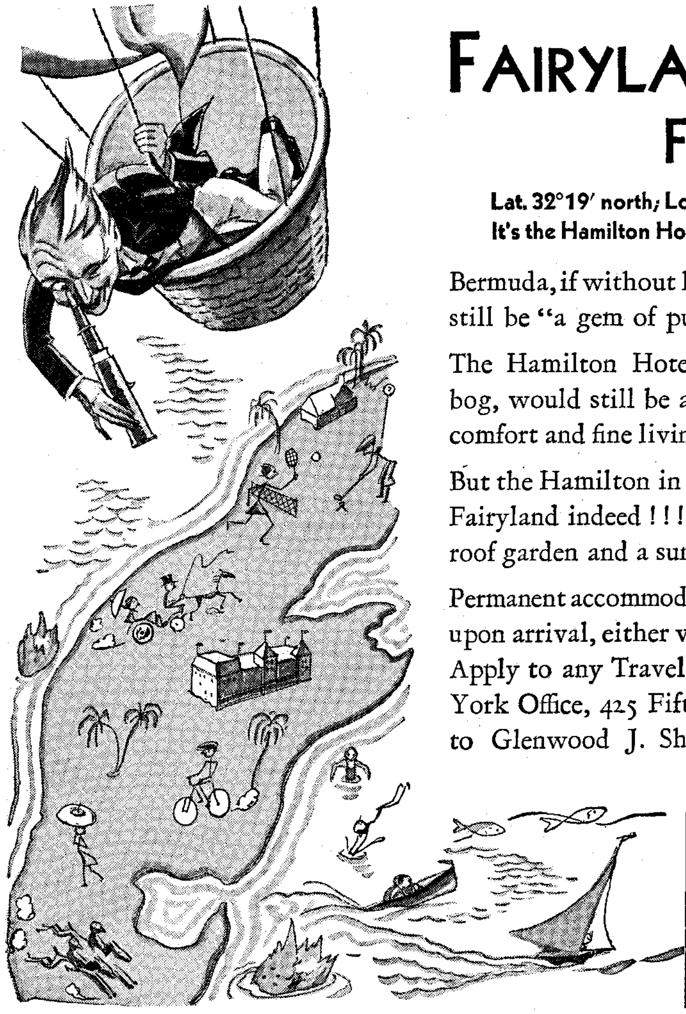
STETSON WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES...

Stetson walks leather stiffness *out,* and comfort *in,* during the long journey from cutter to packer. Now you can strut new style without foot sting! Make friends with your nearest STETSON SHOE SHOP or Agency. The Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., South Weymouth, Mass.

and faintly smiling mouth; the darkly handsome Gyp the Blood, far less dangerous-looking than most of the others; the scrawny, timid Bum Rogers. You are likely to flinch a bit when you come face to face with Monk Eastman, notorious East Side gangster, and one of the worst men in a fight of any nature—guns, fists, table-legs, or what you will—that the local police ever had to deal with. So the list runs, a fascinating, terrifying gallery: Dopey Benny; Paper-Box Red, who killed two policemen; Red Moran, who said "I want to boin" and who did, for an offence similar to Red's; John ("Legs") Diamond, now under indictment in connection with the Hotsy Totsy murders; Jack Selig and Kid Dropper, East Siders, who were killed by other gangsters; Little Augie, who met the same fate; Dick Whittemore, Death-House Frank, Nicky Arnstein; Salvatore Governale, the worst-looking of them all—even including the sinister Eastman—who bumped off two policemen in a murky areaway in Thompson Street back before the war; Jim Flanagan, debonair in a Bangkok hat, a victim, like so many of these men, of a bullet from a rival gangster. A curious feature marks the faces of many of these criminals: a small mouth, oddly strained and twisted—not the large mouth over a jutting jaw which cartoonists have made a tradition. It is heartening to realize that most of these desperadoes are dead; a few have never been caught; a few more have served their time and, one supposes, are back in town again. Such a one is a grim-looking killer, pleasantly known as the Bad Man of Cherry Hill. He got only ten years, in 1920, for killing a man.

You can spend two hours in the museum, without noticing the passing of the time, looking at the case filled with narcotics: heroin, cocaine, hashish, marihuana, yen shee; at the array of blackjacks and brass knuckles; at the fountain pen which squirts a .32-calibre bullet; at the bombs and infernal machines; and the display of counterfeit money, some of it beautifully fabricated. It is all in the nature of a record of what a New York policeman is up against.

AT the end of your visit, you will probably want to go upstairs to the students' lounge—fitted up like a gentleman's club—and relax. This is on the eighth floor. On the way you can stop in and greet President Whalen, if you know him and he is there—



FAIRYLAND FOUND!

Lat. 32°19′ north; Long. 64°49′ west.
It's the Hamilton Hotel in Bermuda!!

Bermuda, if without habitation, would still be "a gem of purest ray serene"!

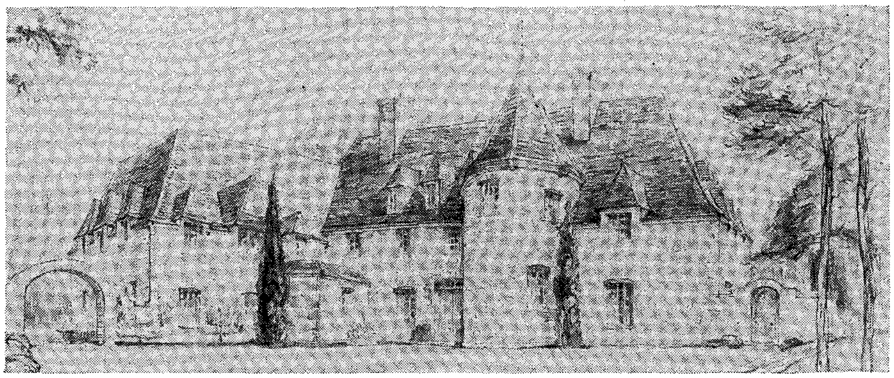
The Hamilton Hotel, if placed in a bog, would still be a place of luxury, comfort and fine living!!

But the Hamilton in Bermuda—that's Fairyland indeed!!! Fairyland with a roof garden and a sunny outdoor pool.

Permanent accommodations guaranteed upon arrival, either winter or summer. Apply to any Travel Agent; our New York Office, 425 Fifth Ave.; or direct to Glenwood J. Sherrard, Manager.

HAMILTON HOTEL BERMUDA

13 ACRES OF WOODLAND
surround this French Norman House



Thirteen acres of high wooded land with a brook and a shaded pool . . . a lovely setting for this handsome stone house. It has six master's bedrooms; four servants' bedrooms; an ample living room; spacious halls and a beautiful circular staircase. Three-car garage. The house is nearing completion—owner will sell for less than cost of reproduction. Inspection by appointment.

Fish & Marvin
Since 1889

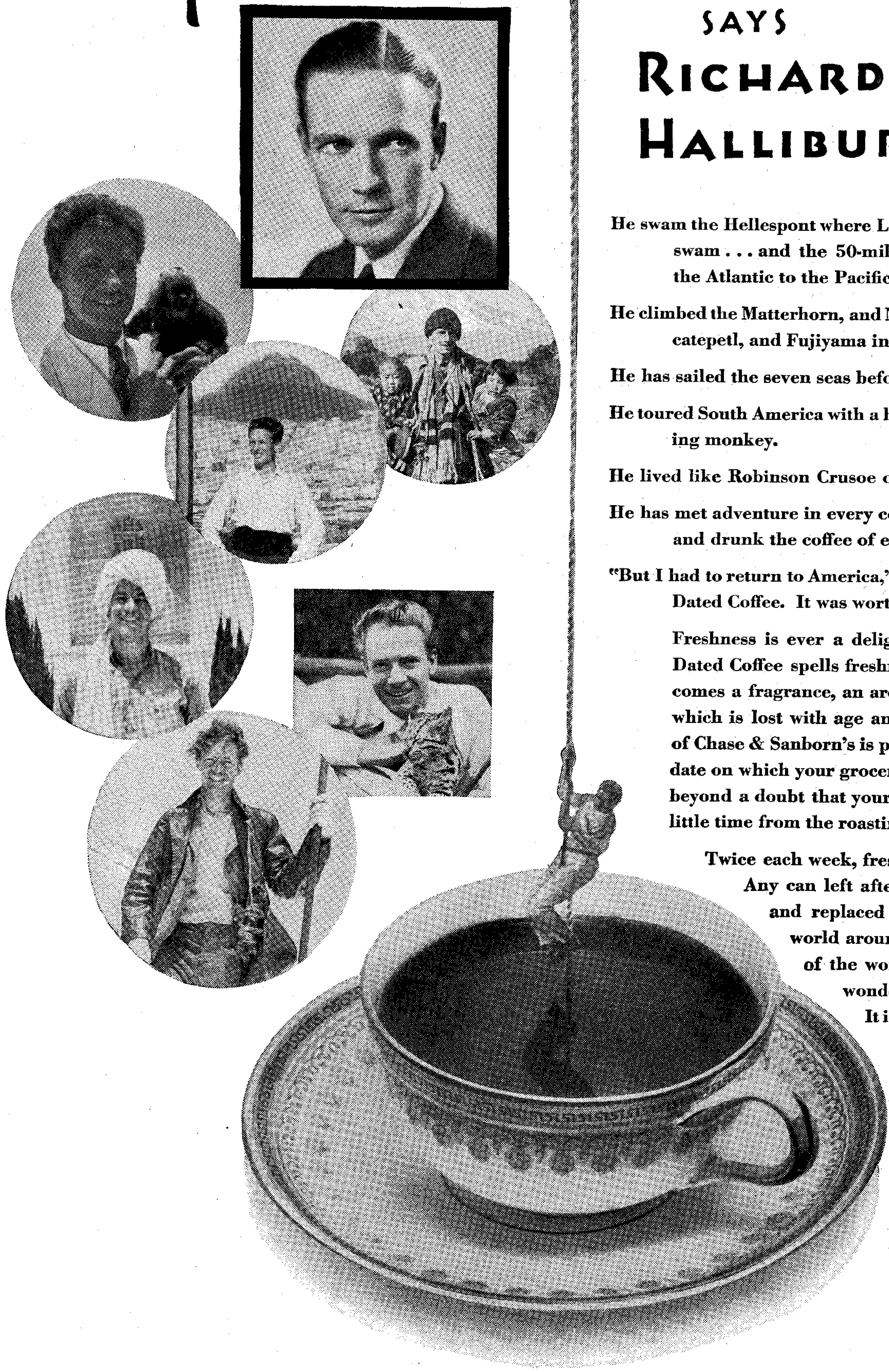
GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT
Tel. Greenwich 1660

521 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
Tel. Murray Hill 6526

"My Newest Adventure"

SAYS

RICHARD HALLIBURTON



He swam the Hellespont where Leander and Lord Byron swam . . . and the 50-mile Panama Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

He climbed the Matterhorn, and Mt. Olympus, and Popocatepetl, and Fujiyama in the dead of winter.

He has sailed the seven seas before the mast.

He toured South America with a hurdy-gurdy and a dancing monkey.

He lived like Robinson Crusoe on Crusoe's own island.

He has met adventure in every country on the globe . . . and drunk the coffee of every nation . . .

"But I had to return to America," he insists, "to discover Dated Coffee. It was worth coming home for."

Freshness is ever a delight to the senses. And Dated Coffee spells freshness in coffee. With it comes a fragrance, an aroma, a lingering flavor which is lost with age and staleness. Every can of Chase & Sanborn's is plainly marked with the date on which your grocer receives it. You know beyond a doubt that your cup of coffee is only a little time from the roasting oven.

Twice each week, fresh cans are distributed. Any can left after ten days is collected and replaced by fresh. Travel the world around to find the wonders of the world—you will find the wonder coffee near at hand. It is an experience to seek.

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

CHASE & SANBORN'S
Dated Here
SEAL BRAND
Dated Here
COFFEE

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee —DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

The reputation of the Tishman Organization is more than a source of pride . . . . . . it is an obligation to maintain past standards and an inspiration to set new ones!

◆

For Immediate Occupancy

30 EAST 71st STREET
12 Rooms

14 EAST 75th STREET
8 Rooms

911 PARK AVENUE
10 Rooms

941 PARK AVENUE
12 Rooms (Duplex)

130 EAST 75th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

175 EAST 79th STREET
3 and 6 Rooms

325 EAST 57th STREET
3, 4 and 6 Rooms

410 EAST 57th STREET
7 Rooms

For October Occupancy

1095 PARK AVENUE
5, 6 and 8 Rooms
(Under construction)

180 EAST 79th STREET
3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 Rooms
(Under construction)

885 PARK AVENUE
8, 9 and 10 Rooms

888 PARK AVENUE
10 Rooms

983 PARK AVENUE
6, 9 and 10 Rooms

129 EAST 84th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

Write for brochure of Apartments from 3 to 13 rooms

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders
Since 1898

as he is quite likely to be. The President spends a great deal of time in his handsome suite of offices on the seventh floor; the rooms have dark wood panelling, neat draperies, and shiny, immaculate desks. It is just a step across the street to his main office in the old Police Headquarters. President Whalen doesn't hold any classes himself, but he drops in on them from time to time, often with friends, or visiting police chiefs. He has referred to the Police College as his "baby," and he is a doting father.

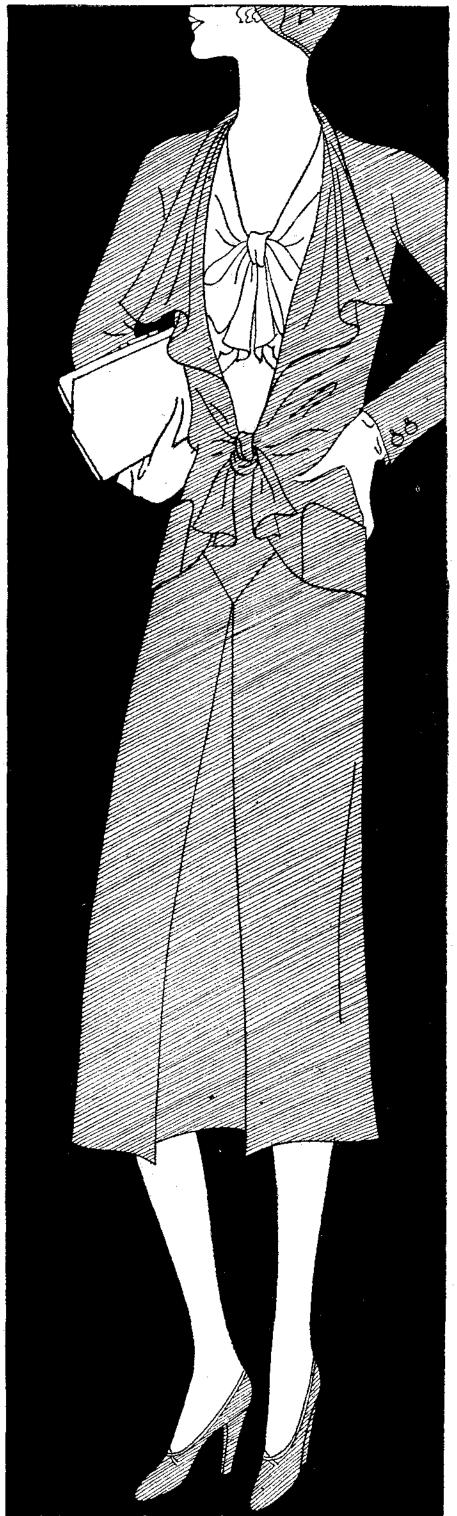
To get to the President's office you pass an oddly confusing exhibit of all the traffic signs and signals you have ever seen, arranged side by side: stop, go, keep to the right, no right turn, one-way street, dead end, no turns on red, and all the rest. The effect is demoralizing. Many smart remarks are doubtless called forth from visitors by this methodical arrangement of contradictory orders. But after all the Police College is not to be dismissed too lightly. The cops one meets are earnest fellows, rather profoundly impressed by all this emphasis on higher education, and they are getting somewhere in a plodding, academic sort of way. They are learning the technique and methodology to go along with the courage which any number of exhibits scattered about the museum prove to be in the best tradition of the service. Take, for just one example, the short history of a cop killed in the line of duty and forgotten long ago—by everyone except the members of the force. His memorial is a sheet of typewritten paper and a small picture of him. The sheet of paper recounts briefly that he was fatally shot, in a store, by two men who ran out and leaped into an automobile. The officer's dying effort was to stagger to the door, catch the license number of the car, and scrawl it down on a scrap of paper. The last figure is fainter than the rest. His murderers were caught the next day—traced by his dying scrawl. The Police College teaches men to do things like that.

—James Thurber

•

Mrs. Philip Grandin Strong of New York has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Smith, at the Steadman Cottage. Mrs. Strong was recently the subject of an article, "Whoopee as a Career," in Liberty Magazine.—*Aiken (S. C.) Standard.*

Home again!



New softly tailored aspect in

*WHITBEY SUIT

$64.75

Three pieces. Wool crepe; blouse of silk or embroidered lingerie.

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

to the garden and, earthen creature that she is—fresh from Front Street—she takes off her shoes and digs her bare toes into the soil. Here the poet finds her and promptly addresses his mother's cook with a few lines of verse, calling her "a cathedral under the sea," telling her that her feet are like magnolias—you must know that he is described as one of the great poets of our day—and at last sweeping her, alas, too literally, off her feet. As the inarticulate thousands well know, poets are no gentlemen, and when the consequence of her poetic appreciation comes eventually upon her, she has to clear out and go back to her scrubbing for the nonce. When the child is born, she must allow him to be adopted by rich people who can bring him up in luxury. On then goes the epic through the years of toil and those rare moments when she may have a glimpse of her boy, until at last she sees his triumph as a concert pianist, known to the world as Charvet. Or is it Sulka?

I HATE to be pessimistic about the career of a young man who is trying to get on in the world, but I fear that a great many thousands are growing articulately bored with the theatrical talents of Charles ("Buddy") Rogers. He is such an obviously nice and good young man, and so definitely "camera-proof," that he ought to go into the Church. In the pulpit he would be a triumph. Of late, certainly, his pictures, those nervous Rogers groups, have not done a great deal to help him.

The newest one, "Young Eagles," is a hodgepodge of preposterous adventures of young aviators during the war, involving lady spies and very trivial air fights in the usual mode of flying movies. The silly, tedious story has a few laughs in it, and for those we are to thank Stuart Erwin, whose wholesome, homely face is a comfort in a too good-looking world.

THERE are two other comedies, as they are called, released this week. Richard Dix hops about boisterously in "Lovin' the Ladies" and Edward Everett Horton slouches along in "Wide Open." With what intent of malice I cannot surmise, the Beacon Theatre uptown raked that old silent film "Lady Windermere's Fan" out of the mothballs, and reminded us how clever and pleasant some of those old silent pictures used to be. Well, that's that. I guess I have been as agreeable as I can be for one day. —J. C. M.

SUITABLE
INVESTMENTS *for*
Individual Needs

The problem of each individual investor is to select, from the many and varied offerings of new securities, those best suited to his own requirements. In this selection The National City Company with its wide-spread buying and distributing organization, its background of long experience, and its financial resources, can be of service.

In America, National City offices in important financial centers, interconnected with the head office and with each other by private wire, are at your convenient call.

Albany, N. Y.
Atlanta, Ga.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Dallas, Texas
Davenport, Iowa
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Hartford, Conn.
Houston, Texas
Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.
Memphis, Tenn.
Miami, Fla.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
Oakland, Cal.
Omaha, Neb.
Pasadena, Cal.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Rochester, N. Y.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
San Diego, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Spokane, Wash.
Tacoma, Wash.
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D. C.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Montreal, Canada
Toronto, Canada

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

COURT GAMES

Clean Sweep—Conversational Squash —Columbia's Private Tournament

FOR more than a month now the Columbia Club has been mathematically certain to win the Metropolitan League Class A squash-tennis championship, but even so the final match with the Crescent A.C. wasn't without interest. This victory puts Columbia in the impressive position of having gone through the season's fourteen encounters without a single defeat. Crescent, Harvard, and the New York A.C. finished in a triple tie for second place, each having won nine matches and lost five.

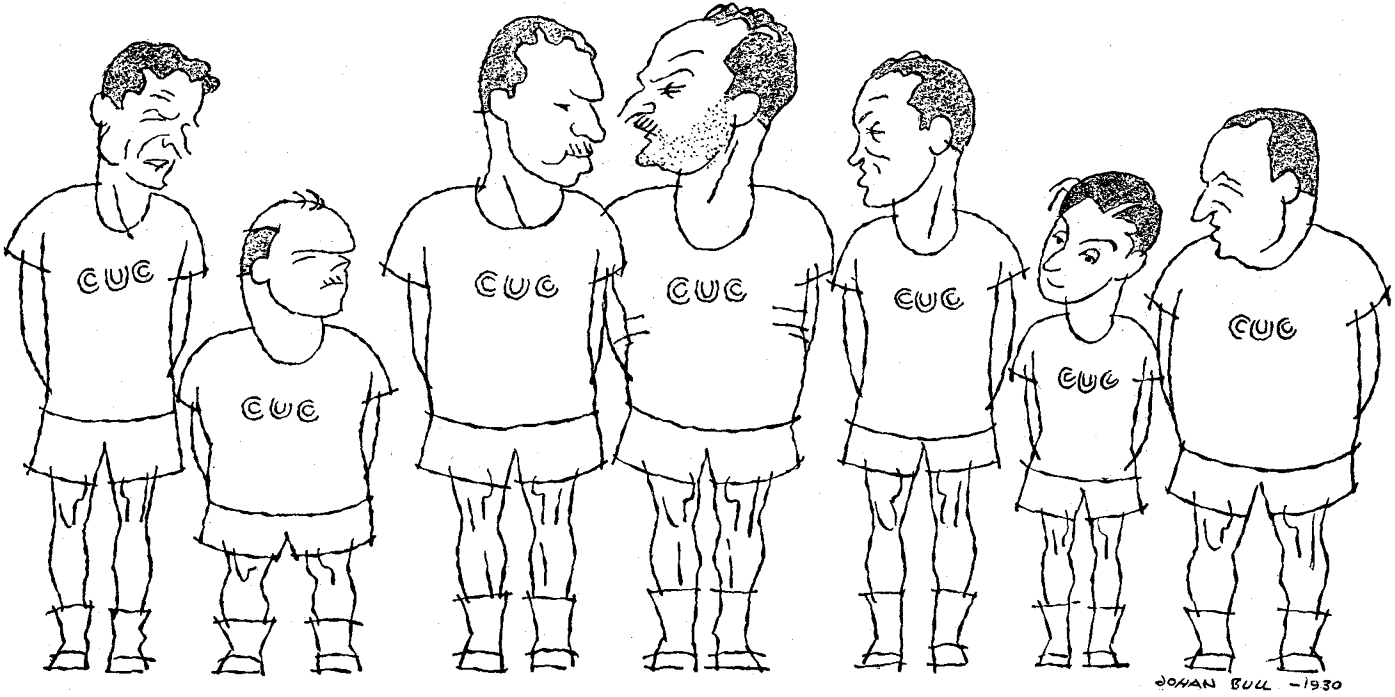
Rowland Haines saved the day for the disciples of Ernest Clark and Nicholas Murray Butler by conquering Edward R. Larigan after losing the first game. Gardner Hirons, Edward G. McLaughlin, and Jerry Lang had won their bouts, while Dallas Haines, R. H. Reutter, and Frank Hanson had lost theirs; so the former National champion's victory was more than an ornamental one. He took the offensive all the time, and in the last two games his mighty blows forced Larigan into error after error.

ON the same day Fillmore Hyde made his last official appearance on the squash courts for this season. He appeared at the Princeton Club, where Harvard was playing, bright and early, but completely failed to bring either clothes or racquet with him. Tom Barnwell, the Princeton professional, managed to dig up an assortment of garments suitable for very tall people, from which Hyde made a rather haphazard selection. Dressed for the fray, he was asked what kind of racquet he would like. "Any old racquet," he said, and one was brought to him.

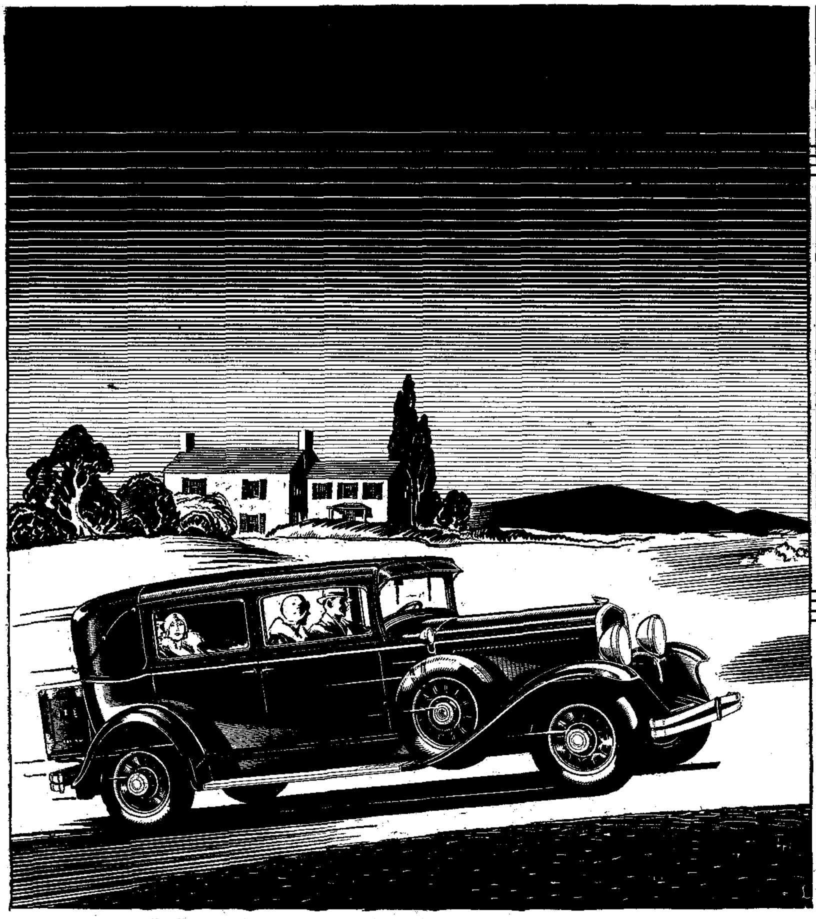
This indifference to the sterner side of squash tennis was shared by his opponent, Gavin Brackenridge, and the beginning of their encounter was marked by conversation rather than brilliant playing. Brackenridge had just come back from Palm Beach, so discussion naturally turned to warmer climes. The Princeton player questioned Hyde as to the respective merits of Bermuda and Nassau. "Bermuda's got native life, Nassau hasn't—that sums it up," answered Hyde. Brackenridge was so impressed by this display of anthropological lore that he lost six points in a row. Careful analysis of the rest of the game reveals that Hyde played very sloppily until his lead was cut down to 7–4; then, encouraged by the success of one of his famous strokes in which the ball is hit first to the back wall, he outplayed his opponent four points to one and took the game at 15–6.

The second game was much closer. Hyde, perhaps to inject a little excitement into the affair, or perhaps without any such conscious intentions, played so casually that in a very short time he was behind, 2–8. This seemed to give him the necessary incentive, and, playing more carefully, he overtook Brackenridge at 12–all. Though Brackenridge forced him to several long rallies and got hand-in twice after this, he failed on both occasions to use his opportunity to score, and lost the game without making another point. "Fillmore's no easier to beat than he ever was," observed a veteran onlooker.

TO come back to the Columbia Club: They celebrated the successful completion of their season by holding a large dinner, before which a curious and somewhat frivolous tournament was held. Each man on the Class A team played one game with a corresponding member of the B team, allowing the B man two points for each point he made. The B men then played the C men under the same arrangement, and, to add to the confusion, the A men also played the C men, giving them three points for each one they made. As if this were not enough to make the doughtiest squash enthusiast dizzy,



Kerbeck Hirons D. Haines R. Haines McLaughlin Lang Reutter



Today, as always, what Chrysler does—or proposes to do—becomes the basic standard of efficiency in the realm of automobiles

NEW CHRYSLER "77" TOWN SEDAN, $1795 (Special Equipment Extra)

CHRYSLER INSPIRES a pride all its own

Ownership of a Chrysler brings with it a deep-rooted satisfaction which springs from the firm conviction that, regardless of price, Chrysler is a car that knows no peer.

In all that Chrysler is . . . in all that Chrysler does . . . in pedigree and in prestige . . . Chrysler offers something more.

Up to six years ago thousands of motorists could be satisfied only with highest-priced American-made cars or expensive importations.

Today they are driving Chryslers . . . and with polite boastfulness, for they have been able to find more complete fulfilment of their motoring ideals in a Chrysler than in any other car.

At the same time, because of surprisingly low prices, Chrysler has enabled thousands upon thousands to enjoy this supremely fine motoring who never even dreamed of being able to possess cars of such outstanding excellence.

Comparisons of cars today invariably take Chrysler as their basis. A car either is or is not an approach to Chrysler.

Yes—Chrysler has set the pace . . . and maintained it . . . year in and year out.

And because of the knowledge that in a Chrysler one has the best that motoring affords, Chrysler ownership imparts a certain thrilling pride the like of which cannot be claimed so universally by any other motor car.

FEATURES:

LARGE, POWERFUL ENGINES . . . SEVEN-BEARING COUNTER-WEIGHTED CRANKSHAFT . . . MULTI-RANGE FOUR-SPEED TRANSMISSION AND GEAR SHIFT . . . RUBBER SPRING SHACKLES . . . CHRYSLER WEATHERPROOF FOUR-WHEEL HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . LARGER, ROOMIER BODIES OF DREADNOUGHT CONSTRUCTION . . . ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEATS . . . METALWARE BY CARTIER

MULTI-RANGE

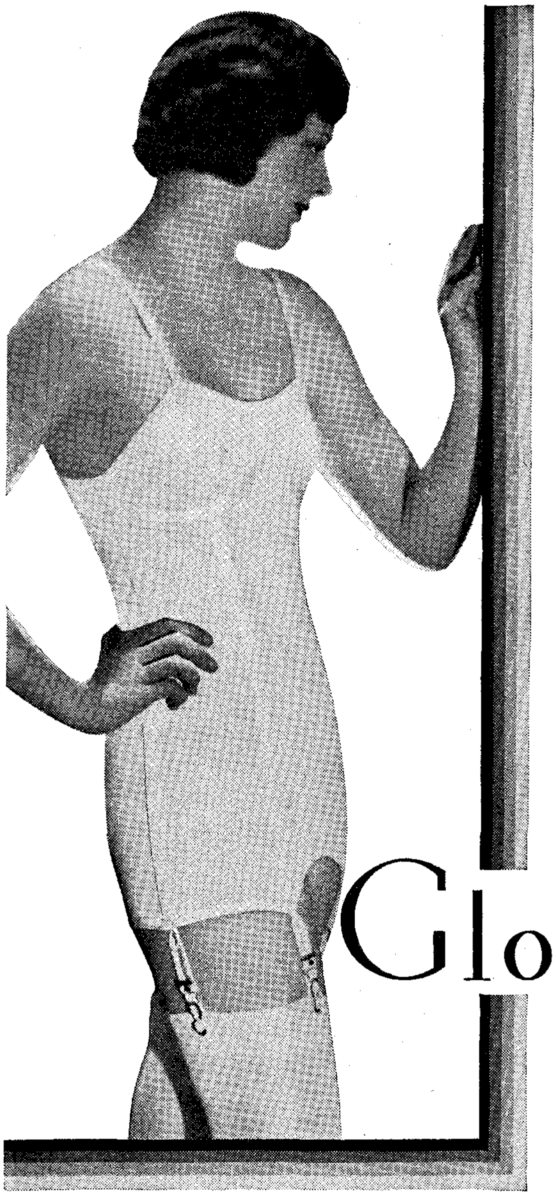
CHRYSLER

© 1930 by Chrysler Corporation

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1425 Bedford Ave., Sterling 2800, BROOKLYN

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1745 B'way at 56th St., Col. 6370, NEW YORK CITY

DeCozen Motor Co.
1226 Broad St., Terrace 6900, NEWARK



No bones or bulkiness . . . detachable jiffy-join garters . . . long and regular lengths . . . inch sizes, 30 to 38 . . . washes and dries quickly.

Glorifying your figure for 1930

the Mouldette

IT GIVES YOU all the trimness of this spring—all the litheness of past years!

It's less than five ounces of soft, shimmering fabric cleverly designed to mould and hold—without bone, hook or button. Launder it over and over—it dries as quickly as a vest—and still it holds its shape.

It costs about $4 at the better shops. Buy Mouldettes like lingerie, three at a time. The William Carter Co., Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Station.

Carter's Mouldette
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Patented
made by the makers of Carter's underwear

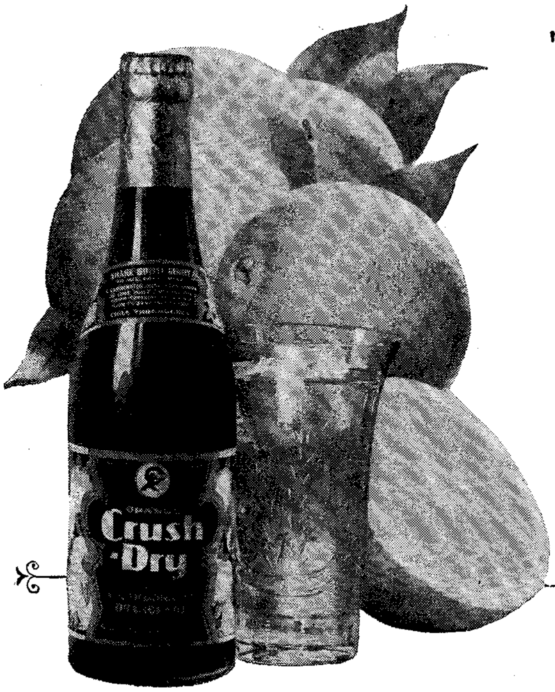
the different teams are more or less interlocking directorates. R. H. Reutter and Jerry Lang, for example, are on both the A and B teams. Fortunately it is practically impossible for the No. 1 man on one team to be No. 1 man on another, and so on, or the same man would have had to play against himself, and the whole thing would probably have been called off.

Even so, it was pretty difficult to find out just what happened. Apparently the A team, in spite of its handicap, won nine out of fourteen games. The B men won only four, while the C's, thanks to the unusual method of scoring, won eight. Rowland Haines played R. H. Reutter and beat him 15–12, which would ordinarily have been 15–6. Jerome Kerbeck, who has been out most of the season with a series of illnesses, turned up especially for the occasion, but wasn't able to score more than two points against Jerry Lang. Gardner Hirons was the only other B man to lose his game, E. G. McLaughlin and Dallas Haines both winning theirs. Playing for the A team, both Reutter and Lang were victorious. According to Ernest Clark, the entire affair wasn't very scientific and didn't, in fact, prove anything at all, except that on the whole the A team is better than the B team and the B team is better than the C team.

WHILE we are on the subject of the champions, it may not be amiss to say a word about the sportsmanship of Rowland Haines. As an original topic for discussion this ranks just a little below prohibition, Humanism, and the activities of Grover Whalen, but this year it was in a way more noticeable than ever, as it had a good deal to do with Haines' loss of the National title. Wolf had been

Crush-Dry

"an' a man can raise a thirst"



"FOR the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be! Here's a drink, boys, 'at makes you think there's a bus runnin' right into the orange groves!

"No sludgy, squdgy squeezin' in the pantry! 'Er petticut is yaller an' 'er little cap is gold—an' leapin' bubbles, how that brunette bottle fizzes! Champagne she is, with fresh golden orange juice instead of grape—a teasin' zing of lemon, lime an' peel, an' only a ravishin' taste to intoxicate. As a blender, it straightens out everything.

" 'Kul-la-lo-lo' she sings, with 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,—'don't squeeze—pour!' "

ORANGE CRUSH COMPANY
World's Largest Producers of Citrus Fruit Drinks
ONTARIO, CAL. CHICAGO NEW YORK

CLUBS, HOTELS, STEAMERS, GROCERS, DRUG STORES, TRAINS laboring under the strain of his ambition all season, and this made his playing unusually aggressive and caused him to occupy the centre of the court more than is customary. In his final match with Haines he didn't change his tactics appreciably and there is no doubt but that he interfered with the other's playing to some extent. Haines never gave any sign of noticing this, and didn't in any way vary from his usual considerate style of playing in order to meet his opponent's method. Squash isn't a game that can be wholly regulated by rules and referees; its tone depends upon the principals. Now that Wolf has his title and the tension is lightened, perhaps he will devote himself to more subtle aspects of the game than the winning of points.—G. T. H.

●

THEME SONG

Honeyed foods and golden wines,
Ripened figs and nectarines
Have not cooled my fevered throat.

Never to my doorway came
Silver-sandalled feet of Fame,
Riches clad in sable coat.

Cities in exotic lands,
Castles raised on shining strands,
Failed to lure my laggard way.

Passion, with its searing fire,
Bitter hate and bright desire,
Led a lovelier lass astray.

Do I curse and clutch a knife,
Grind my teeth and cry at Life—
"Nothing comes to such as I!"?

If they say I weep, they lie.
These have never passed me by—
Little loves as fleet and shy
As skimming bird or butterfly.

—Frances Park

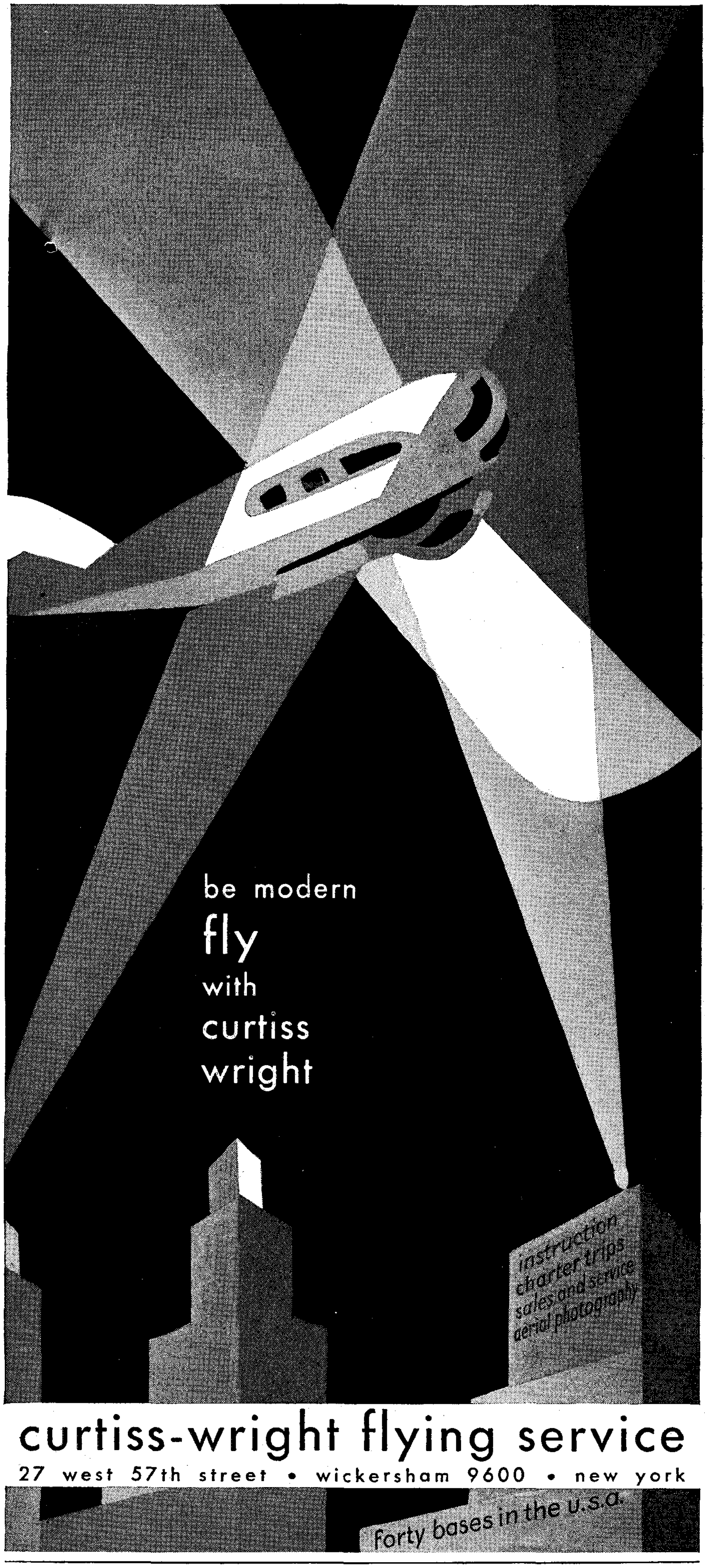
●

"Then I'll Be Reminded of You" was originally "*And* I'll Be Reminded of You." To me the "then" was absolutely necessary for the sake of cause and effect, because the lines

> "I'll gather some June dreams,
> I'll search for some moonbeams"

lead up to the point where the one who does these things says he will be reminded of his sweetheart, and I think that if you consider the thought of the two phrases you will find that "Then I'll Be Reminded of You" follows much more logically.—*From Rudy Vallée's "Vagabond Dreams Come True."*

What about "*At This Juncture* I'll Be Reminded of You"?

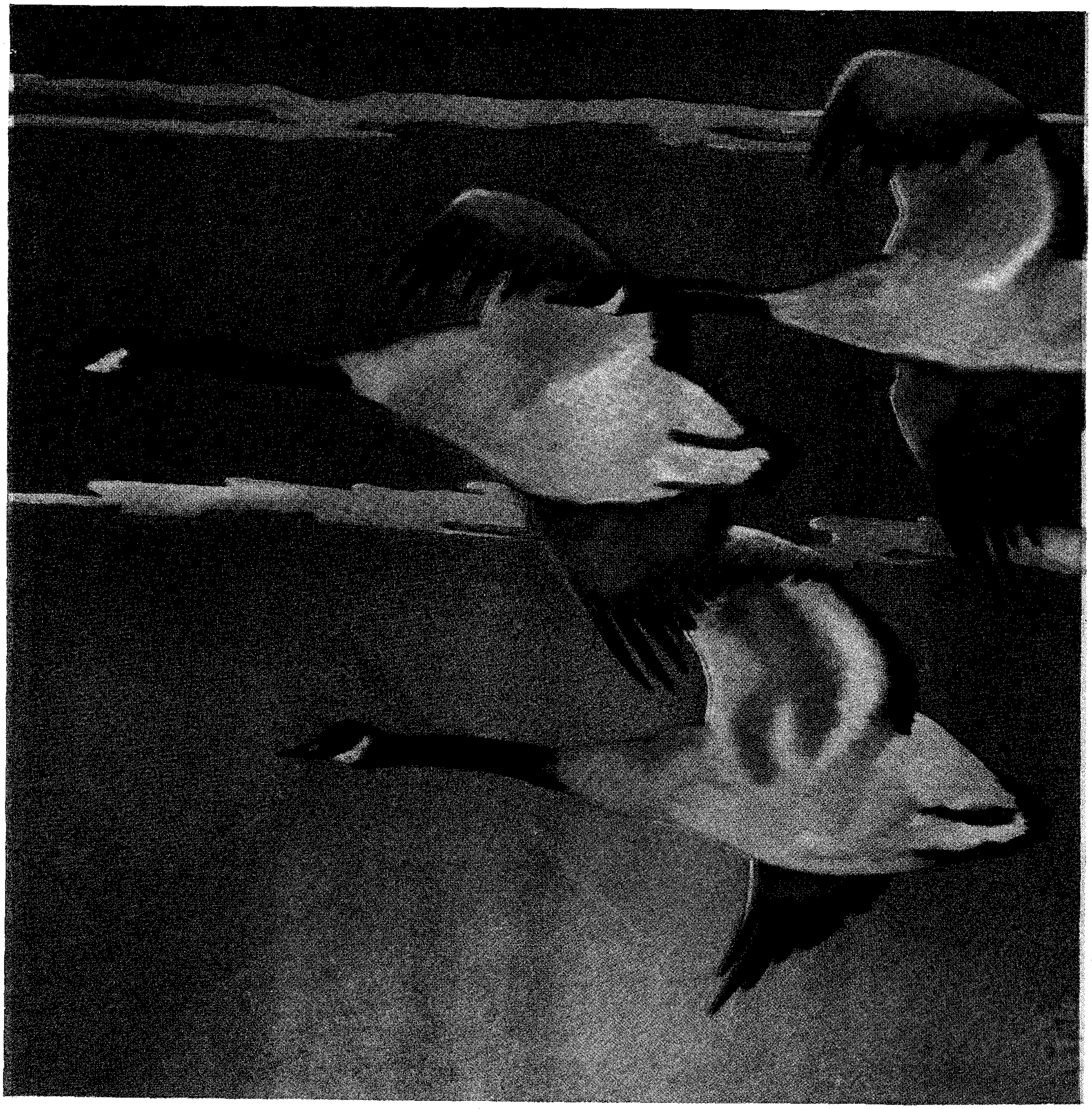


be modern
fly
with
curtiss
wright

instruction
charter trips
sales and service
aerial photography

curtiss-wright flying service
27 west 57th street • wickersham 9600 • new york

Forty bases in the u.s.a.



© E. G. C. 1930

SMOOTHNESS....

WILD geese fly hour after hour—from the far North to the South. You will find yourself thinking of them as you glide along with Ethyl Gasoline in the tank of your automobile.

Ethyl means a new smoothness to any motor, and easier, less tiring handling. That is because it contains Ethyl anti-knock compound, developed by General Motors Research Laboratories, after years of experiment to make gasoline a better motor fuel.

The new cars of higher compression need gasoline of Ethyl's anti-knock standard to deliver their additional power. But *any* car, whatever its type or age, runs better with Ethyl. It "knocks out that 'knock'" and improves performance in every respect.

Try a tankful this week-end. Test Ethyl under the hardest-driving conditions. You'll notice a big difference. The Ethyl emblem identifies all pumps selling Ethyl Gasoline. Look for it.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

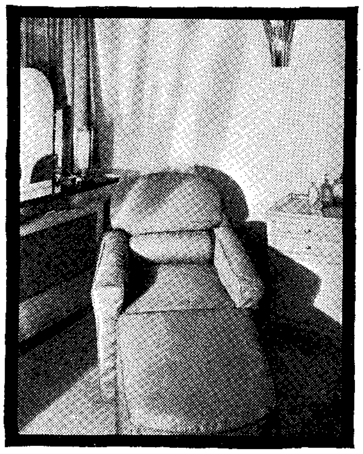
WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK. U.S.A.

Wherever you see the Ethyl emblem, it means good gasoline of high anti-knock quality.

GOOD GASOLINE + *plus* ETHYL FLUID = *equals* ETHYL GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

the new salon of Kathleen Mary Quinlan provides the modern setting for making beauty Chic



● One of a suite of pastel-tinted, sunlighted, intimate rooms where skillful hands gently smooth Miss Quinlan's delicious creams and healing lotions over tired skins, where eyes are refreshed, hair made lustrous with health.

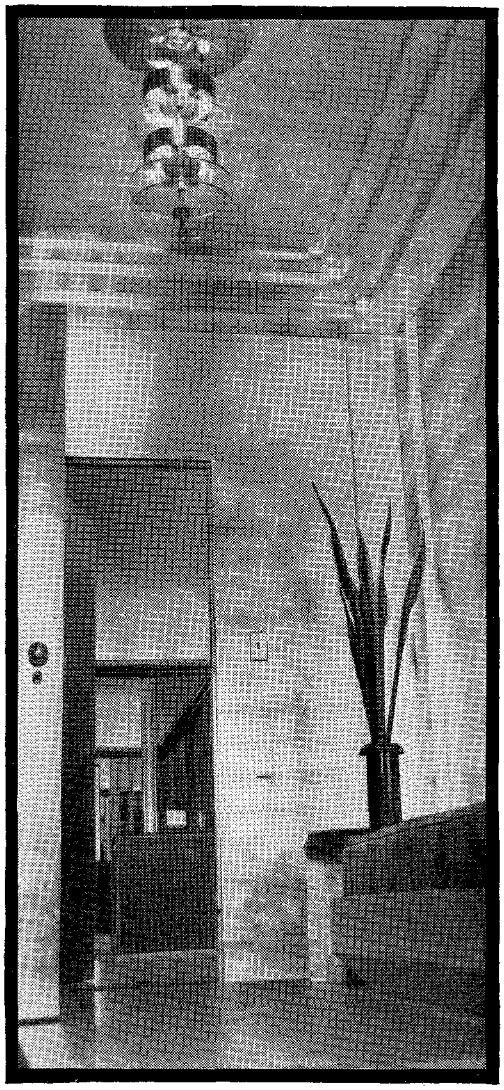
● All that is newest and best in the art of creating beauty . . . in modern surroundings, exquisite and luxurious . . . is offered you in the new Salon of Kathleen Mary Quinlan.

A mirrored foyer in silver leads to a drawing room where walls and furnishings in sapphire, turquoise and hydrangea blue contrast brilliantly with lamps and consoles of burnished gold.

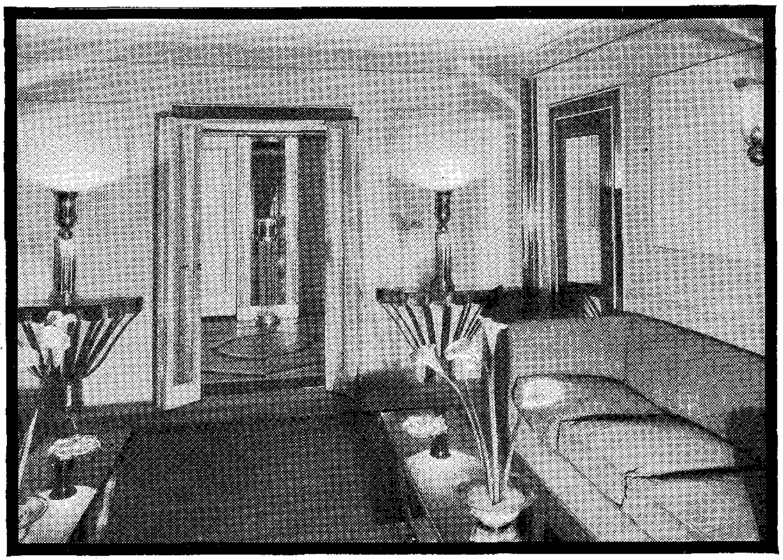
A suite of exquisite treatment rooms . . . sunlighted, pastel-tinted . . . each different . . . peach, lilac, pervenche blue, spring green, maize, shell pink . . . choose which you will enter.

Now the velvet fingers of Miss Quinlan's assistants skillfully apply her marvelous preparations. Faces that come in weary go forth restored to new youth; throats grow slender, white, smooth . . . refreshed eyes shine . . . hair glows with new health.

And your beauty captures chic as well. Before you leave this oasis of repose, you receive deft touches of rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow and powder . . . to blend with your natural coloring in the new smart manner. 655 Fifth Avenue at Fifty-second Street, New York. Appointments by telephone, Plaza 4086.



● In the drawing room, below, Mr. Robert Locher, designer and decorator of the Salon, has combined modern comfort and luxury. Lovely tones of sapphire and turquoise blue contrast with consoles and lamps of burnished gold, crystal and sapphire mirrors.



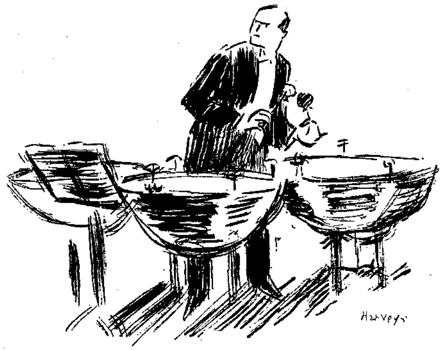
● Leading from the smart black and silver foyer is a lovely little room in silver leaf. The formal seat is cushioned in cheerful red leather. A pendant light of bright transparent crystal and black discs drops from the ceiling like an exotic flower. From a black glass and aluminum container, the tall leaves of a snake plant point toward the recessed silver ceiling. Silver doors lead to Miss Quinlan's jewel-like office and her consultation room. One glimpses walls tinted delicately in turquoise, a golden ceiling . . . rich wood paneling, brightened with inlays of red lacquer, luxurious chairs, divans, rugs, soft piled . . . the chic of modern lights and tables, flowers, magazines . . . comfort, color . . . an inspired shrine dedicated to the American woman's beauty.

Copyright 1930, Kathleen Mary Quinlan, Inc.

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Historic Curio Is Exhumed — The Metropolitan's Wagner—Routine Recitals

LITTLE music by Daniel François Esprit Auber is performed nowadays, although in his time he was one of the glories of Paris. Except for the laughing song from "Manon Lescaut" (how, I wonder, does this forgotten opera compare with those on the same subject by Massenet and Puccini?) and the overture to "La Muette de Portici" (which still appears on programs as "The Dumb Girl of Portici"!) there is hardly anything of Auber to explain his reputation. Therefore unusual interest hovered over the revival of his "Fra Diavolo" by the Little Theatre Opera Company, at the Heckscher Theatre.



"Fra Diavolo" is a hundred years old, and its libretto, with its bandit in disguise, its village ingénue, its low-comedy English couple, and its soldiers' chorus, has become a faintly fragrant relic. John Alan Haughton, who seems to have established himself as the chief continuity man for the Little Theatre troupe, has washed away some of the absurdities and tightened up the dialogue with his customary skill; but the story has decayed beyond repair, serving principally as contrast to a score which is sprinkled with the mannerisms of its era but still is fresh and frequently ingenious.

For the most part, "Fra Diavolo" consists of neatly constructed, dandified melody. Now and then, as in the beginning of the verses for the aria known as "On Yonder Rock Reclining" (that may give you a notion of the translated lyrics, for which Mr. Haughton was not responsible), there is a striking dramatic touch in the orchestra. A patter duet for the comics has Rossinian agility, and the whole affair, for all its prettiness, is the work of a master musician. If you have an opportunity to hear "Fra Diavolo," don't shy away, because you may discover the inspiration for certain things in Massenet and even Bizet and Saint-Saëns.

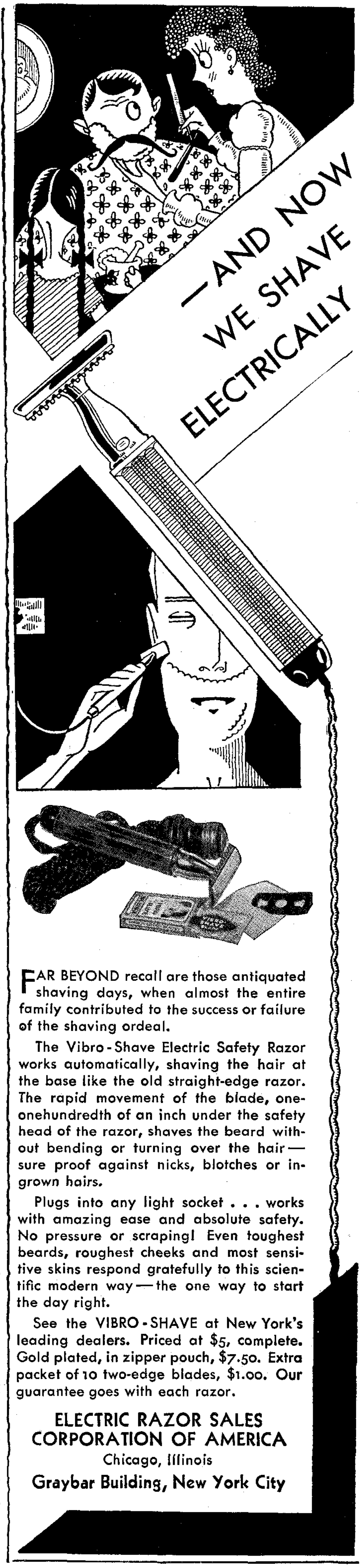
BARRING this company's excellent "Chocolate Soldier," "Fra Diavolo" is its best achievement of the season so far. The cast which I heard included Susan Fisher, who reinforced the delightful impression which she had made in "The Daughter of the Regiment;" William Hain, singing and acting with dash and distinction; and Arnold Spector, who did a buffo rôle with startling clarity and certainty. The chorus was, as usual, precise and euphonious, and the settings of Jonel Jorgulesco would have been a credit to any opera house in the business. Mr. Reddick conducted with aplomb and alacrity, and the orchestra, which usually has been more anxious than effective, managed its music without detriment to the entertainment.

The final bill of the Little Opera Company will be Strauss' "Gypsy Baron," in the week of April 21, and you might make a note of it, because this operetta should be right down the alley for Mr. Mussey's young people.

THE uncut Wagnerian performances at the Metropolitan have turned out to be enormous successes, and there is talk of a supplementary week of Wagner after the regular season next year. Although the present series has been placed at hours which are inconvenient for those who have daytime jobs, it seems that there are plenty of customers with leisure. For all I know, office workers are now declaring their grandmothers dead so that they may escape to hear Wagner.

Apart from the value of presentations which offer these masterpieces as they were written, the cycle has indicated that the German sector of the Metropolitan is better than it has sounded. Singers who have seemed somewhat superannuated have come to life in these offerings, and Mr. Bodanzky, who used to be accused of all manner of misdemeanors, has made it plain that he is one of our finest conductors. With some new scenery and some attention to staging, the Metropolitan's Wagner will emerge finally as something neither to be pitied nor censured.

By the way, the new bass, Siegfried


—AND NOW WE SHAVE ELECTRICALLY

FAR BEYOND recall are those antiquated shaving days, when almost the entire family contributed to the success or failure of the shaving ordeal.

The Vibro-Shave Electric Safety Razor works automatically, shaving the hair at the base like the old straight-edge razor. The rapid movement of the blade, one-onehundredth of an inch under the safety head of the razor, shaves the beard without bending or turning over the hair—sure proof against nicks, blotches or ingrown hairs.

Plugs into any light socket . . . works with amazing ease and absolute safety. No pressure or scraping! Even toughest beards, roughest cheeks and most sensitive skins respond gratefully to this scientific modern way—the one way to start the day right.

See the VIBRO-SHAVE at New York's leading dealers. Priced at $5, complete. Gold plated, in zipper pouch, $7.50. Extra packet of 10 two-edge blades, $1.00. Our guarantee goes with each razor.

ELECTRIC RAZOR SALES CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Chicago, Illinois
Graybar Building, New York City

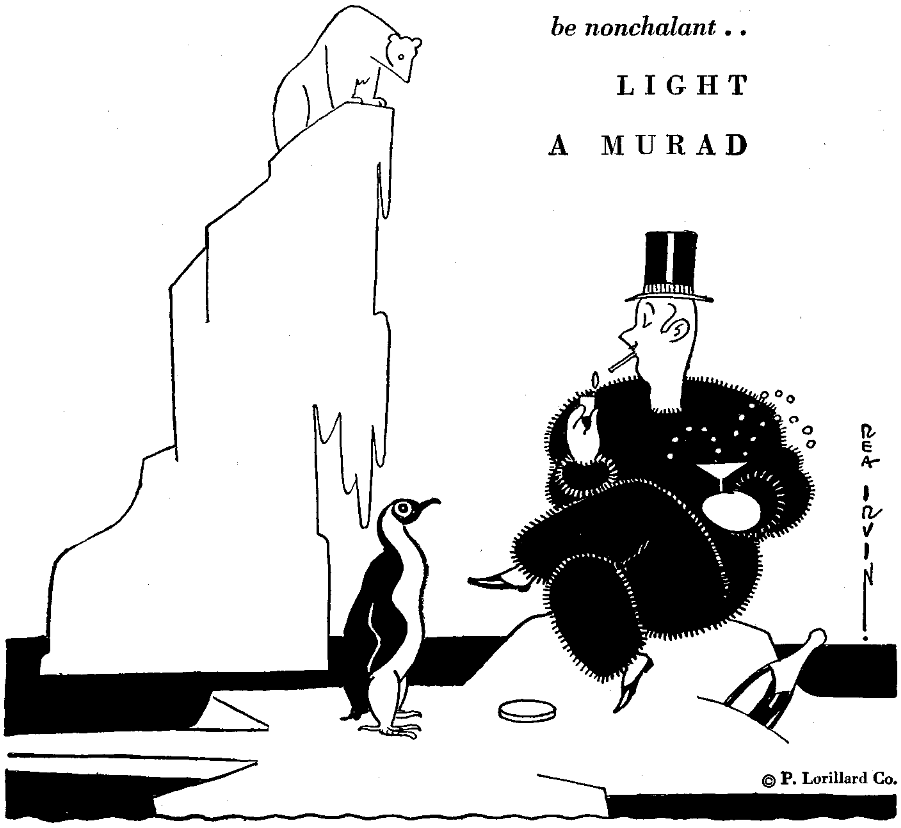
LE MOMENT DÉSESPÉRANT

(THE DESPERATE MOMENT)

When you are down to your last tin of truffles and there is no relief in sight .. composez votre visage (keep a stiff upper lip) .. Bien! (pronounced bien)

be nonchalant ..

LIGHT A MURAD



© P. Lorillard Co.

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

The New Yorker,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker for—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00

(Postage: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name..

Address..

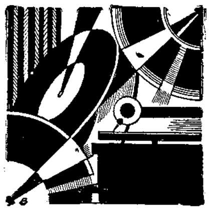
Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

Tappolet, who has taken over the chores of Mr. Bohnen, is a workmanlike artist who understands what it is all about. So far, he has introduced no novelties in the way of acting or interpretation, which makes him eligible for at least a certificate of merit.

THE recital season is drawing to a close with a flock of "popular" programs by such eminences as Josef Hofmann, Mischa Levitzki, and Albert Spalding. There also are minor recitals in the smaller halls, but nothing eventful is taking place. Although there have been many good concerts by many able artists, the concert year, except for the disturbances created by Mr. Iturbi, Master Ricci, and the Aguilar Lute Quartet, has been a routine affair. —R. A. S.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

An Opera and an Event



COLUMBIA continues its operatic series with "La Bohème," complete in twenty-five parts, the extra side being devoted to the intermezzo from "Manon Lescaut." The cast includes only one name familiar to local opera visitants—that of Tancredi Pasero, who worked for Signor Gatti-Casazza in the earlier part of the season. The Mimi is Rosetta Pampanini, whose voice seems a trifle frail but entirely in character for the rôle. The Rodolfo is Luigi Marini, apparently a lightweight, well-routined tenor. If you listen sharply to the finale of the first act, you will discover a sudden change of key which saves these singers the trouble of flinging out the extreme high notes with which the act usually concludes.

Luba Mirella, the Musetta, maintains the tradition that sopranos who sing this music must be strident, but the Marcello, Gino Vanelli, is unusually competent, as is Mr. Pasero; the three remaining principals are the Signori Baracchi, Baccaloni, and Nessi, who performed similar services for Victor.

The conductor is the Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli, who has recorded other operas for Columbia, with the Milan Symphony Orchestra and La Scala Chorus furnishing their eloquent support.

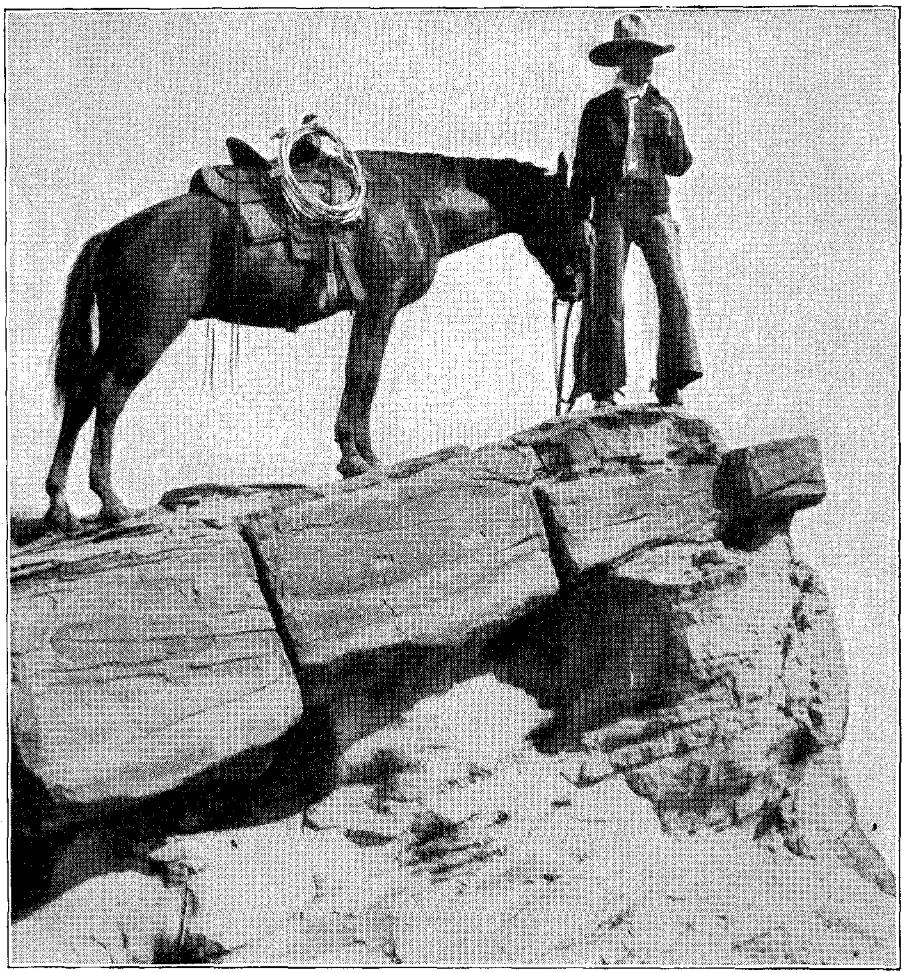
Inevitably, this version will be compared with that issued by Victor. Signor Molajoli's performance is faster than that of his Victor contemporary, with a little less dramatic emphasis. The blend of chorus, soloists, and orchestra is somewhat more suave on the Columbia discs. By and large, there is not much choice between the two sets of principals; if you want a "Bohème" for your library, your best bet is to hear both albums and select the one which contains the greatest number of solo voices that please you. The Columbia set, by the way, includes a libretto with a simple, intelligible translation by Compton Mackenzie.

A TOSCANINI album is always an event, for the maestro is a skillful man in the studio, and his Victor albums do him full justice. The latest offering is the Mozart symphony in D major (the "Haffner," if you are trying to discover which of the Mozart D majors is available), a delightful work, inimitably played.

CHAMBER-MUSIC specialists will turn flipflops over Columbia's album of the Brahms B flat, recorded by the Leners. The Leners' Columbia records are much better than their performances here this season, and this massive work shows them at their wax best, which, so far as New York is concerned, is their best best.

SO far, I have heard no completely satisfactory piano recording, but Victor's release of the Schumann "Carnaval," played by Sergei Rachmaninoff, is one of the closest approaches to adequate piano reproduction. The Rachmaninoff performance of the "Carnaval" is brilliant and full-toned, but lacking in rhythmic elasticity. Nevertheless, no student will lose anything by listening carefully to this album with the score before him.

HAVE you ever heard of singers named Concato, Castagna, Ciniselli, and Righetti? Neither have I, but they are responsible for a fine recording of the garden scene from Boïto's "Mefistofele" for Odeon. It is in three parts, and the conductor is the gifted Panizza, whose direction of "The Pines of Rome" should be familiar to those who indulge themselves in imported recordings. The fourth side of this set of records is dedicated to a bass named Fernando Autori, who sings the serenade from another setting of the Faust legend (yes, my dear, Gounod's) with unusual vigor and a touch of vulgarity which it needs and doesn't ordinarily get. —R. A. S.



the Santa Fe Cuts the Cost to the Regions of Ranches and Roses

You can pack the pleasure of the Far West into two weeks.

You can take your fill of a vacation land fretted with painted caverns and canyons, racing streams, mountains and mesas.

You can visit dude ranches, National Parks, snow-capped ranges and take the Indian-detours.

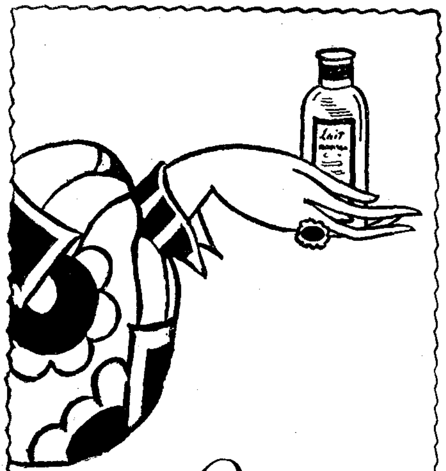
You can go clear to California and back, on a Santa Fe Summer Xcursion ticket—at a fare so reasonable you can afford to take the whole family.

Our Escorted All-Expense Tours, weekly during June, July and August, include Colorado Springs, Old Santa Fé, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Los Angeles, San Diego, Agua Caliente (Old Mexico), Yosemite, San Francisco and Glacier or Yellowstone or Canadian Rockies, according to tour selected. Every detail cared for by experienced travel directors. Ask for booklet.

THE INDIAN-DETOUR
GRAND CANYON LINE

Clip and Mail This Coupon

E. F. Burnet, Santa Fe System Lines, 505 Fifth Ave., New York. Phone Vanderbilt 3791
W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 1273 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please mail folders checked below:
☐ California Picture Book ☐ The Indian-detours ☐ Colorado Summer
☐ Grand Canyon Outings ☐ Escorted All-expense Tours



Let your skin DRINK YOUTH from LAIT D'OESYPE!

IT'S a bit unusual to suggest a semi-liquid for both cleansing and nourishing, but—as Mme. Bertie, outstanding figure in the Paris World of Beauty says—"*Only liquids can penetrate far enough below the surface of the skin to free the dust-stifled pores and nourish the skin itself.*" And imagine the ease and speed of such a treatment! One bottle—one cream—and you've given your skin all the care it needs to look young and remain so. $2 and $5

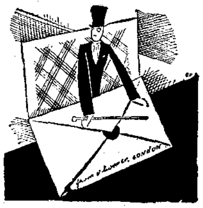
Bertie

695 Fifth Ave., New York
6 Rue de Milan, Paris

The Bertie Petrosage—the facial treatment that is like "a cocktail to the skin"—may be obtained in Paris—and in New York.

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, MAR. 19



OF late there have been quite a few French people in London, which is unusual. Taking him by and large, the Frenchman is probably the least-travelled person in the world, partly from a healthy contempt for all other countries but principally from a national and incurable susceptibility to *mal de mer*. Now, however, you may hear his language rattling in all the restaurants and catch frequent glimpses in the street of that peculiar pinch to his hat. As you know, the French doff their headwear by grasping it in the middle of the crown, and even go to the length of inserting a small metal contrivance to preserve the kink where it gives easily to the hand.

Since at present there is at last some prospect that the Channel Tunnel may be built, perhaps we will become accustomed to this pleasant cosmopolitan atmosphere, which is one of the chief things London lacks. I am unable to explain the present invasion, but it may be that the naval delegates and the French football team have demonstrated that it is possible to visit England and survive.

IT seemed to me half the audience in the Gate Studio the other night were talking French. If in an absent-minded moment you drop in there wearing evening clothes, you are liable to find yourself in a complete minority. Seventy-five per cent of the habitués are bearded and the flannel trouser is *de rigueur*. You squeeze past a group of intellectuals having sandwiches and beer at a counter, and take your seat in a wooden chair that grows progressively harder as the performance continues. The occupants of the front row have the privilege of dropping their cigarette ash on the stage, for the place is as small as that, and the atmosphere is of the blueish variety in which art flourishes.

They were playing "The Lion Tamer, or English as She Is Eaten," by Alfred Savoir, who wrote the French original of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." It was extraordinarily amusing and improper, the sort of thing the Parisian bourgeois takes his wife and children to. If New York has an

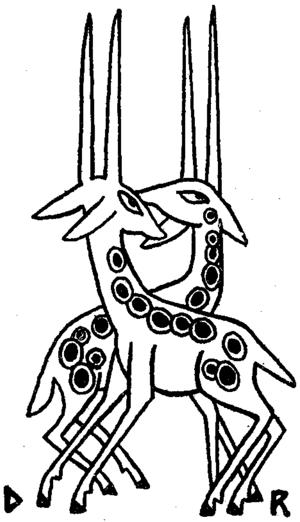
TO the tennis players of America, the Dayton Steel Racquet Company wishes to announce the opening of two branch sales service offices in New York and Chicago. Better and more satisfactory service is thus offered to sportsmen and sportswomen interested in tennis, squash, badminton and archery . . . . **. . The Chicago Office is located at Room 914, Republic Building, 209 South State Street . . . . . Mr. Ellis Klingeman, Manager; Mr. W. G. Spahr, assistant manager, Harrison 8612 . . . .** Mr. Klingeman who is well known among the tennis players here and abroad, invites you to visit the sports apparel shop, and to view the latest products of the Dayton company. **The New York Office is located at 1114 Grand Central Palace Building, 480 Lexington Avenue. Mr. John F. Kiley, manager. . . . Wickersham 5225.** In both offices a complete line of Dayton steel tennis racquets, squash and badminton bats and archery equipment will be on display, including . . . . **the latest and most important development in tennis, "The Lone Eagle", world's most modern tennis racquet.** This masterpiece of the racquet maker's art is tested and approved and is now being used by champions. The Lone Eagle made its debut last year in the National Singles at Forrest Hills.

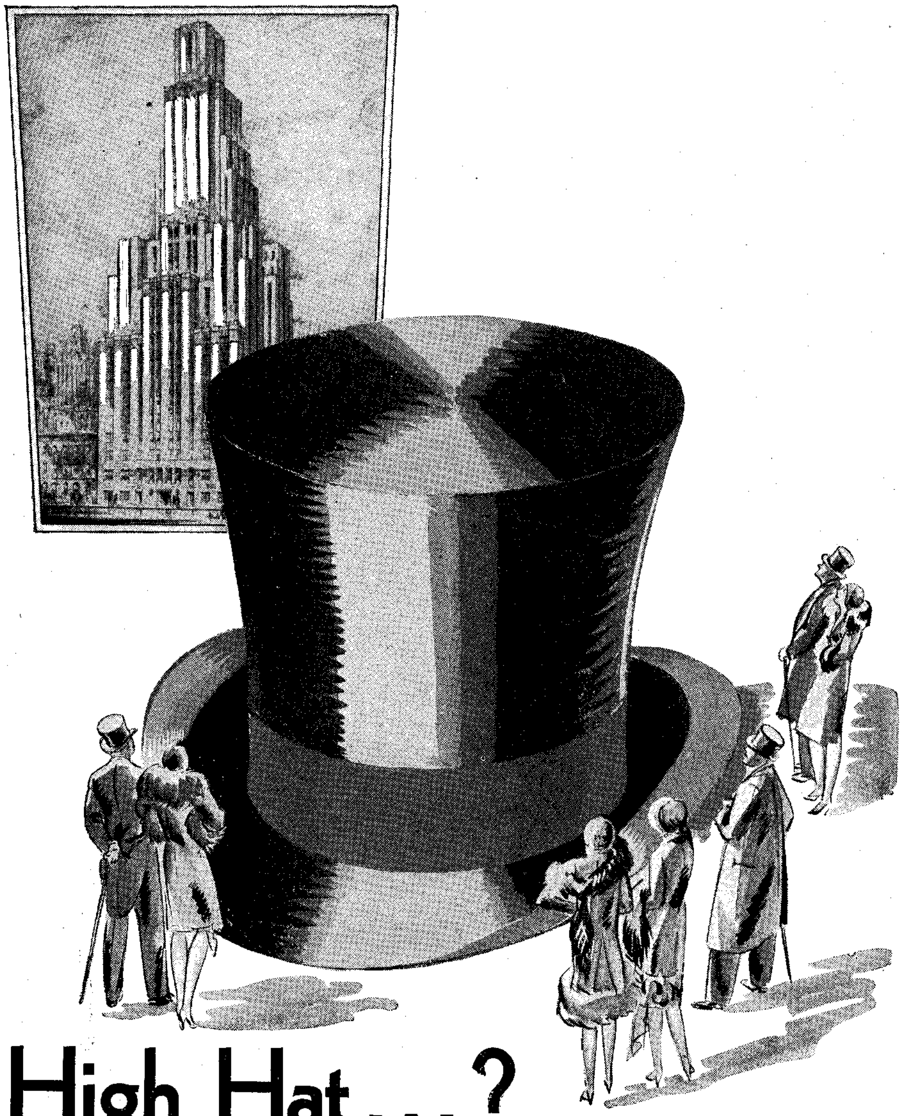
THE DAYTON STEEL RACQUET CO. DAYTON, O.

equivalent of the Gate Studio, I can recommend this play as just the thing to put on. It is about an English lord who follows a touring circus for a year, not because he loves the lion tamer's wife (as that gentleman very naturally deduces) but because as the last of the Langdales, a family who have died for lost causes since the Crusades, his one overpowering and idealistic desire is to see the lion tamer eaten by his lions.

THE Arts Theatre is a very different sort of place. The treatment of the building is modernist and expensive, though the seats could do with some new plush. The night I visited it there were Indians in the audience, which was a change, and Miss Nyota Inyoka was dancing. You would hardly believe that one dancer, on an empty stage, to the music of a few squawks on a clarinet or something, could hold an audience for two hours—but Miss Nyota Inyoka can dance. Moreover, now that the Russian Ballet is disbanded and Pavlowa is getting on in years, she seems to be one of the few people who can. In fact Nyota Inyoka not only can dance, she can think; she invented all her own dances herself—and they are perfectly charming—and her costumes as well. She made quite a stir in Paris, and is now making quite a stir here.

THE British Broadcasting Corporation may go up one. Their programs are generally fairish, but a few evenings ago they made a most interesting experiment in the form of a play which broke right away from anything that has been attempted before. The bright young man behind the enterprise rejoices in the name of Lancelot de Giberne Sieveking, and briefly what he did was to make use




High Hat...?

Yes Indeed!

There's no denying that The Town House *is* high hat—and exclusive. We made it that way on purpose.

There are only 138 suites for all New York.

AND YET, thrifty New Yorkers will save half their rent while living graciously at The Town House.

They will learn that it is possible to have an impressive address (Murray Hill) and an unusually fine* one or two room 100% co-operative apartment at a price that is surprisingly moderate.

This neighborhood and this type of building will attract the very people whose good taste and higher living standards inspired that descriptive term—"high hat." Now *you*, of course . . . just the name and address, please.

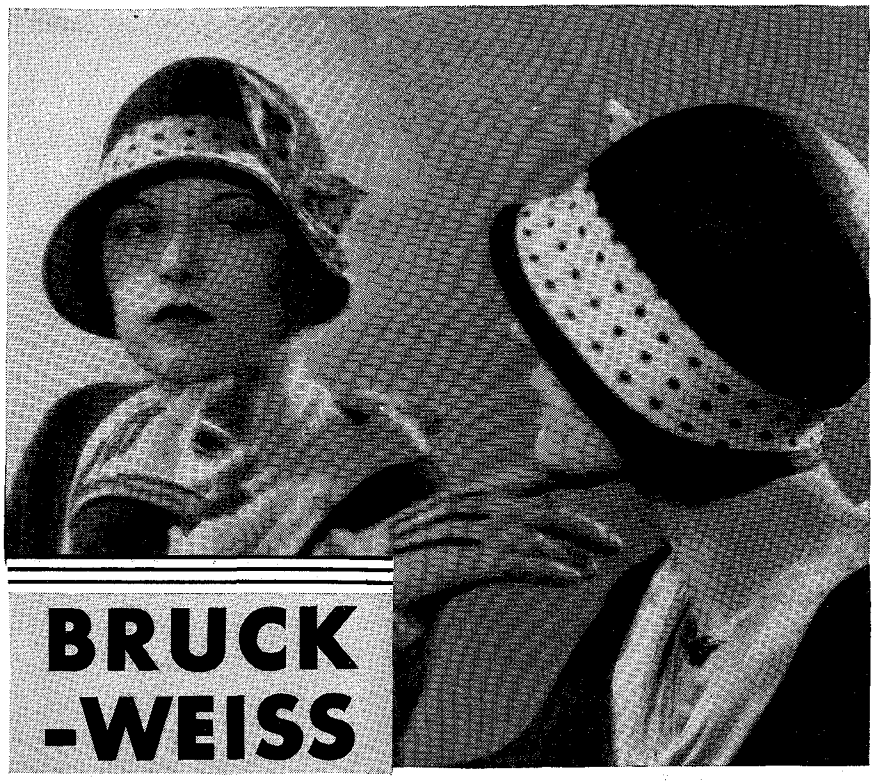
**Designed for modern needs; private terraces, cork floors, sound proofed walls, casement windows, and baths with independent entrances.*

The Town House

One Hundred and Eight East Thirty-Eighth

New York

R. M. DINSMORE & CO., INC.
Selling and Managing Agent
19 West 44th Street . . MURray Hill 3009



BRUCK-WEISS

20 West 57th Street

BAKU

The new note of linen-trim is emphasized in this baku hat of brown with band and bow of yellow and brown polka dot linen—$22.

BAKU HATS IN BRIM OR CLOSEFITTING TYPES—$20 TO $40

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

© BROOKS BROTHERS

Mackintoshes, Raincoats, etc.

Send for "A Wardrobe for BUSINESS"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

of the movie technique, with the cutback and the fadeout, and so on.

The play consisted mainly of the conversation of two Russians who meet in a café in Paris and tell each other what they did in the Revolution. Mr. Sieveking sat at the keyboard of a sort of organ, with a loudspeaker beside him. Connected to this were five rooms. In one of them a series of people chatted continuously in a rhythmic monotone: "War, war, war, war." In another they were playing the "Marseillaise." In still another the two Russians were telling each other, against a background of jazz. In another Kerensky was haranguing a mob. In another were all the incidental effects—guns, horses, motor cars. By playing on his organ Mr. Sieveking could bring out these various motifs, separately, superimposedly, softly, loudly, in any combination he pleased. Of course he was not limited to these five noises. For instance the "war" people began chanting "Peace," and afterwards "Bread." Kerensky's speech faded away as the Russian national anthem, on a mouth organ supposed to be outside the café window, wrestled with the "Marseillaise," one moment dominating, then dying away. If Mr. Sieveking's imagination had run off with him, or his hand had slipped on one of the stops, the result would have been disastrous. As it was the effect was convincing and, oddly enough, really moving. —A. G.

•

THE DOCTORS' BALL

"TELL me, Doctor Wilson, who is that blonde?"

"The pretty one? . . . I met her a while ago," said Dr. Wilson enthusiastically. "She's married to a skin man. I can't think of his name. . . . Harry, what's the name of that skin man who offices with Forbes and Emery?"

"Crowley."

"Oh yes. That's Mrs. Crowley. . . . Oh, there's Krantz, Harry. Maybe he'll come near enough and we can invite him to sit at our table—and Ethel, you must be nice to him."

"Don't invite *that* man, Pemberton; he's too fat," protested Ethel. "Why don't you bring over that attractive fellow who dances so well?"

"Which attractive fellow?"

"Shsh! The one right here, dancing with the girl in the pink chiffon."

"Huh, do you call him a good dancer? He dances like an arthritis case. . . . Harry, who's the cadaver that just went by with the pink girl?"

"Friend of Maxwell's, from out of town," said Harry. "I think he's an eye man from Detroit. I know Maxwell and I'll see if I can't make him bring him and the girl over and introduce him."

"Thanks," said Ethel.

"YEAH, thanks," echoed Dr. Wilson. "Bring him over. I'd like to have our psychiatrist take a look at him. . . . See here, Ethel, I want you to be very nice to Doctor Krantz, if he stops. It means a lot to me. He's the best stomach man in town. . . . 'Evening, Doctor Krantz. Nice party, isn't it?"

"Good evening, Doctor Wilson. Doctor Jackson, how are you? And Doctor Hibbert?"

"Ethel, let me present Doctor Krantz. My fiancée, Miss Craig. And Mrs. Jackson, may I present Doctor Krantz?"

"Charmed," murmured Dr. Krantz.

"Won't you join us, Doctor," urged Dr. Wilson. "Look, here's an anesthetic all poured for you."

"Thank you, no, Doctor. I have a consultation and three appendectomies for the first thing in the morning. I must be going. I am glad to have had the pleasure of meeting you, ladies. Good night."

"Well," said Ethel, "that was brief. I can't see that that helped you much with Doctor Krantz, Pemberton."

"Sure it did," said Dr. Wilson. "It made the old boy feel good, anyway. I want to stand in with him. He sent me a beautiful kidney case the other day." —GEORGE CECIL COWING

•

THE BOBOLINK

A Yankee soldier in the Civil War observed a bobolink hulling rice, and shot it.

Then, using the bird's bill as a model, he invented a hulling machine.

Thus was a little bird instrumental in revolutionizing the rice industry of America.—*Childs menu.*

Meantime what was the Southern Army doing?

•

One Communist, beaten badly by several policemen who cornered him between a couple of parked automobiles in front of 33 Park Row, was started for a hospital in a taxicab. He was who he was.—*The Evening Post.*

Catch the *Evening Post* squealing!

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

MR. Roberts, one of America's most famous art photographers, who has some 70,000 photographs to his credit, says:

"To obtain the arrangement and composition of this picture, to record the character and dignity of the hounds, to get them at the instant when their muzzles were closed, to get them both with alert, interested and natural expressions, unrestrained by a leash, and with the light striking them in a manner that would yield the desired modeling—that was the problem.

"The picture was made with a Graflex. Nothing short of a reflecting camera could be used in the making of such a picture. I use the Graflex in the greater part of my work."

. . . A dog picture among a million!

Graflex alone, with its utterly reliable focusing, could tell the famous photographer *when* the instant had arrived. Character . . . dignity . . . alertness . . . naturalness . . . an art study supreme.

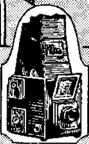
H. Armstrong Roberts relies on Graflex because he *knows!* "The Graflex," he says, "is easily the surest and simplest camera for anybody—amateur or professional—to operate."

The CAMERA For More Interesting Pictures

GRAFLEX

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP., . . . ROCHESTER, N.Y.

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORPORATION, *Dept. 51*, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
I want to see the booklet that tells how more interesting pictures are being made. Please send "Why a Graflex?" to name and address written on margin of this page.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

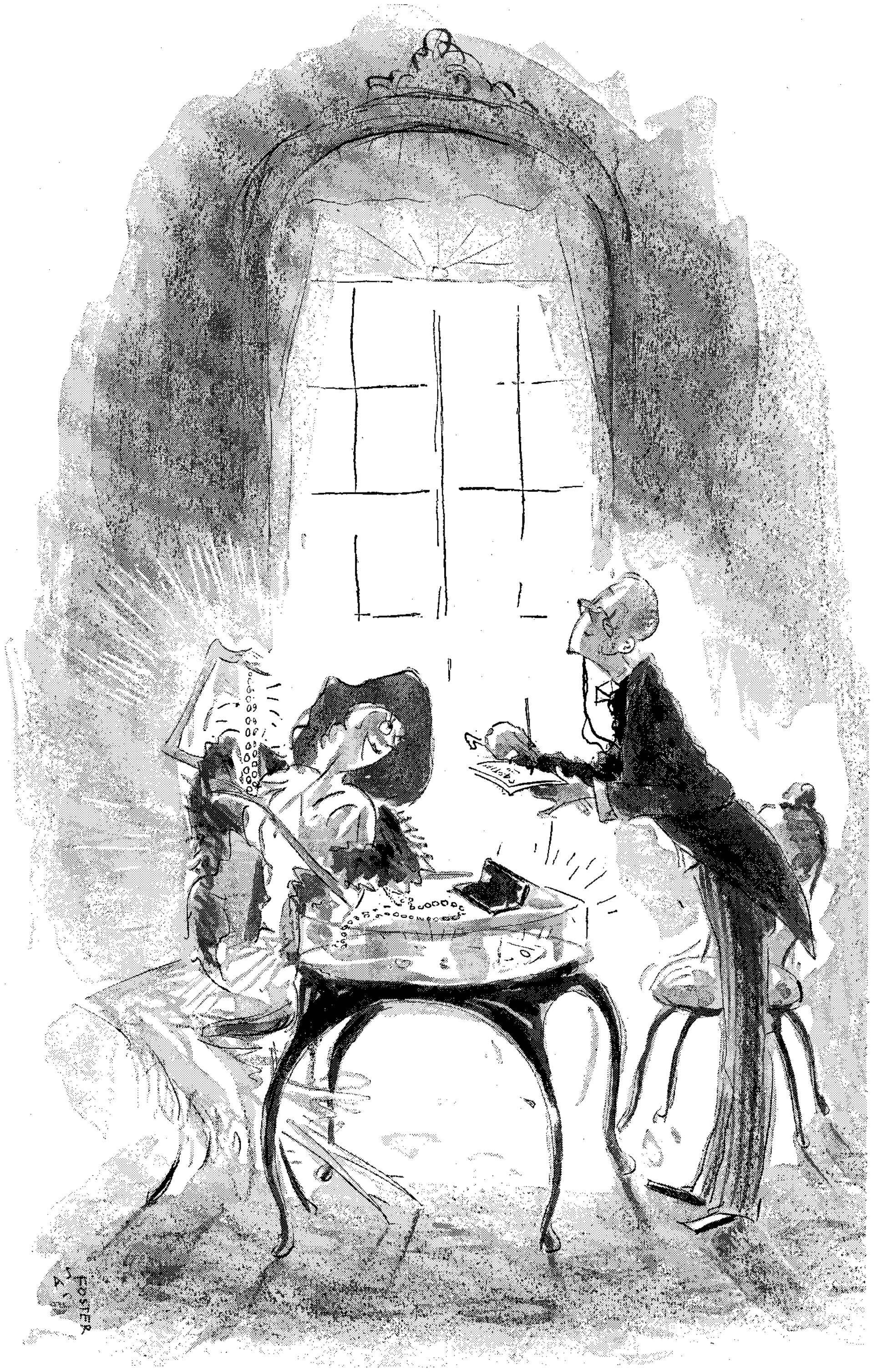
FEMININE FASHIONS

WHEN you sit down and think of the number of clothes Paris produces every season, it is enough to make your senses swim. Here I've been seeing hundreds of dresses, all different, and new ones still come along. Maybe in the general blur a dress looks new and unfamiliar if it is in green instead of in pink. Anyway, every shop shows me clothes I have not seen before, so that it has got to the point where I feel like an ole slacker.

IN their collection of French originals and exact copies, Jay-Thorpe contribute many highlights. In the first place, there is a good assembly of printed ensembles (and Heaven knows, it is hard enough to find prints that are both original and chic). There is a Chanel dress with cape sleeves and a jacket, all of print, that fits very closely around the hips and has very loose and circular cape sleeves over long tight ones. Another dress of print has a waist-length shoulder cape of dark wool. Jay-Thorpe's own model, of a splashy black-and-white print, has a straight three-quarter coat of black wool. There is a large selection.

The second item of interest was the assortment of colored lace dresses for evening, most of them with shoulder-strap décolletages that went way down at the rear, and deep boleros, slightly ruffled in back, below them. Two graceful tiers, dripping slightly behind, compose the skirt and flatter the hips in the manner that Chanel made famous. A newer evening note was a sort of slinky Nazimova ensemble in black from Patou, consisting of a black chiffon dress—simple, clinging to the figure, and having a shoulder-strap décolletage. With the coat, which is a three-quarter affair of black satin, with long tight sleeves and a highish neck, you can make an exotic entrance. Similarly, Irene Dana does a dress of ciré chiffon, with a clinging cape up to the base of the throat that wraps the figure closely. For the final highlight, there are some Callot short evening wraps of brocaded satins, with casual knots at the back of the neck, and big sleeves. She also makes a lovely youthful one of a stiff pastel lamé with a big folded collar coming to the waist. The jacket cuts away over the hips below this and descends a bit in a scalloped line toward the back. One of the newest versions of our perennial favorite—the black velvet and white fox coat—was designed by Augustabernard. In this, the fluffy white collar comes down the front and disappears under the cape just as it crosses the arm at the wrists. The cape is quite long, as shoulder capes go, and the body of the coat wraps tightly around the hips below.

AT Gervais, a small shop at 16 East Forty-eighth Street, which has a knack of assembling few but perfect frocks, the knockouts are two tweed



"And to whom shall I charge this, Mrs. Barclay-Whittaker-Gunn-Muz

An Impression
of a youthful evening gown
AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA

Hal Phyfe

Bergdorf Goodman evening gowns for spring combine feminine elegance with the simplicity of superb cut and irreproachable taste. Its chic which emanates from Paris . . its soft gracefulness . . . are allied with the inimitable Bergdorf Goodman flair for dressing the smart American woman.

BERGDORF
GOODMAN
NEW YORK

This is

the famous cushion that makes your rugs so soft..
and also doubles their life

GUARANTEE
Ozite Rug Cushion is sold under the strongest possible guarantee of absolute satisfaction . . . Ozite Rug Cushions come in all sizes, taped and bound on all edges with an easily identified orange taping. Ozite is permanently mothproof.

Of course you've heard of Ozite Cushion—but do you know how inexpensive it is?—that it saves its own cost?—that it protects your rugs from wear?—that it gives any rug the rich feel of an oriental?—that it's fine for old rugs as well as new?—that it is sold and recommended *all over the world?* . . . Enjoy Ozite in your home now, and let it preserve your present rugs from wear. Your nearest dealer carries Ozite—he will tell you other interesting facts about this remarkable product.

And write today for a really helpful booklet on the care of rugs, including information on stain removal. Sent free.

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois
Please send me a Free sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free booklet, "Things You Should Know About the Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets."
Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State N-3-30

Pat. Sept. 9, 1924

Ozite
Rug Cushion
(American Hair & Felt Co., Mfrs.)

ensembles of somewhat the same type. Both have a sleeveless dress, intricately seamed through the waistline and belted, and a short, tight, closely buttoned jacket with square shoulders and a belt in back. With these are worn checked or plaid heavy silk scarves that are tied like stocks and completely fill the V of the coat above the closing. The model from London Trades has a plaid taffeta lining to the jacket to match the stock; the other jacket is unlined. Both of them supremely chic for the street or country right this minute.

You may or may not have seen that Talbot evening dress of white crêpe with tiers of fringe from the hips to a point just above the knees. It is perfectly straight in line, with a bolero around the décolletage and an even hemline around the ankles. The Paquin evening dress I particularly admired was one of rose crêpe. There is a wide fold across the front descending to a V below the *very* deep décolletage in back, and a similar fold around the hips dips down behind. Below this, there are poufs of the material in Paquin's best manner. Also, look at Chanel's red, white, and blue chiffon dress, not too chiffony for daytime, and the plain tweed coat, all incrustations of the tweed in flower designs, that accompanies it. You may not like tweed-and-chiffon combinations any better than I do, but this is exceptionally well done. —L. L.

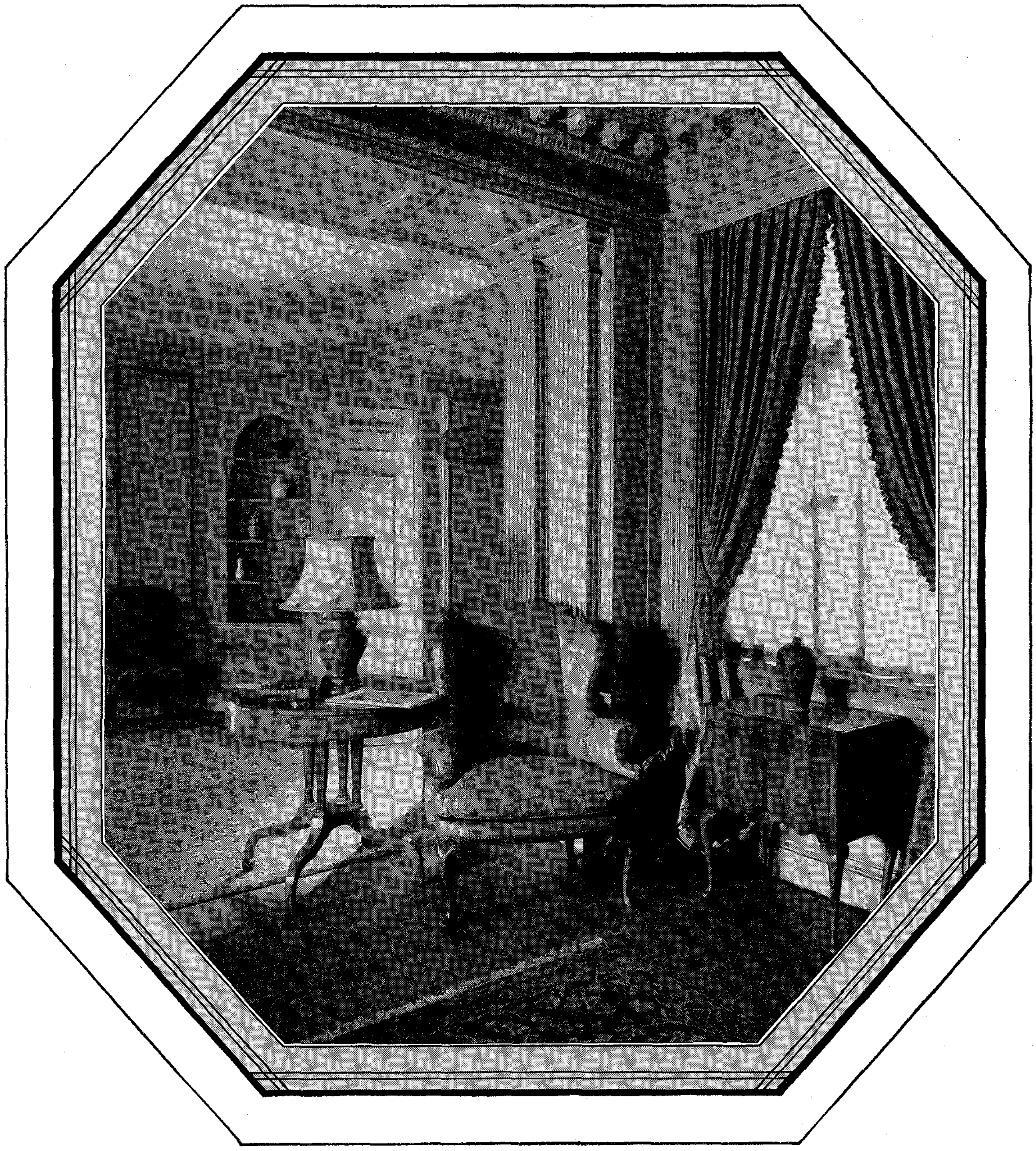
THIS AND THAT

Those Extra Touches

WHILE our entire staff has been busily flitting hither and yon among the offerings of French couturiers like a successful press-agent, lots of odds and ends of more or less vital importance have been accumulating on the desks around here and must now be recorded for the benefit of posterity. They fall into "that extra touch" class, but you all know that though the dress makes the woman, the perfume makes the man. (L.L., you go sit down in that corner!)

The newest Lelong perfume, and the best of the lot if you are consulting *me*, is called simply and unaffectedly: J. It suggests all kinds of spring flowers like hyacinths, lilies of the valley, and such. I believe it is a disguised jasmin, but you are not particularly conscious of that familiar odor. It is very festive and printed-dressy and yet not too girlish.

Another new perfume, which ar-



IN this wholly charming window corner in the Pine Room at the Hampton Shops you may study at your leisure the exquisite details of these beautiful reproductions of old English furniture—the wing chair of Queen Anne influence, the little walnut commode in the same feeling, the 18th Century drum table in lovely soft-toned satinwood.

Each lovely piece is worthy of your study

While this is truly a typical Hampton Shops interior, full of grace and feeling, it is also an excellent example of the rare qualities inherent in each individual Hampton Shops reproduction. It is as well an illustration of the ability of the Hampton Decorators to create for you a home of utmost livableness whether in town or country.

Hampton Shops

18 EAST 50TH STREET NEW·YORK

Furniture ◆ **Decoration** ◆ **Antiques**

What Has Honey Candy --To Do With Beauty?

HONEY-MAID CANDIES

"HONEY within and Oil without" was an ancient beauty secret. Modern skill and science have provided HONEY-MAID Chocolates, which offer this tempting sweet in a glorified form. Better still, it has been found **less fattening** than other candies.

Honey-Maid Chocolates

You will find yourself inventing occasions for enjoying these delicious confections oftener. The New Yorker package illustrated is $2.50 the pound. Other HONEY-MAID Candies include Honey Chews, Mints, Kisses, Assorted Chocolates—at Franklin Simon and all leading dealers.

SEE AND HEAR NANCY CARROLL IN "HONEY" AT PARAMOUNT THEATRE

THE HONEY CANDY CO. of AMERICA
NEW YORK CITY ✣ BUFFALO, N.Y. ✣ YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
The Albert N. Duker Organization
New York Distributor, 140 William Street

IN THE SPRING

a young maid's fancy lightly turns to things of fashion—that means Luncheon.

An atmosphere of sunshine, music, beauty and chic—that means THE TERRACE CASINO, Central Park.

The most unique setting in the World's most picturesque Park.

rived accompanied by an elaborate history of the fascinating dancers at the Russian court in the good old days, bears the noble name of Oczy-Czarny and turns out to be a tremendously lasting, sweet, voluptuous, ball-gown perfume for your grandest entrances, though it is a little overpowering for casual theatregoing and intimate gatherings. It has a royal-blue bottle with a dull gold stopper and an outside case like a small trunk, of royal blue decorated with black coronets—dandy for cigarettes when your perfume is just a haunting memory in the folds of your best Chanel lace frock. You buy this at the shop of Mme. Maniusha, at 560 Madison Avenue, for fifteen or twenty-five dollars.

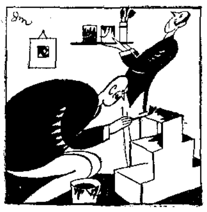
FOR those who insist on individuality in its smallest phases, a new wrinkle is monogrammed compacts, which may be purchased at Saks or at Altman. These are of chromium metal and are square, stubby, and glistening. They are the double type, with loose or compact powder of the Miro-Dena brand. On the outside, you have your initials or your name engraved, capitals or small letters, plain or fancy—just as you like. A nice little handbag-clutterer.

OTHER BEAUTY NOTES: The Markoff face powder is not only luscious and clingy, but comes in a tall oval case with the name written chastely across it. . . . Lenthéric does the most delicious and authentic rose perfume for those who are fanatical on the subject, and also for those open to conversion. . . . The new Ybry lipsticks, in nice square enamel cases, are smooth and lasting and come in a great variety of shades.

ALSO, to get a more practical and matter-of-fact note in this frivolous column, there is a new gadget to hold your keys, which is entitled—and you will shudder as I shuddered—the Yank-KEY-Doodl. This is a chromium-plated affair that looks like a widish penknife. Your keys slip inside by a simple patent device—they lurk flatly within and may be pulled out by a hinged arrangement, or released entirely, at a moment's notice. When your car key is inserted in the ignition, the whole device hangs down at a right angle without banging or rattling, and this *is* a comfort. You get them at Abercrombie, Tripler, and Altman for a dollar, in four or six-key sizes. For fifty cents extra, you may have lodge or good-luck emblems in enamel upon them. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Mostly Eighteenth Century—For Ladies Only—Terrestrial and Celestial

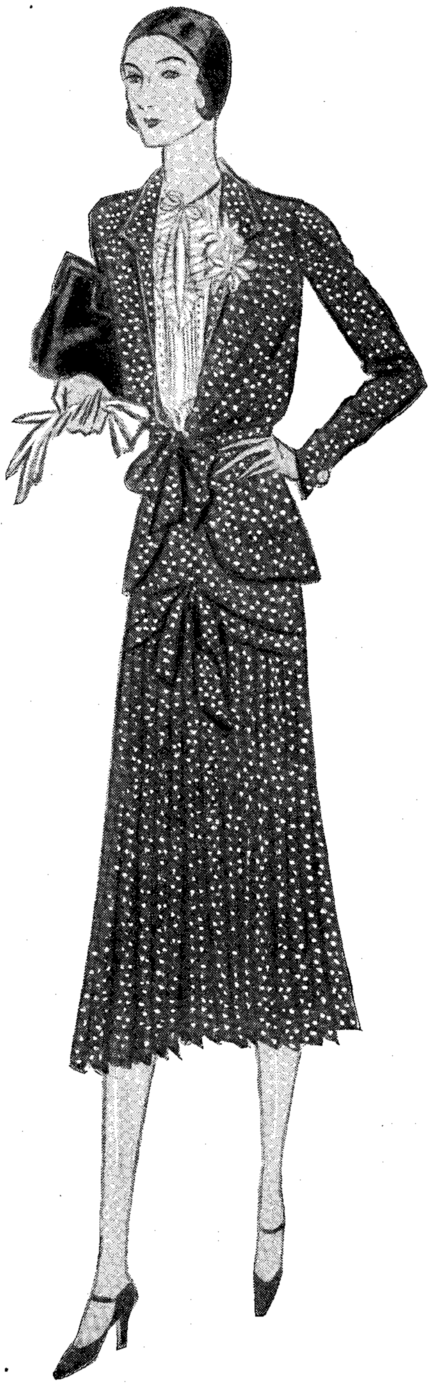


IF one may form a judgment from what went on at the recent International Antiques Exposition, there is this to be deduced: (1) That the Early American sun has set, or (2) that all the Early American authentics have been sold and the decorators have no more of them to play around with. Or possibly the first guess is true because of the second—I don't know. Most of the rooms shown were eighteenth century, at any rate, which pleased me mightily and made the show, to my way of thinking, a large success.

I should have called it a success if it had held nothing but the "corner of an eighteenth-century room" decorated by Miss Shotter. The corner, by the way, was about the size of an average apartment living-room, and contained all the necessary elements of living-room comfort, namely, a fireplace, a window, a large secretary desk, a sofa, several comfortable chairs, and a couple of occasional tables. All this, I want to emphasize, with an effect of spaciousness that might have been studied to good effect by all renters of limited floor space. I should say Miss Shotter would be an excellent person to consult on space problems, if you are troubled that way.

This was one of the very few displays in the show, by the way, to use plain carpeting. It looked pretty handsome in Miss Shotter's room, which featured variety and pattern in upholstery fabrics; but the tendency is evidently toward pattern on the floor, with the Aubussons leading by a length.

Both of Bertha Schaefer's rooms were built around Aubusson rugs, for instance. At least, I take it that this is the way she operated, because after all you can't devise a color scheme and then just run down to the market and pick up a couple of Aubussons to match it—not every day, you can't. Her living-room—which was charming, and one of the best in the show—had its walls done in pale olive green, a shade or so lighter than the background of



Dobbs

Little Peplum Suit

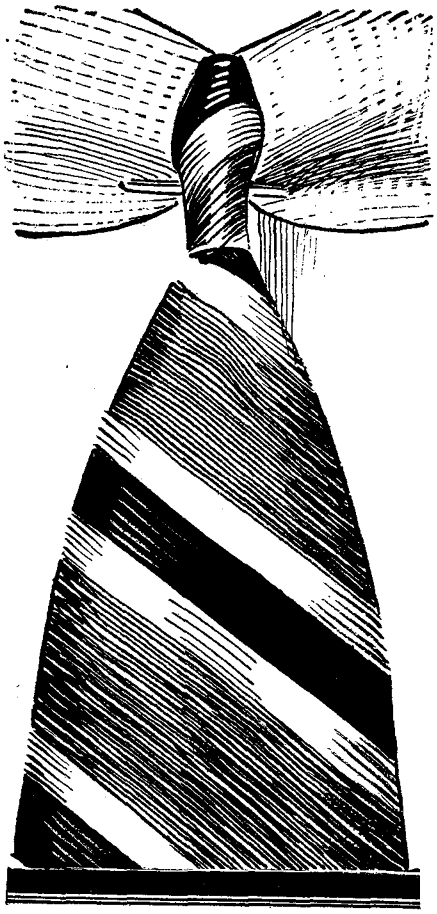
Of Pin Dot
Crepe
Has a Dash
All Its Own

There's an élan about this softly feminine dressmaker suit that's based on a complete assurance of chic... a feeling so confident in Dobbs fashions... for each minute detail from the microscopic dot to the tiny tucked blouse is visual proof that the little things in fashion, as in life, are the subtle factors of importance.

The softly tied peplum jacket has a matching pleated skirt and an exquisitely tucked sleeveless blouse (and gay boutonniere) of georgette. In navy, siesta red and brown. Sizes 14 to 20.

49.50

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET



NEW!

The White Stripe!

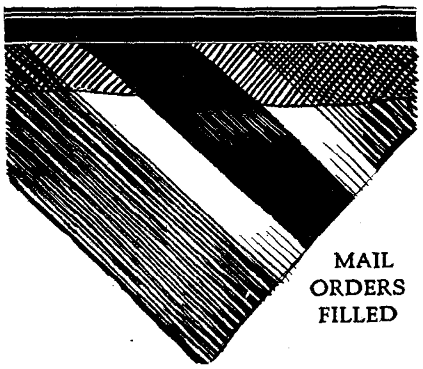
"If your necktie has diagonal stripes, its correct" reports Carr Kitson (Wallach style scout) "but if it has a white stripe it's decidedly the thing. Wall Street and Princeton introduced this new necktie vogue"

In various club stripes and shaded stripes

$1.50

WALLACH BROTHERS

12 STORES



MAIL ORDERS FILLED

the rug. The faded pattern colors were carried over into curtains (brown and beige), upholstery, and accessories. Her second room, representing an entrance hall, or possibly the end of a long room, was worked out in the same manner.

Diane Tate and Marian Hall knocked me somewhat flat with an L-shaped room furnished throughout with antiques (after all, it *was* an antiques show), but somehow achieving a very modern feeling. Not because the walls were black—although they were; nor because the chairs grouped about a table in the smaller wing have been used time after time as a basis for modern-art furniture design. The calla lilies may have had something to do with it—but in any case, "Smart!" was the first comment that leaped to mind on seeing the arrangement. Now "smart" is not a word you would think of using, ordinarily, in connection with antiques, and it takes some pretty ingenious decorating to bring about such an effect without having the whole thing go grotesque on your hands. Here, I should say, are decorators to remember if you own old furniture but lean toward the modern school, and don't exactly know what to do about it.

I MADE a special note, also, of two entrance halls—one by McMillen and one by Isabella Barclay. The McMillen room was an Empire scheme of Italian persuasion, replete with linoleum tile floor, black mirror panels, octagonal walls, and notes of brown and gold scattered about. A handsome effect, and the only example of Empire influence that I saw in the entire show.

Isabella Barclay's offering was a private elevator hall, really captivating, and full of tricks as to floor and panelling. The floor, again, was linoleum—brown marbleized blocks in the centre, surrounded by a solid black border. Here and there little brass stars were studded—not too many. A nice note, and one easily duplicated. The wall panels had been covered with that wood-fibre paper the Japan Paper Company puts out, and then given a good coating of shellac, so that the final coloring was pretty close to golden oak. The only other things I remember are that there were pots of ivy, and that I liked it all a lot.

HAVE I mentioned Syrie Maugham's sitting-room for a perfect lady—preferably with fainting

for more than half a century

It has been the privilege of this establishment to be identified—in matters pertaining to jewels—with many of the oldest and most prominent families in New York.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at 45th Street, New York

Paris London Bombay

Long hair—
Short hair—
Curly hair—
Straight hair—

Sta-Rite Hair Pins have a special little flare that makes them stay precisely in place. All styles—All sizes
• at Stores •

Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co.
Shelbyville, Illinois

STA-RITE

SHORTHAND

SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH

By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND

1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City

(This is not a Correspondence Course)

spells, attacks of the vapors, and maybe a secret sorrow? This boudoir (you see I am in two minds about what to call it) was all done in characteristic Maugham dirty whites and faded pastels: a white damask chair and footstool; a little low white table before the fireplace, with a white bowl of white flowers on it; another chair (very French) with white frame and pale blue tufted satin upholstery; a fur chaise throw done in one-inch checks of pale-colored furs—things like that. The effect, of course, is elegant when you get used to it, but you have to get used to it. Katharine Cornell, with the right makeup, would get over like everything in a room like this.

GENERAL NOTES: There ought to be a big boom in pairs of globes this season—the terrestrial and celestial kind. There were lots of them at the Exposition—notably a pair set in handsome Sheraton frames, in Arthur S. Vernay's Pine Room. This room, as you may know, was lifted bodily from Constitutional Hall in Yorkshire, and dates about 1740. Country gentlemen with vast, empty rooms lying about the house waiting to be furnished should investigate this. The painted wall panels, fireplace surround, and general wood trim would be something worth owning.

Getting back to globes: Philip Suval showed a miniature pair, beautifully mellowed—about nine and a half inches, measuring frames and all. You may have these for $300.

A good mark also goes to the Colony Shops, for having contributed the idea of hanging a pair of Chippendale wall shelves against a pair of windows—a nice variation of the glass-shelf method of screening an ugly view. Colored glassware and solid ornaments with interesting silhouettes would look equally well displayed on shelves like these.

The one fly in all this ointment was the total absence of a display by Rose Cumming, whose very elegant dining-room was the pride of last year's show. A conspicuous lack, for which many regrets. —B. B.

•

REE W.: Development of the bust is accomplished by means of exercises. Exercises which require the movement of the arms and shoulders will benefit the bust. You may begin with rotating the arms, describing small circles and increasing to circles of as large dimensions as possible. Other exercises may be had for a stamped addressed envelope.—*Chicago Sunday News*.

The hell with them.

WHAT IS A "CASINO" JACKET?

•

It is a little waistline evening coat of white ermine or broadtail that looks as if it had been made for the Empress Josephine herself

•

. . . a perfect expression of this new young dashing era that demands a touch of romanticism in its clothes

•

Incidently it is an exclusive Jaeckel creation that has met with instant success—in the Jaeckel collection are several variations of this new and exciting fashion—all charming

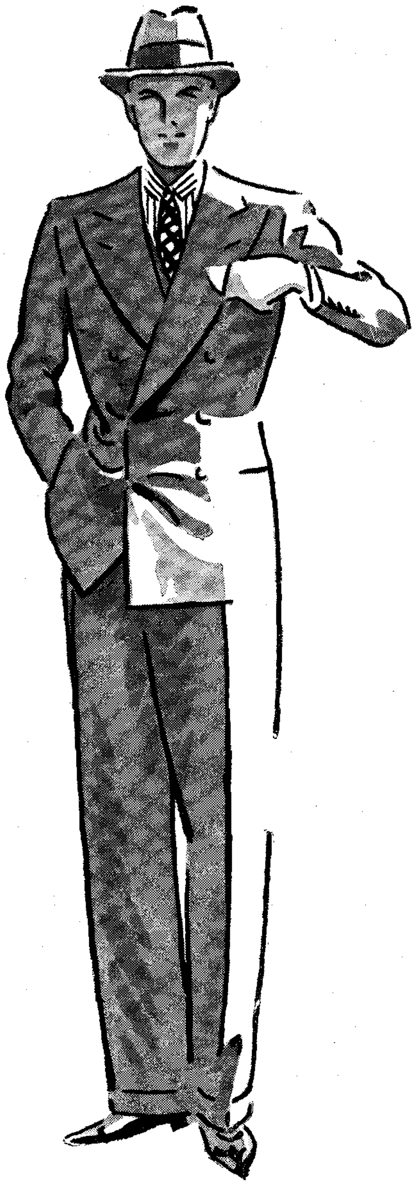
•

It is smartest in white Ermine, white Broadtail and white Karakul

• • •

One of our customers showed us this Victorian version of the fur jacket, sketched at the left. It was made by H. Jaeckel & Sons in 1864.

H. JAECKEL & SONS
FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET



The Clothing of Gentlemen is Found .... at De Pinna

The Dusty Blues

Smart London has released its admiration for the blues in men's Spring suits . . . blue with grey flaked in . . . they are now appearing in Cork Street with that well-mannered air of established good form. Definitely smart . . . designed by De Pinna quite in keeping with the garments observed in the West End at this moment. Hand-tailored in a variety of imported colorings .... to wear at once ....

From $75

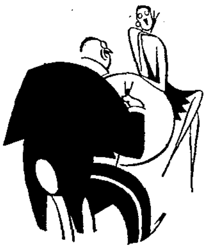
DE PINNA

Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

TABLE

Foreign Fl



LÜCHOW'S, down in Fourteenth Street, is one of the few places which remain thoroughly unspoiled, without benefit of jazz bands or modern decorations. It still has that atmosphere of "the good old days." Large is the only word for its rambling geography; there are three or four large rooms, in them are large tables, large chairs, and large people, who have no doubt been eating there for years and years—maybe since it was established, in 1882. There are heroic-sized paintings on the walls and huge mirrors that make the place seem blocks long. A headwaiter wearing a size-twenty collar will hand you a menu two feet long, listing all those intricate German dishes. If you are not in too delicate a mood, be sure to order Sauerbraten mit Kartoffelklössen. It's simply German pot roast with potato pancakes—but you know that.

There is an orchestra that plays Wagner from habit, but a friendly plea will quiet it down to the "Kashmiri Love Song" and such.

WHYTE'S can be forgiven for moving away from its old haunts in Fulton Street and going slightly elegant in Fifth Avenue, at Forty-third Street, for none of the qualities that made it famous seems to have been lost. Old Billy, who has been headwaiter for too many years to bother counting, greets you with the same old warmth and hospitality. Their famous curry dishes are still a mystery. The story is told that their recipe for mixing the curry powders was inveigled away from an Indian prince. It is kept under lock and key and the only person who has access to it mixes the powders himself and gives them to the chef. However, the results are perfect. Their lemon pie stands four inches high and is not the least bit synthetic. The luscious chicken pies that are sold in droves come from a kitchen especially equipped for their production.

A curious crowd gathers at Whyte's. A number of old Wall Street devotees make the trip uptown every day for lunch. (There is a grillroom for those who want to be a bit secluded.) Successful businesswomen and Park Avenue adventurers desiring a change dot the

OR TWO

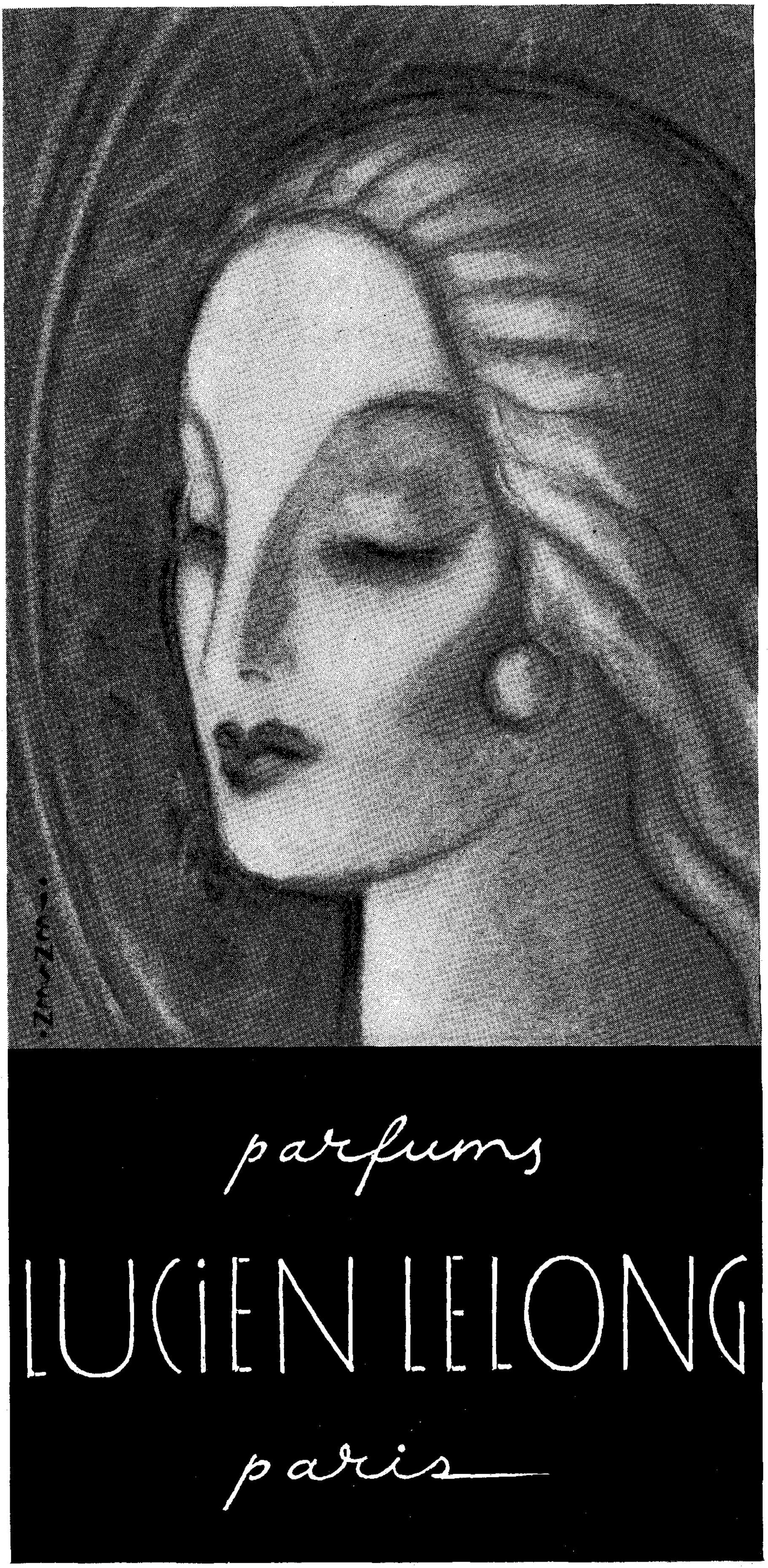
d Local Color

place at noon. Big Men of the motion-picture world meet there to discuss—maybe Greta Garbo. At dinner time it's more peaceful. You can linger quietly over your dinner in a far-off corner, or you can dance if you like. Smith Ballew of the Club Richman furnishes the music. Also, being so nice and central, it's handy for dining when you are on your way to the theatre. Most of all, Whyte's is a place for food lovers.

MIYAKO's, at 340 West Fifty-eighth Street, is a restaurant everyone should try at least once. The food is not only delicious but exquisite to gaze upon. Fried shrimp done in the Japanese manner is the *pièce de résistance*. Besides these, too beautiful to mutilate, are the thinly sliced vegetables and chicken artistically arranged on a plate and presented to you to be cooked on your own table before your very eyes. It all takes a rather long time but there are lots of intricate salads and things to amuse you while you wait. If you are lucky, you may see a complete Japanese family, a pack of cunning little squinty-eyes included. Besides the chance to learn how to use chopsticks, a lesson in etiquette is there for the taking. When Papa rises from the table, the whole family—man, woman, and bouncing boy—springs to its feet in reverence to that august member of the family.

IF you need an antidote for such formality, or if you dote on Swedish smörgåsbord (better known as hors d'œuvre), try Wivel's, up next to the New Yorker Theatre in Fifty-fourth Street. There is a huge table to which you are encouraged to return repeatedly and refill your plate with every imaginable and unimaginable appetizer. After this, you will be served with the rest of the meal, which keeps up to the standard of this marvellous sendoff. There is a good orchestra, so you can stay around all evening and dance, and there always seems to be a Swedish wedding or something going on. You'll love it if there is. The whole bridal party, even the grandmas and the infants, join in the polka, bursting with that Scandinavian fire which they usually conceal so artfully.

WHILE on the subject of atmosphere, another favorite suggestion



New...new as springtime, and as exhilarating...is my latest creation, Parfum J. Fresh, sweet and youthful . . . Parfum J is a refreshing fragrance, flower-laden, that lingers delicately about you. Before you decide that you have found your favorite perfume, do try this newest expression of loveliness . . . Lucien Lelong.

MARLBORO *has*
IT
VORY
IPS

Philip Morris announces an Innovation
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
IVORY TIPPED
now available almost everywhere
Try your dealer

With Rod and Reel for Atlantic Salmon

PREPARING for the season's spring run is glorious anticipation, but there is a new thrill in town this year. Go to the Sportsmens Service Bureau and make your selection of stream and guide. You'll find authentic advance information about streams and accommodations, about flies and rods and reels. You can book your fishing dates now and the Bureau will arrange all details of your outing, including transportation.

S S B

Visit us or write for Salmon fishing information stating when you'd like to go.

FREDERICK J. BURGHARD INC.
545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

of mine is The Gypsy Camp, 172 East 116th Street. Ascending a flight of dingy stairs, you hear the strains of a gypsy czardas. Near the door (guarding the cash register) stands a little round Hungarian with a big black curly mustache—a ferocious-looking gentleman. Once past him you feel much easier. When your eyes become accustomed to the dimly lighted room, splashy paintings of gay dancing gals and eager-eyed swains glare at you. All about are Hungarians chattering away in their native tongue, enjoying life with traditional abandon. You know what to order in a place like this, and if you don't they'll give it to you anyway. My advice is to take it as it comes; the chances are you'll have a good time.

AT last we've discovered a singer of Russian folksongs who has not tried to refine earthy gypsy singing. She is Mme. Sahdoveskaya, at the Moscow Art Restaurant in West Forty-fourth Street. . . . Clams are a lot of fun to eat at those little out-of-door stands on corners throughout the Village. You're sure to find them perfectly fresh, especially now, when they're at their best. . . . Madison Avenue shoppers will find Sherry's, at Sixty-second Street, a haven from midtown hustle and bustle. . . . Wanamaker makes a specialty of lunches for children—all those colorful green vegetables and steaming baked potatoes. The better to make you strong, my child. —F. D.

•

PORTRAIT

WHICH WILL NOT BE RECOGNIZED BY THE SUBJECT

Not wise, perhaps, but still he has a way
Of pausing on the words that he must
  say,
Responsible to them, and recognizing
The sharpest tools of any man's devising.

And with a seeing eye, he still is blind
Enough to be most mercifully kind.

In pain, he'll put his hand upon a clod
Of country earth, and need no other
  god.

Life, grown importunate, beats upon a
  door
Through which he passed, but swiftly,
  long before.
He mocks the world with twisted fingers,
And in his laughter, sorrow lingers.

—ELSPETH

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

"HELLO, is this Mr. Bluven?"

"Yes, Mr. Bluven speaking."

"This is Mr. MacHenry, Mr. Bluven. I represent the Golden Portals Ajar Memorial Mausoleum. Your brother told me you might be interested in purchasing a burial vault in our handsome marble mausoleum before the advance in price which will go into effect next—"

"I might be interested in what?"

"In purchasing space for burial in our magnificent new mausoleum. Here all bodies will be assured of perpetual care. Here your loved ones can visit you amidst dignified and solemn surroundings that will assuage their grief. After all, Mr. Bluven, life is uncertain and it is your duty to provide for the future."

"Absolutely, Mr. MacHenry. I suppose you have bought space in this mausoleum yourself?"

"Why, of course I have. Why do you ask?"

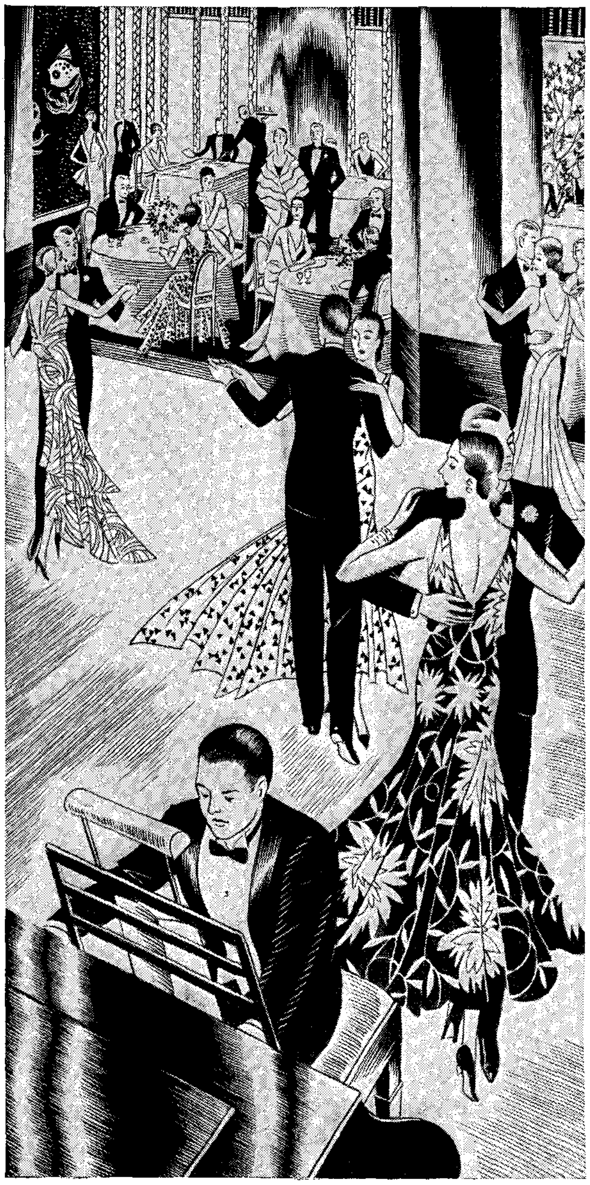
"Because I wanted to know if you are a man who provides for the future. I suppose you have also provided money for your loved ones to use to get you out to the mausoleum when you die?"

"Why, er—"

"Ah—just as I thought, you haven't. Now, Mr. MacHenry, what good will it do your loved ones to have a place to put you if they can't afford to get you there? Suppose the surroundings are dignified and solemn, do you think that will assuage the grief of your loved ones if they haven't enough to eat or to wear? What you need, Mr. MacHenry, is one of our Double-Indemnity, Low-Cost, Complete-Coverage Life-Insurance Policies. This will give your dependents in the event of your death—"

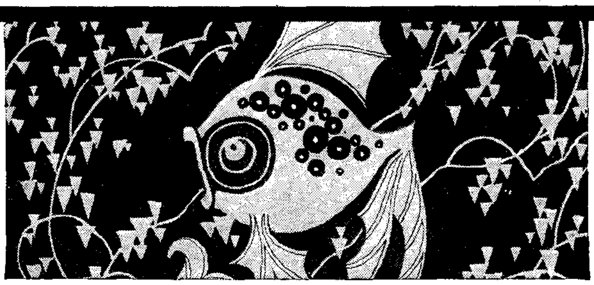
"But I don't want to buy any insurance. I want to talk to you about our burial vaults. Now the price of these will—"

"But you should have insurance. As

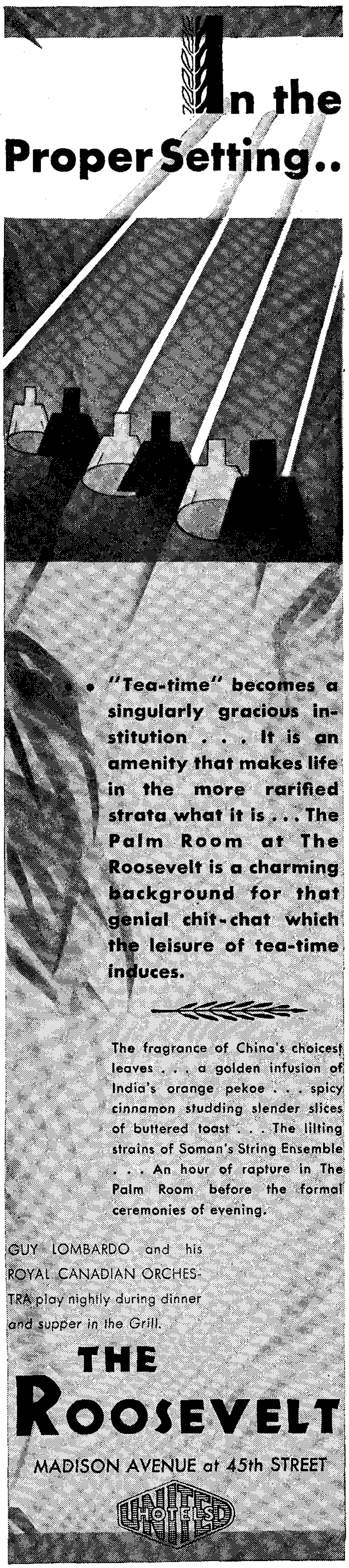


VINCENT LOPEZ SURPRISES again at the St. Regis! Now, each night, he momentarily rests his baton to introduce another exclusive sensation to smart New Yorkers dancing in the Seaglade. This is his intriguing new instrument, the Minuet . . . from which his lightning fingers draw the mellow tone of an organ with the rippling speed of a pianoforte. It marks another delightful gesture through the established graciousness of the St. Regis.

SEAGLADE – HOTEL ST. REGIS



FIFTH AVENUE ◆ NEW YORK


In the Proper Setting..

• "Tea-time" becomes a singularly gracious institution . . . It is an amenity that makes life in the more rarified strata what it is . . . The Palm Room at The Roosevelt is a charming background for that genial chit-chat which the leisure of tea-time induces.

The fragrance of China's choicest leaves . . . a golden infusion of India's orange pekoe . . . spicy cinnamon studding slender slices of buttered toast . . . The lilting strains of Soman's String Ensemble . . . An hour of rapture in The Palm Room before the formal ceremonies of evening.

GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIAN ORCHESTRA play nightly during dinner and supper in the Grill.

THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET
UNITED HOTELS

you said, life is uncertain. With this policy, in the event of total and permanent disability you get—"

"This mausoleum is the most magnificent—"

"*No* premiums to pay after the age of—"

"Perpetual care—"

"Annual dividends cut down the cost—"

"Magnificent marble-and-granite structure—"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. MacHenry, I'll send you some literature about this policy."

"I see you're busy just now, Mr. Bluven. I'll send you some literature about this mausoleum."

"All right, Mr. MacHenry."

"All right, Mr. Bluven."

"G'by."

"G'by." —Milton Grunauer

•

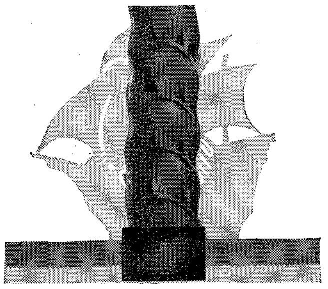
NONSENSE

New?
Who?
You?
How d'you do?
Tell me all about it.
What have you to say?
Thanks. You needn't shout it.
I heard that yesterday.
Babylon's a-building,
London's falling down,
Nero's tired of fiddling—
Call in the Clown!
Funny, funny, funny Clown!
The Chrysler Tower's a lily
That withers in a night.
O don't be silly!
Think before you write.
What's the use,
Is no excuse!
Write before you think.
Progress is progress,
Hurrah for printer's ink!
Education,
Civilization,
Emancipation,
Sophistication,
All at the bottom of an excavation
In Arabia Deserta. . . .
Would you call this skirt a
Trifle too short?
No, not for sport.
Fourteen inches for golf or tennis.
See you in Ur? Omaha? Venice?
How's Goldoni's new play succeeding?
What are you reading?
Are you? Why?
Too bad. How sad!
The Queen Shub-ad
Has sand in her eye.

—Lee Wilson Dodd

"Antwerp?"
"Exhibition—Yep!"
"Why? Old Masters?"
"And new business too!"

WHAT'S THIS? This is the great International Maritime Colonial Transport and Flemish Art Exhibition to be held at Antwerp, the historical Belgian city, and one of the largest and most modern ports in Europe. The Exhibition, which will be open from April to October of this year is under the auspices of the Belgian Government and is being supported by both the British and French Governments. Get booklets from Dorland, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, or from any travel bureau.

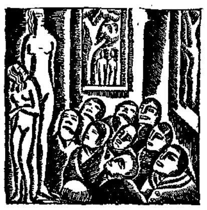

ANTWERP EXHIBITION

Personal Appearance of
RUDY VALLÉE
AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
At His Superb Supper Club
VILLA VALLÉE
"10 EAST" 60TH STREET
Supper and Dancing
FORMAL
DINNER and DANCING
FOR RESERVATIONS
Phone "Jean" Volunteer 0351

CHEZ MADELAINE
a Salon of Individual attention
GOWNS
SPORTSWEAR
SUITS
78 POWELL ST.
BROOKLINE
MASS.
147 EAST 62ND STREET
NEW YORK
RHINELANDER-1453

THE ART GALLERIES

One German and a Lot of Americans



THE show for Max Weber at the Museum of Modern Art turns out to be a couple of other fellows. The big room is reserved for Weber, but one Aristide Maillol (French) and one Paul Klee (German) run away with the honors—and quite a way, if we are any judge.

IF a man visited only one show in a lifetime, and made that visit to the current exhibit of Max Weber at the Museum of Modern Art, we imagine he would conclude: "Here is the world's complete painter." Here on these four walls is the complete record of a painter reared in a land that took its art second-hand, at a time when it didn't take much of any kind of art at that. It has been Mr. Weber's wont to drift with the eddies and currents of the new stream that began with Manet. Whether or not it has been a profitable journey, to purse or to soul, is not within our knowing. What the story would have been had Mr. Weber decided to be himself is matter only for speculation. Perhaps he couldn't have done other than he did, being born of this time.

In his early canvas, "The Young Model," there is an indication of the flat, Japanese treatment that so many of the French rediscovered, but Weber did not tarry long there. In a few years the moderns had crossed the Atlantic and the revolution was on. Weber stands head and shoulders above the group that went over to the rebels bag and baggage. He seems, however, to have caught on to vogues without ever looking under the cloak to see the underpinning. We think the strongest stuff of his career was done about the time of the first blooming of cubism. Although a student of Matisse, we can see no trace of that master in the pupil—that is, no trace of the same spirit.

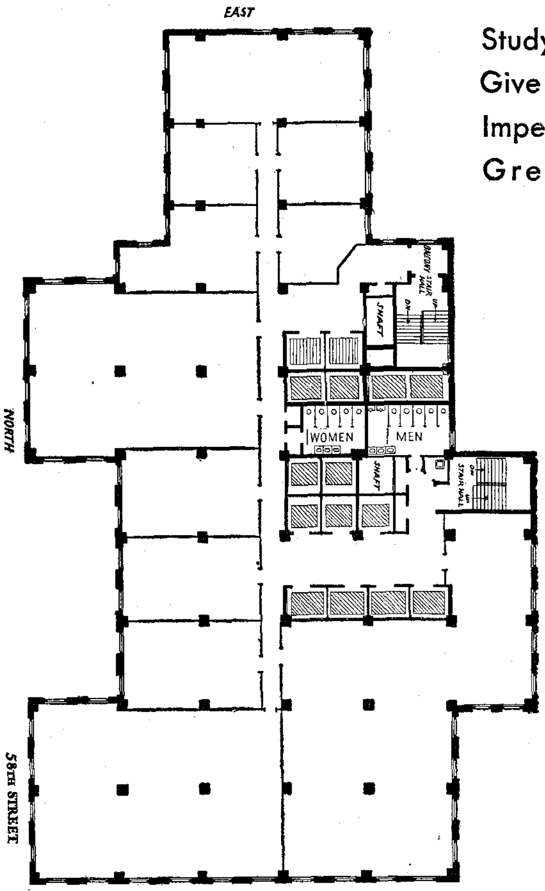
In Weber's middle period—when he painted fat pudgy nudes in various postures forming a rhythmic composition—he soon ran out of inventiveness. Here, too, there seems to have been a deflation of the spirit that kept him

LOCATION AND LAYOUT TO FIT ANY BUSINESS!

FOR the benefit of those who have not yet visited the Squibb Building, we publish a diagram . . . a diagram of straight structural lines permitting complete utilization of every foot of space . . . space without a foot of waste between window and wall . . . combining the most economical layouts with the most magnificent business location in New York.

READY FOR MAY 1930 OCCUPANCY

Study the Diagram and Give your Business the Impetus of New York's Greatest Location



TYPICAL FLOOR PLAN

▨ PASSENGER ELEVATOR
▥ FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Elevators Running...Space Ready for Inspection...Whole Floors or Small Units Renting at Conservative Figures

A BUILDING FOR LEADERS AND LEADERS-TO-BE

SQUIBB BUILDING

SEVEN FORTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE ▲ SOUTHEAST CORNER OF 58th STREET
CROSS & BROWN COMPANY, AGENTS, 270 MADISON AVE., PHONE: CALedonia 7000

going, and he took on a lot of the color, or lack of it, that characterizes the Eïli, Eïli school of self-pity. He got a boost soon after that, received some long-deferred recognition, and his canvases took on a corresponding color of hope. The "Avenue of Trees," painted about 1926, is one of these pretty Derain-out-of-Cézanne pictures.

Some of the work of his later years seems to us just so much time-killing. In such pictures as "Zinnias" he certainly couldn't have been interested in what he was doing, or in this baffling thing called art.

AS for Paul Klee, he is billed as the *one important painter working* outside of Paris. He was born in Switzerland but is considered a German painter. Klee is of the advance guard, ahead even of the Paris group, so you can imagine how isolated he is in Germany. We have seen some of his things now and then in the Katherine Dreier shows; taken singly they appeared mainly to be pleasant variations on the usual sort of thing by a laughing pioneer. A whole show of Klee gives you quite a different feeling. Seeing the work of his neighbors at the Modern Museum first, and then stepping into the little room hung with these pictures tingling with something more potent even than electricity, is a refreshing experience. To say that here is fulfillment would be something of a pose; but here certainly are the signposts toward a glorious future. Art will be more like this from now on than like the narrative pictures you and your father were raised on. We can remember the "Actor's Mask" long after many another painting has been forgotten. We can see more beauty in "Mixed Weather" and "In the Grass" than in a good many dozen serious things we are called to look upon.

If your reaction to Klee is that the pieces are similar to something the child brought in on his slate, so much the better. The child, before the teacher gets a stranglehold on him, is the one true artist—and the more sensitive the child, the better the artist.

WITH Weber and Klee are Lehmbruck, a good German who died young, and Maillol. The latter is pure joy, as usual, his "Torso of a Woman," "Chained Action," and "Spring" being about all we could demand in this medium.

EMIL GANSO, who has been in Europe for a year, has come back

THOSE AWFULLY NICE PEOPLE

IN MORRISTOWN

OR IT may be Cos Cob, or Greenwich or Trenton . . .

You visit them every so often. There's always that trifling and perplexing gift. You usually remember it on your way to the station. At the last minute you buy them a box of candy, just as you did the time before, and the time before that.

They are nice people; so they make you feel that your own personal charm and their affection for you quite overshadow any lack of originality on your part. Really, awfully nice people. They probably like the same sort of thing you do.

Then why not, next time, a year's subscription to The New Yorker? It costs about the same as a box of candy—five dollars.

They'll be surprised, pleased and entertained. They'll enjoy knowing what to do and where to go the next time they come in town. They'll appreciate the subtle inference that they have remained amusing and urban—even in the insidious fresh air of Morristown.

We can arrange to have a gift card, announcing a year's subscription and bearing your name, delivered to your host along with The New Yorker about the time of your next visit.

If you're not going anywhere, you can use this gift coupon for some other reason—or even none at all.

G-3-29

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York

Please enter subscription to THE NEW YORKER *as indicated:*

☐ One year, $5.00 ☐ Two years, $8.00

To be sent to: Name..............................

Address ....

....

for which I enclose check for $.......... *as indicated above* ....

Donor's Name ....

Address..............................

....

(Postage: Canada, 50c. Foreign, $1.00 additional a year.)

to the Weyhe Galleries for a show. One thing the trip did was to wash out the Pascin in him. There was a time when his friends were afraid he would never get the darned spot out.

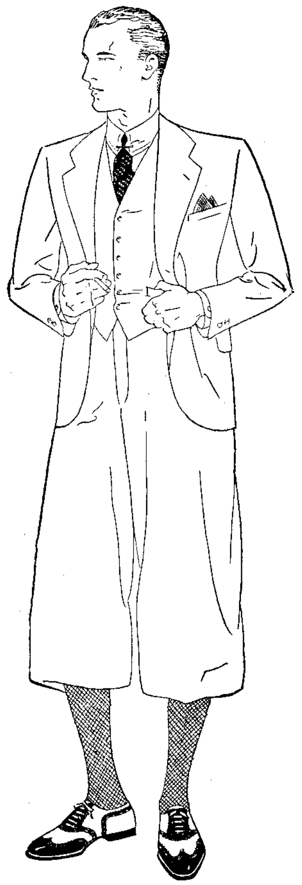
The Paris sojourn was not prolific: only a few canvases have come out of the year so far; but the sun of France has done its work and no doubt in the ensuing year Ganso will make use of what he absorbed there. He suffered somewhat from entering the painters' union from the amateur ranks. His brilliance was remarkable for a beginner, and so the first criticism of his achievements he received was perhaps a little too fulsome.

THE Whitney Studio Galleries will close their season with the current show of flower paintings, which ends this Saturday. They have called to their aid most of the standbys of the Whitney Studio Club, and these run all the way from fair to most excellent. The result is a pretty show that contains nothing offensive to the politer mind. We saw two very fine pictures, one by Kuniyoshi and one by Louis Bouché. The latter seems to have granted the world a special dispensation and allowed some brightness of color in his work. As it was marked 1930, we are able to hope that this indicates the return of one leading American who has been having an extended sabbatical leave.

Henry Billings shows one of his newer paintings, an excellent study in harmony, and Stuart Davis helps to break the staid Victorianism of the show. Demuth, Niles Spencer, Pollett, and Katherine Schmidt furnish other highlights to the ensemble.

EUGENE MACCOWN, a young American painting in Paris, has an exhibit at the Marie Sterner Galleries. This is of the school that sticks to a low palette and draws its substances from the far-flung myths of Greece as interpreted by Picasso, Zak, Chirico, and others. Sometimes the effect is very pleasant, having to its advantage a certain tonal unity that often makes up for a more vivid presentation. MacCown emphasizes the poetic side of life, since he himself does not find enough strength or solace in his oils to let them stand unaided. Instead he has called on most of the Muses, in the persons of six friends. These contribute one name each to every canvas, a stunt that just set blasé Paris by its ears.

All this may be fine in a town sur-



FIN-DUDDY

IN DEVELOPING A SPRING SPORTS OUTFIT, FINCHLEY PROCEEDED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT COMFORT, AS A FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENT, IS SOUGHT BY GENTLEMEN WHO GIVE ACTIVE SERVICE TO SPORTING GARMENTS. THE MODEL HAS BEEN EXECUTED IN A MANNER WHICH BRINGS THE PATTERN, COLOR AND TEXTURE OF STURDY WEAVES INTO RARE IMPRESSIVENESS.

JACKET, WAISTCOAT, KNICKERS, TROUSERS
SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS
AND MORE
READY-TO-PUT-ON

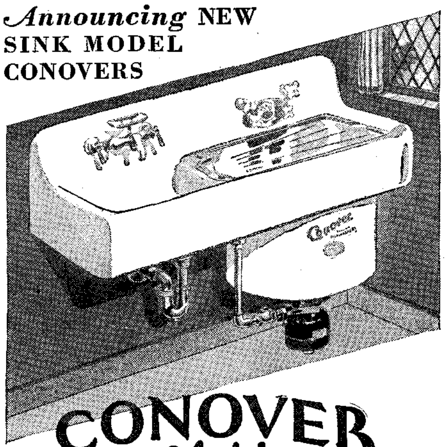
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishment

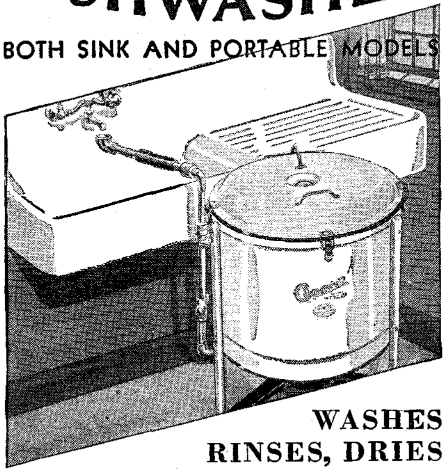
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO who wants to "do dishes"?

JUST when you are feeling content and comfortable, then to have to go into the kitchen and attack a pile of dishes—well, it's not right, that's all!

Announcing NEW SINK MODEL CONOVERS



BOTH SINK AND PORTABLE MODELS



WASHES RINSES, DRIES

Quicker, Cleaner Than By Hand

Do dishes the modern once-a-day way with either a *CONOVER Electric Dishwasher Sink* or a *Portable CONOVER*. Stack dirty dishes in the spacious CONOVER out of sight until the most convenient time to do them. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Delineator Home Institute.

The new Sink Model CONOVER is interchangeable with the regular kitchen sink. Rubber-plated dish-racks insure quiet operation and avoid chipping of dishes.

The Portable CONOVER is sold exclusively by the Electrical Trade. Sink model CONOVER is sold exclusively by the Plumbing Trade.

Write for folder in either model or both

THE CONOVER COMPANY
Dept. N-32, 101 Park Ave., New York
General Offices: 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
District Offices: Boston, 115 Chauncy Street
Philadelphia, 1700 Walnut Street

feited with tired young men and art, but here we find it only a deterrent to people who want to like painting if too many barriers are not interposed. If a painting doesn't mean anything to a painter, six friends are hardly likely to define the inner urge that prompted its execution.

HERE AND THERE: One of the important shows of the season is that of Arthur Dove, at Stieglitz's An American Place. . . . Arnold Wiltz, one of our favorite Americans, is on at the Dudensing Galleries. . . . Albert Sterner will exhibit his etchings and lithographs at the Kleemann-Thorman Galleries during April. . . . The Keramic Society and Design Guild has a show at the Museum of Natural History. . . . Sewell Johnson has an exhibition of water colors at Romany Marie's Tavern, 15 Minetta Street. . . . Alexander Shilling is showing at the Montross Gallery. . . . At the Ferargil Galleries, Samuel Wainwright's show of pastels closes March 30, and Harry Waltman's portraits March 31. . . . Charlotte Cullen's exhibition at Durand-Ruel ends March 31.

Closing this Saturday: Ernest Lawson at Ferargil's. . . . Julian Peabody at the Babcock Galleries. . . . Diana Thorne and David Evans at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries. . . . Marjorie Phillips at Kraushaar. . . . The Murai Gallery's third exhibition of American moderns. . . . The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors' show at 17 East Sixty-second Street.

—M. P.

•

OUR BEWILDERED READERS

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

"NO security," you say on page 14 of the current issue, "anywhere any more." And well may you say so. For on page 11 of the same issue, you suggest a new chant, "Thirty days hath September, April, Roebuck, & November." It seems to me that you're not thinking things through any more—if you ever did. For if there's a Roebuck, there aren't thirty days. And if there are thirty days, there's no place for a Roebuck. It seems to me that there's enough trouble in real life without your setting such problems for your readers to worry about.

Sincerely yours,
W. L. WERNER
STATE COLLEGE, PA.

THE DORSET.. ORIGINALLY A NAME AMONG APARTMENT HOTELS.. TODAY A REPUTATION *ABOVE* THEM!

A few Maisonettes with private Street Entrances and Simplex or Terraced Duplex Apartments Unfurnished or Furnished—Transient or Lease, Complete Hotel Service.

THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Ave.

You Can Live Within Your Means at

405
EAST 54TH STREET
adjoining the Sutton Place colony

2-3-4 Rooms

A new apartment house for October occupancy

2 ROOMS from . . $850
3 ROOMS from . . 1250
4 ROOMS from . . 1800

ALSO PENT HOUSE APARTMENTS

Many of the apartments have wood-burning fireplaces; some have private terraces

CRYSTAL & CRYSTAL, Builders and Owners

Renting Agent
BROWN WHEELOCK: HARRIS VOUGHT & CO., Inc.
14 East 47th Street WIckersham 5500

Now Renting From the Plans

HOCKEY

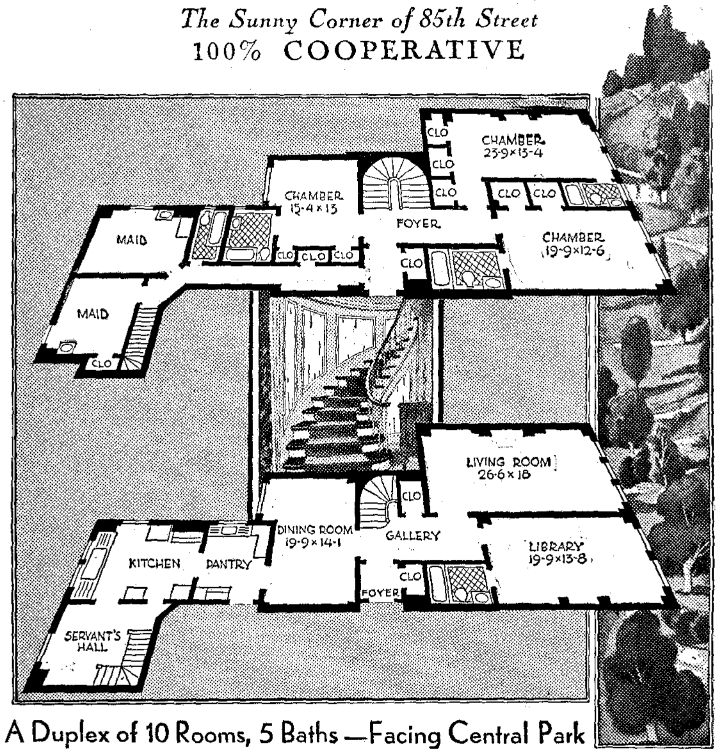
The Rangers in the Semi-finals—Trip to Ottawa—Boston's Records

IF the Rangers did nothing else in the playoffs, the way they pulled out of a hole in the second game with Ottawa, to win by a mile, would show that they are still potential champions. The crowd that filled the Garden, a crowd as over-anxious as the team, razzed the Rangers as they came out for the second period; they booed in discouragement for the betrayal of their hopes, booed because the team they had come to root for, at once too cautious and too eager, had played the first period like a tail-end minor-league team at the end of a tiring season.

THIS department would not have given a used program for the chances of the Rangers to get past Ottawa at that moment. They were a goal behind and two men short. Bill Cook had just been sent off for a major penalty for hoisting Clancy clean into the promenade, so that his skates, with a bright flash of upturned steel, disappeared over the boards. Leo Reise still had about a minute of a two-minute penalty to serve. All this was bad, but there was something worse—an atmosphere of hopelessness about the team, the bearing of losers. The puck was faced, and they started to play, and something changed: hope, speed, the timing that had seemed hopelessly lost, came back. The red light flashed, and into the screaming arena the announcer's voice whispered in metallic tones: "Bun Cook on a pass from Frank Boucher." That was the goal that put fire in the stove. The Rangers were a world championship team again, and they showed it with three goals in slightly over five minutes. It was a cinch after that. There were a few frenzied moments, as when Kilrea lifted his shoulder into Johnson's half-healed jaw after the whistle had blown, and when Lamb rammed a stick into the same Johnson and tore his back open under the shoulder-blades; there was a moment of fisticuffs between Kilrea and Keeling, and Starr's belated goal on Clancy's pass. But the game ended with Bun Cook on one side of the

1040
FIFTH AVENUE

The Sunny Corner of 85th Street
100% COOPERATIVE



A Duplex of 10 Rooms, 5 Baths—Facing Central Park

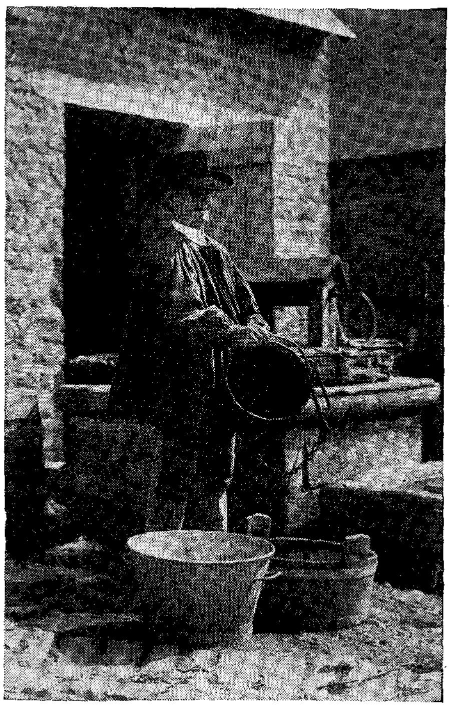
A Modern Fifth Avenue Mansion for $48,000

THIS duplex apartment is the modern equivalent of the smaller Fifth Avenue private residence of yesterday, but far more comfortable and much less costly. ¶ It is one of a group of spacious and distinguished homes being developed at "1040"—the tallest structure of its kind on the Avenue. Every apartment faces the Park, while many offer the added charm of private terraces and southern exposure. ¶ You may design your home to suit your individual requirements by purchasing now.

10 to 14 Room simplex and duplex apartments—
Occupancy this fall. A complete set of
plans sent on request

Branch office on premises

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Selling and Managing Agent
15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200
ARCHITECT: ROSARIO CANDELA BUILDER: ANTHONY A. PATERNO



You need gangway treatment . . .

Are you off your golf? Are you truculent at the Bridge Table? Not to say over the breakfast? Are you sunk at the thought of listening to Harry's best story for the sixteenth tedious time? Don't worry. It's all symptomatic . . . You need Gangway Treatment . . . So drag yourself off that downy divan and take the first brave step . . . Walk, run, write or 'phone the nearest Cunard Agent or office and get the "dope" on the largest cabin fleet afloat or if you wish to be still more economical look up Cunard Tourist Third Cabin.

Before you know it you'll be having your morning bouillon or practising your pet swing on the broad clear decks of a Cunarder.

RATES

CABIN . . . . $135 up
TOURIST THIRD CABIN . . . . 105 up

Join the Cunard Travel Club!
Write for folder outlining important advantages.

See Your Local Agent or apply

CUNARD
CABIN SERVICE

1840 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930

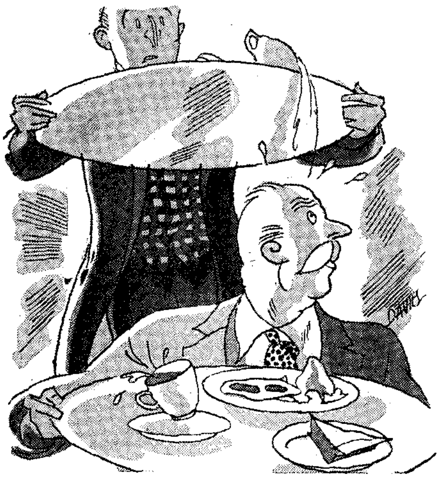
Ottawa goal and Bill on the other, taking free shots on each other's rebounds.

TO many people the hysteria evoked by a game like this may seem absurd. The teams have had all season to decide which is the best. Why should the issue be reduced to a playoff series, and why should the series be so arranged, for the second and third teams in each group, that in case of an even score in the first game, the series, and the outcome of the season's playing, depend on a single game, a game which, if the tie is not broken, continues through the night until one side or the other scores? We can't blame anyone who, unfamiliar with hockey, considers the system fantastic; just the same, as we will argue later, it is a logical idea—the only proper and feasible one. Moreover, this year, with the playoff between the Rangers and Ottawa for the right to meet the winner of the Chicago-Canadiens game begun out of town, and continued in the Garden with the teams still even, local fans came in for the best of the drama.

"IF we beat them there, we can beat them here. We'll have the jump on them. That's the way I figure."

Frank Boucher looked out of a window in the Garden offices as he spoke. His left arm was strapped close to his body, under his coat, to protect the shoulder from which the ligaments were torn when he collided with Burke two weeks ago. The offices were empty, for the Rangers, and almost everyone connected with them, had gone up to Ottawa for the first game. Boucher couldn't go. Ottawa is his home town, and even out of uniform it would have meant something to him to sit on the bench and watch the game there. The doctor, however, had made the trip impossible by telling him to come in for treatment at nine-thirty the next morning. Maybe the doctor would tell him he was all right, Boucher suggested: he might get in the second game after all. His listeners, though believing he had no chance to get in, nodded in agreement. Boucher fooled them. He was the first man to get his stick on the puck when the second game started.

That Boucher's left sleeve was tucked into his coat pocket was the principal reason for the Rangers' being considered as having lost their chance to come through in the present playoffs. Besides being the psychological leader of the team and the director of strategy



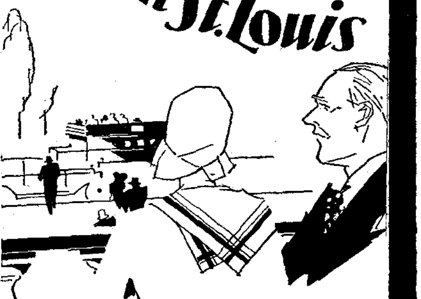
Cafeteria Chasers are Disappointed

THOSE rare mortals that really enjoy carrying trays or bearing heavy suitcases find the Carlton a grievious let-down.

For it is a point of pride with us that no Carlton guest should be burdened. Be it mental worries over menu troubles, or physical feats of strength . . . our faithful servitors uphold our desire to treat guests as honored guests.

THE CARLTON
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Single room and bath—$4.00, $5.00, $6.00
Double room and bath—$7.00, $8.00, $10.00
Suites—$15.00 to $30.00. All outside rooms.

THE NEW YORKER
in St. Louis



likes the Terrace Lounge on the Boulevard

The Hotel
Coronado
SAINT - LOUIS
LINDELL BLVD. — AT SPRING AVE.

HOROSCOPES

Interviews by appointment $5.00
Written Horoscope . . . $10.00

FRANCES M. COURTNEY
21 Fifth Avenue, New York

Gramercy 3796   If no answer call SUSquehanna 4500

on the ice, Boucher made the Cook brothers effective as a scoring combination. High-scorer of the league until he was hurt, he gave almost two assists for every goal he made himself. Defensively, Lionel Hitchman of the Bruins has an importance with his team which in some ways is equal to Boucher's; in spite of Shore's prestige, he has often been voted the Bruins' most valuable player. Shore doesn't seem easy in his mind and can't play his best game unless Hitchman is on the ice with him. A little while ago we were doping the Maroons to beat Boston because Hitchman's jaw had been broken, but broken jaws mean little to a modern hockey player; like Ching Johnson of the Rangers, Hitchman came back to the lineup with a special jaw-protector. He helped his team take the first game of their series with the Maroons after the longest overtime period on record.

NO hockey team in the history of the game has broken as many records as the present Boston bunch. Their achievements are worth tabulation. They have, for instance, scored the most goals one team has ever made in a single season (179), won the most games (38), scored the most points (77), played the longest winning streak (14 games), won the most games at home (22). A record like this shows everything except what the team can do in a pinch. That is what the playoff system brings out. A team that is erratic in its regular games can sometimes rise to unexpected heights with big money in sight. A team that plays flawlessly when things are going right may slump if the accustomed tension is tuned up a little. These athletic truisms apply more relevantly to hockey than to any other sport. The playoff system gives them a chance to work. If any team, starting from third place in its group at the end of the regular season, can beat the team standing third in the rival group, and the winner of the playoff for second place, and the winner of the first-place series, that team is the champion of the world hands down, and without consideration of its previous performances.

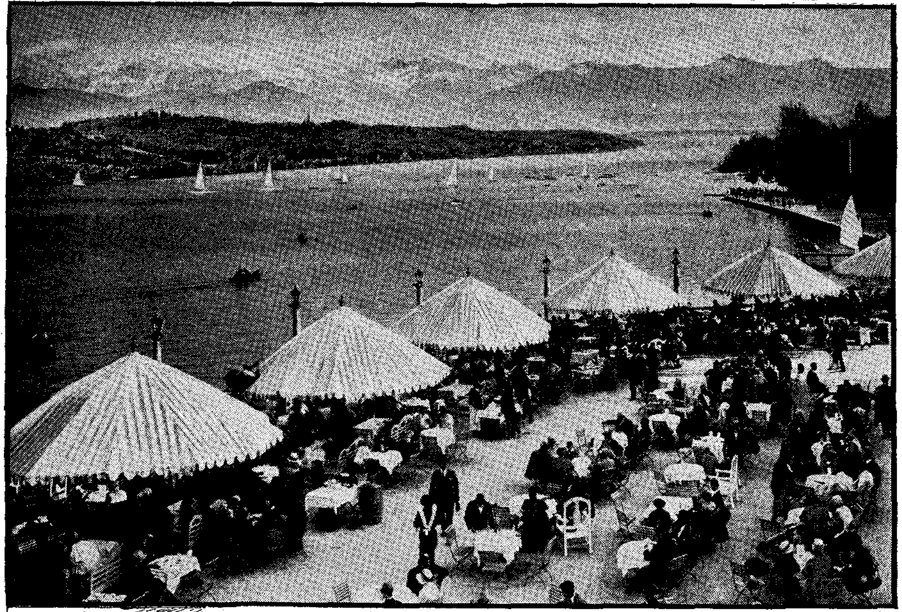
—N. B., Jr.

•

MY WIFE, MARIE, left me May 1929; I am not responsible for anything hereafter. Anton Santer, 2027 2nd Ave.—*Personal in the World.*

No, but you'd be foolish to lose interest.

GERMANY
LAND OF BEAUTY AND SPORTS



Regatta Near Munich

The undying past and the exciting present invite you to Germany for a holiday of ever-changing delight. Wagner and Mozart cycles; and jazz operas and musical comedies. Tennis, golf and swimming in gay resorts. Horse and motor racing attended by jolly crowds. Bridle paths winding through deep forests, motor roads leading to the discovery of enchanting views. Hunting, flying, fishing, mountain climbing or yachting. Football games played with epic zest. Tournaments of every kind of sport where the tourist is an honored guest. Moderate prices in theatres, restaurants, and hotels. No visé charge. Dancing to jazz or waltzes in ancient inns and modern cabarets. Walled cities old in story. The Oberammergau Passion Play. Science and Art. Romance and modern reality.

"Going to Europe" means Going to Germany

GERMAN TOURIST
INFORMATION OFFICE
665 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany. 21

Name..

Address..

LEE SHUBERT *Presents*

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

PHILIP MERIVALE in

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

An Unusual Play about Life

MUSIC BOX Thea., 45th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

TOPAZE

A Comedy Hit from the French
with
FRANK MORGAN
PHOEBE FOSTER—CLARENCE DERWENT

LONGACRE THEA., 48th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

THE MATRIARCH

A New Play by G. B. STERN
from the Novel of the same name
with
CONSTANCE COLLIER
AND THE ENGLISH CAST

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

By Ivan Turgenev

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:30, Mats. Thurs & Sat. 2:30

THE APPLE CART

Bernard Shaw's
Political Extravaganza

MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th St. W. of Eighth Ave. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GRACE GEORGE

in the St. John Ervine comedy

FIRST MRS. FRASER

with A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith

PLAYHOUSE 48th Street, East of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
Extra Matinee every Thursday until June 15th

2ND YEAR IN NEW YORK CITY

STREET SCENE

AMBASSADOR Theatre 49th St. W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:40; Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
DAVID BELASCO presents

"It's a Wise Child"

"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND *Eve. Telegram*
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

A Rip-Roaring Hair Raiser

"THE BLUE GHOST"

FORREST Thea. 49 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER presents (in association with Guthrie McClintic)

Katharine Cornell

in **DISHONORED LADY**

a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes & Edward Sheldon

EMPIRE THEATRE B'way & 40th St. Evs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

GILBERT MILLER PRESENTS

Journey's End

(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)

HENRY MILLER'S
THEATRE 124 W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Gilbert Miller & Leslie Howard's production of

Berkeley Square

By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard
and Margalo Gillmore
LYCEUM THEATRE
45 St. E. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Jack Buchanan in LAST 2 WEEKS

WAKE UP AND DREAM

ARCH SELWYN'S presentation of CHAS. B. COCHRAN'S REVUE
"Tuneful and jolly show sure to delight the town."—*Darnton, Ev. World.*
with TILLY LOSCH JESSIE MATTHEWS TINA MELLER
SELWYN THEATRE 42 St., W. of Broadway
Good Balcony Seats $1, $1.50, $2. NO TAX
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

"SHOULD BE SEEN AT ALL COSTS AS ONE OF THE REALLY TOUCHING COMEDIES OF THE SEASON." ***Alison Smith, World***

BROKEN DISHES

Martin Flavin's Comedy with Donald Meek

THEATRE MASQUE W. 45 St. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

CHANINS 46th ST. THEA. Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:30
Entire Balcony Good Seats $1, $2, $3. (No Tax)
(319 to 328 times)

EARL CARROLL
New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR

"SKETCH BOOK"

featuring WILL MAHONEY
WILLIAM DEMAREST
THREE SAILORS
56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
"The play is an event. It is not a play to miss."
—*Sun*

LAURENCE RIVERS presents

THE Green Pastures

By MARC CONNELLY
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

EDGAR SELWYN presents

CLARK & McCULLOUGH

In the new and novel musical play **"STRIKE UP THE BAND"**

"Will send you home still chuckling, humming, tingling."—*Gabriel, American.*

TIMES SQ. THEATRE, 42 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GEORGE WHITE'S

ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

EMBASSY

THE NEWSREEL THEATRE

BROADWAY AND 46th ST.
ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE
PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Shows every Saturday

ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents

"REBOUND"

a Comedy by
DONALD OGDEN STEWART
with HOPE WILLIAMS

PLYMOUTH Thea., W. 45th St., Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

7th CAPACITY MONTH

Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger* Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

50 MILLION FRENCHMEN

A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
with WM. GAXTON & GENEVIEVE TOBIN
" 'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*

LYRIC THEATRE W. 42nd St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
300 Good Seats $1—at Box Office

SUBWAY EXPRESS

"Should live as long as the Subway itself"—*Evening Post.*

REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42nd Street Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

ZIEGFELD THEATRE 54th ST. at 6th AVE.

ED WYNN

"The Perfect Fool"

in ZIEGFELD SENSATION "SIMPLE SIMON"

PRICES—$1 to $5 & tax. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3
Seats at Box Office—Mail Orders Filled

MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:20

Lew Leslie's International Revue

Greatest Array of Stars in New York—Cast of 200

LOEW'S LEXINGTON

March 29, 30, 31: NANCY CARROLL in "Dangerous Paradise"; April 1 & 2: "LITTLE JOHNNY JONES"; April 3 & 4: "THE LOCKED DOOR" with Rod La Rocque and Barbara Stanwyck.

51st ST. & LEXINGTON AVE

Sold Into Wedded Slavery!
by her titled father—beaten by her wealthy husband—*What could she do?*
Tiffany presents
MAMBA
THE FIRST ALL TALKING ALL TECHNICOLOR DRAMA
with
JEAN HERSHOLT | ELEANOR BOARDMAN | RALPH FORBES
GAIETY THEATRE, B'way & 46th St.
Twice Daily, 2:45—8:45
3 Times Sun., 2:45—5:45—8:45
Reserved Seats Now Selling 4 Weeks in Advance

GEORGE ARLISS
in
"THE GREEN GODDESS"
Winter Garden, B'way & 50th St.
Daily 2:45-8:45—Sundays 3-6-8:45
Warner Bros. Vitaphone Talking Picture

THE LAST MILE
"FAR AND AWAY THE MOST IMPRESSIVE NEW DRAMA OF THE SEASON."
—*George Jean Nathan, Judge*
SAM. H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd Street West of Broadway
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

W. P. Tanner presents
THE ROYAL VIRGIN
By HARRY WAGSTAFF GRIBBLE
(Based on the story of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex)
"BEST OF THE SEASON."—*Eve. World.*
"DIGNIFIED, LITERATE IN THE BEST MANNER."—*Herald Tribune.*
BOOTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Connelly and Swanstrom's Hit
JACK DONAHUE in SONS O' GUNS with LILY DAMITA
(By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)
ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS
IMPERIAL THEA. 45th W. of B'WAY. EVS. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30
"One of the best musical shows to come this way in several seasons."—Heywood Broun, Telegram.

ROXY 7th Avenue & 50th Street
Dir. S. L. Rothafel (Roxy)
JOHN BOLES
LAURA LA PLANTE in
"CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD"
All Talking Music Drama.
Music score by Charles Wakefield Cadman
A Universal Picture with the
FAMOUS ROXY STAGE PROGRAM

U. S. HEADQUARTERS
Imported Arms, Ammunition & Parts
Mauser-Luger-Merkel Bros.-Mannlicher,-Webley-Scott, etc.
Full line American Arms & Ammunition
Springfield's Restocked to Col. Whelen's Revised Specifications
All Makes Trap Guns, Field Guns & Rifles Restocked
Restocking Parts & Accessories—Precision Target Arms
Send us your Guns for expert Repairing or Altering
Largest stock in America of fine *new* Rifles, Trap *and* Field Guns, Side Arms, Air Rifles, & Pistols. Telescopes mounted.
Send 25c in stamps for complete 128 page Arms Catalog.
A. F. STOEGER, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.
The Only Exclusive Gun House In America
509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)

INDOOR POLO

West Point at the Armory—Gold Braid and Loud-speakers—A Brooklyn Tragedy—Handicaps

REGARDLESS of what else they accomplish in the championships, the Army's defeat of Yale on the opening night will remain one of the finest exhibitions of college polo ever seen. The outside world knew that West Point had been playing some pretty fair polo this year, but no one was prepared for the concise, clean-cut teamwork that moved along relentlessly at a gallop for four full periods. Yale's players and ponies were backed by the tradition of Long Island fields, the finest tradition polo can have. Huge motor vans rolled in from Long Island early in the evening; waspish, bow-legged British grooms led the spruce ponies down into the Squadron stables. Later, in twos and threes, the young men of Yale drifted into the building and divested themselves of mufflers and polo coats, adjusted their riding gloves, picked their mallets carefully from the great assortment they had brought, and discussed ponies with the little grooms.

Upstairs, in one of the troop dressing-rooms, three stiff young men began to change from their uniforms to riding breeches and the golden jerseys that Army teams wear in action. Dressed, they went directly down to the stables in the cellar and to the end of the runway, where a few colored troopers were walking their ponies. They mounted quietly and went out to play polo. Their horses had arrived earlier that day in a couple of hired trucks.

THERE are no individual stars on this West Point team. For three years Frank Wing, Carl Brandt, and Joseph Haskell have been spending their one hour of leisure a day riding and schooling horses under the roof of their huge riding ring. They know each other pretty well now. There is not much shouting. When one sees another coming through, he wheels at once and gallops out to position. The cool, quiet precision of this team became exciting

handwritten at REUBEN'S
As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

harry rosenthal:
Harry Rosenthal
A lot of people can play piano; a lot of people can act; but who within your memory can play and act with just that light piquant homely natural likeable touch that Harry supplies in "June Moon"? And we hope Harry will forgive this paragraph for containing the suggestion that our chef is like that in a way; he, too, is *unique;* we cite his version of Schnitzel à la Holstein (a theme song idea, Harry)—in evidence.

grace moore:
Grace Moore
Another Metropolitan Opera star gives New York the "aria";— she's heading for the garrulous golden gate and the chinemas. She can hardly await her return; if only for the sake of Reuben's succulent roast Long Island Duckling, in raisin sauce, baked sweet potatoes and Brussels sprouts.

herbert bayard swope:
Best wishes to Mine Host Reuben.
Herbert Bayard Swope
Mr. Swope, journalist extraordinaire, "greatest reporter in the world" as he has been termed, knows by his newspaper training where the real "finds" are and by his epicurean cultivation where rarest foods are to be had; and so he is a consistent patron of the Reuben restaurants.

REUBEN'S
We Are Always Open: Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre
Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st
Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street
from a sandwich to a National Institution

RAZOR RHYTHM

A SMOOTH stroke. An easy stroke. That's the frictionless rhythm of a *double-action* shave.

The first action of Squibb's shields your face from the razor's rasp . . . protects you while you shave. The second action protects you long after the final flick of the razor.

For Squibb's replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin. Squibb's keeps your face glowing with comfort. Whereas most shaving creams absorb the skin's pliant oils. Leave your face feeling parched and dry.

You can feel the difference. The comfort of a *double-action* shave is a *lasting comfort.*

You'll find Squibb's Shaving Cream at all drug stores.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

E.R.SQUIBB & SONS NEW YORK

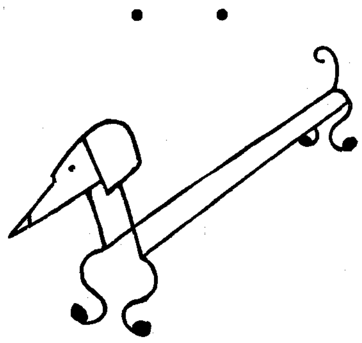
SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

in itself as the game progressed; their very efficiency was a beautiful thing to watch. Moreover, they were facing some remarkable young polo players. Raymond Guest and Cokey Rathborne are both capable of mixing with the best, and Hardie Scott has been a good college player for some time. The six together fused into a game of polo that was every bit as fast and often as well played as any Open or Class A contest you are apt to run into.

AS a matter of fact, on that first night at the Armory, the West Point victory was scored in a more interesting encounter than the one which ended the evening, with the Optimists bowling over the Riding Club in the Open.

Apparently the Optimists are not to be bothered by the loss of Raymond Guest. Michael Phipps fitted in splendidly with Winston Guest and the wild-riding Lieutenant McDonald Jones. Phipps is a good many pounds lighter than Raymond Guest, but he is sometimes more accurate with his mallet, and that offsets what he lacks in riding-off ability. It looks very much as though the Optimists were well on their way to the championship.

THE opening night was a success in every way. The Armory had been hung with bunting all along the rafters, and there were some generals to add the glitter of gold braid and gleaming shirtfronts to this background. Perhaps, however, most of the evening's success belonged to a mechanical device new to this tournament. Four huge cones had been lifted to the ceiling in the centre of the ring, and from their yawning mouths came a ghostly voice every once in a while announcing who had scored a goal or who was playing and why. The voice bore a marked resemblance to the one in Madison Square Garden which keeps asking for attention during hockey nights. As a result people no longer have to sit in complete and uneasy ignorance, thinking they are



BROMLEY
OUTFITTERS TO YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG
5 West 46th Street
177 Broadway
New York City

YOUR ATTENTION IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO OUR SPLENDID ARRAY OF SPRING SUIT MODELS MADE READY-TO-PUT-ON TO DRAPE SOFTLY IN THAT COSMOPOLITAN MANNER SO ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED BY YOUNG MEN.

34⁵⁰ TO 60

From the First and Foremost Fruit Shop
H. HICKS & SON INC
675 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
can be purchased the most wonderful assortment of marvelous Fruits and table Delicacies, Candies and Nuts -- from a tip bit to a banquet in the numerous exclusive designs equal for all occasions -- A short trip and ocean voyage or a gorgeous presentation.

Merry Trip Box
EAT and be MERRY
Containing a Luncheon for two or three.

WHY LEAVE THE FLOOR WHEN A TANGO IS PLAYED ?

Nowadays to be smart one must Tango. A few private lessons will simplify this dance of captivating rhythm.

EILEEN AND CAROL O'KANE
Hotel Lombardy
111 East 56th Street
Plaza 8600
Studio of Dancing

watching one team or player when it is really someone quite different.

WHILE all this was going on, tragedy took place across the river in Brooklyn. Here, right in the opening game of Class A, the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club went to defeat, unable to give away five handicap goals to the New York Athletic Club and survive.

Brooklyn has not been able to win in Class A for a good many years. Until this season, their handicap has been too far above those of other teams, their strength has been in the no-handicap Open championship. Even so, however, in past years they have always gained one or two victories before their final collapse in the handicap division. It is simply a fresh demonstration that others have caught up with this remarkable team, which blazed the way for really fast indoor polo. Brooklyn has not been going any too well all season long, but in the past they used to be able to let their play fall off a good deal without fatal results. Those days, apparently, are gone forever.

Perhaps a shift in the lineup would do some good. Gerry Smith's exquisite riding and fast thinking might benefit if he were taken from his place at No. 2 and put out front at No. 1. Warren Sackman could get into the play a bit more safely from No. 2 than he can from back. Carl Pflug's goal-hitting seems to have lost its precision this year, but it is still strong. Why not try it at back? Pflug has played there.

THE New York Athletic Club, in Cyril Harrison, has a young man who certainly is not overrated at seven goals. The entire team, with the slugging Harry Albright at No. 1 and the veteran Major Nelson at back, is pretty inexpensive at a total of eighteen goals.

—MARTINGALE

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

ANAGRINS

Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

1. Scramble *please* with an *m* and get something for nothing.

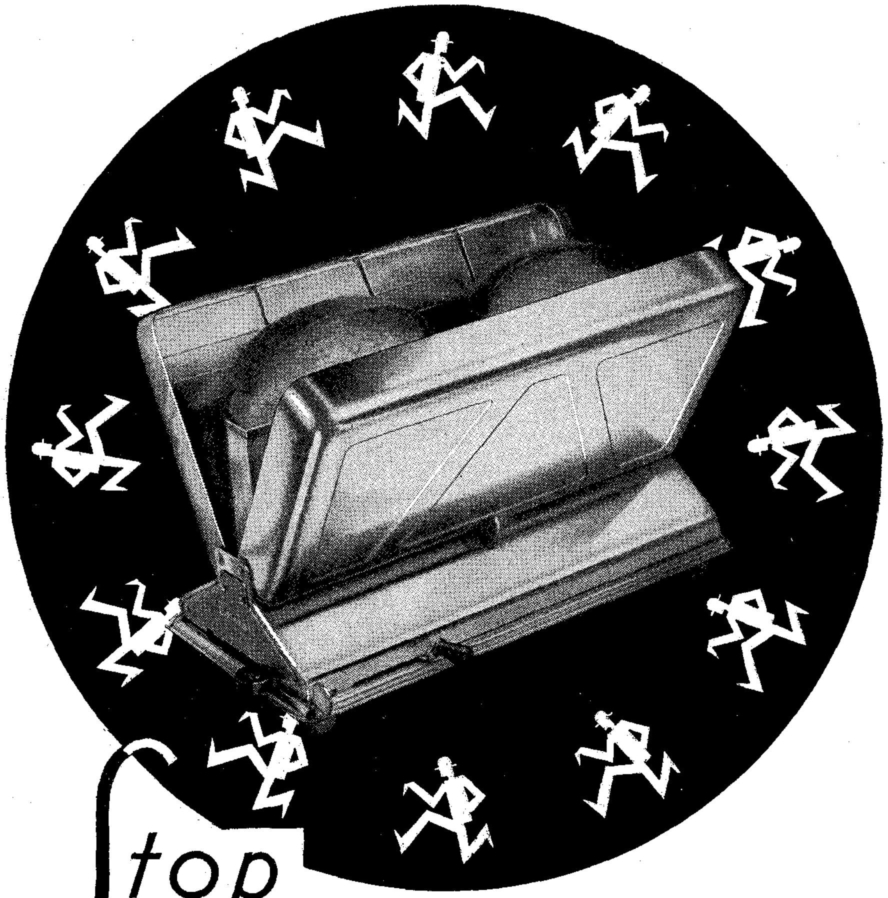
3. Scramble *verses* with an *i* and get something good for business.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRINS

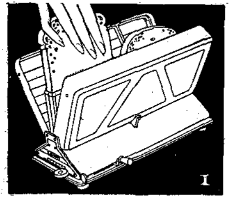
1. Sample.
3. Service.

—*Life.*

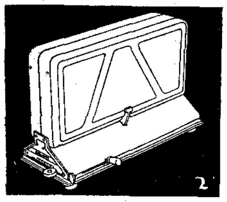
EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER



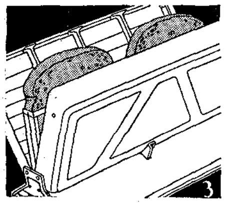
Stop clock watching and toast watching



Load it!



Forget it!

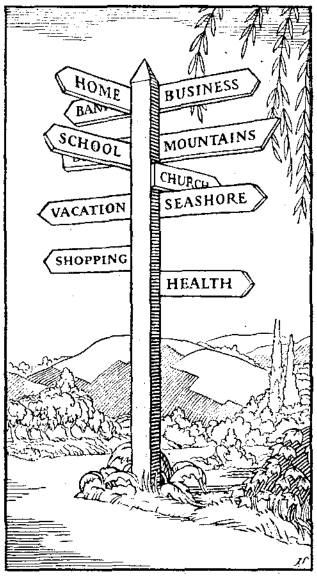


Enjoy it!

When minutes are scarce and fleeting, the Edicraft's there to meet the pace. Abundant toast, quick toast—browned on both sides at once to your own private shade! That is the Edicraft's gift to breakfast.

Put in two slices . . . set the timer on the number of your favorite toast-tint . . . close it . . . and forget it. The Edicraft opens graciously, inviting you to help yourself. It even keeps toast warm till you're ready.

And it's smart as well as swift. You will like its modern lines—its sleek and lustrous finish. It's the automatic speed toaster that makes breakfast happy instead of hectic. See it at good department and electrical stores. Created and manufactured by Thomas A. Edison, Inc. ORANGE, N. J.



MILLIONS OF MILES TO BE REPLACED

AN automobile has an active life of between six and seven years, which means that between one-sixth and one-seventh of the nation's cars must be replaced every year.

An annual *replacement business alone* of more than three million cars!

Every year the population of the United States is more than a million greater than it was the year before, thus bringing many brand-new buyers into the market for automobiles.

National income too has been growing, more than two billion dollars a year. Paralleling this has been a steady increase in the number of families owning two or more cars—estimated today at three million.

Abroad the demand for passenger cars and trucks is growing steadily. Today overseas sales are greater than the total domestic sales of only a few years ago.

These three factors—replacements, growth of population and income, and export demand—assure the permanence of the automobile industry and its steady contribution to prosperity.

General Motors, by building "a car for every purse and purpose" and by establishing itself in more than 100 countries, has had the privilege of contributing to the progress of the industry. It is in a position to share proportionately in the years that lie ahead.

GM
GENERAL
MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW COACHES AND YELLOW CABS · FRIGIDAIRE—THE AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR
DELCO-LIGHT ELECTRIC POWER AND LIGHT PLANTS AND WATER SYSTEMS
GENERAL MOTORS RADIO · GMAC PLAN OF CREDIT PURCHASE

CONVERSATION WITH A RUSSIAN

Two girls got up and began to dance with two young men. That left two other young men at the table. One was a dark boy, and you could tell by his sullen eyes and generally Slavic look and his shirt that he was a Russian. He was quite sober. The other boy had that clean and stupid countenance that the regular life of college gives to those who live it. The American chose to be insolent.

"Are you a White?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon—a White?" asked the Russian.

"I mean, are you a gentleman?"

The Russian smiled, a studiously sad smile. "Well, I hope so, but you mean, I guess, am I of the Imperialistic Party?"

"Yes, that's what I mean. A White. A Russian gentleman."

The Russian expostulated with one hand. "Well then, why did you not say so? Yes, I suppose that is what I am."

The American stuck out his hand. "Fine. That's swell. You know, Savage—I'm going to call you Savage, because I can't remember the first part of your name—you know, you being a gentleman means we agree on lots of things. I'm in favor of the Whites. You know, I always say that the best kind of a government is a benevolent despotism, and I think the Czar meant well."

Savage frowned contemplatively. "Well, of course . . . Of course one does not approve of all the things that the Czar was in favor of. I did like him, however, although I did not know him personally."

"Sure," said the American. "He was a good guy. I get sick of the lousy Reds, don't you?"

"Naturally I do not like them very much. Naturally I could not like them since they put me out of my country."

The American slapped the table. "There it is! That's why you're so glum all the time, eh? You got put out of Russia by the Reds."

"Glum? Oh, yes. Glum. But am I always that, glum? It must be a monotony to you if always I am glum. It must be a bore."

The American was kind. "Not at all. Hell no. Why it's part of your charm, you Russians being glum all the time. Don't mind if I'm frank, Savage, because I wouldn't be frank if you weren't a gentleman and I didn't like you. If I didn't like you I wouldn't give you any time. I'd probably just be rude to you. So don't mind if I'm frank."

Savage made a slight bow. "I am glad if you are frank. Please do be frank with me."

"Swell," said the American. "Now here's a point I'd like to make. Here you are in this country, the United States, and not the U.S.S.R., or whatever it is they call Russia nowadays. Well, you can't afford to go around looking like you'd lost your last friend. I'm in sympathy with you and so is everybody else that amounts to a damn. Oh, you meet an attractive person once in a while that sticks up for the Reds, but the real people that count, the ladies and gentlemen in this country that correspond to the Whites in Russia, why they're *for* you. Practically everybody is on your side, against those damn Reds, so what have you to worry about?"

Savage raised his eyebrows and cocked his head to one side. "That is one way to look at it. I have met with much sympathy and kindness here, but there are in Russia my mother and sisters still. I must think of them and when I do think of them, I worry. Hence I am glum."

"Yeah, but the Revolution's a thing of the past. All that's over and done with. You Russians that came over, you have good jobs, make a lot of American gold, so what have you to kick about? You yourself probably make three or four hundred bucks a week just drawing. If you'd stayed in Russia where would you be?"

"I should be in Paris!"

This was a wisecrack, and the American enjoyed it to the fullest extent. "Pretty good. You mean you'd have gone to Paris to study art, is that it?"

"Precisely that," agreed Savage, pleased with the success of his joke.

"Well, can't you study in New York? Sure you can. I understand New York's the seat of modern art, so you're well off, able to make a swell living. No kick coming there. And the nice people like you and accept you in their homes. You go to nice homes and you meet the nice people. Why just think, if it hadn't been for that Revolution maybe you'd have lived the rest of your life thinking this country was all Babbitts. And you must hate Babbitts as much as I do."

"No, I do not hate them. I do not know them."

"Well, I mean at least you have a contempt for them, don't you? I certainly have. So they must be pretty terrible from your standpoint."

"I do not like some of their, ah, manifestations," said Savage. "Their pictures I do not like, and some of their homes, but in all countries there is some beauty as well as some hideousness. Neither all the beauty in the world nor all the hideousness is confined to North America. I feel that it is regrettable that the American man has not the time to make what I would call proper use of his money. But it is his money, and he is at liberty to do with it as he pleases. For the most part I think he is better than most."

"Oh for God's sake, Savage. You mean to sit there and tell me you don't feel superior to Babbitt every way you look at it?"

"I did not say that. I only say—"

The American was angry. "Blah! Savage, the trouble with you is you got a taste of American gold and it's too much for you. That's the only way I can explain you defending Babbitts the way you are. Either that or you're not a White at all. That must be it. You're probably not a White after all."

The girls rejoined the party and one of them heard the American's last words. She sat beside Savage and said, "Don't mind Ned, Constantin, he's an awful kidder." —John O'Hara

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—III

[Can you solve the anagrams contained in the following rhymes? The answers are given on page 99.]

I

A TONIC is really a very good thing,
Add "e," and the landlord will post it in spring,
Add "u" and "s" for divisions of land,
With "n," what a play does if given a hand.

II

The TIGER's a beast that inspires great fright,
Add "a," and the Bishop will wear it tonight,
With "n," it's a stone that is hard and impelling,
Then add an "r"—oh, that would be telling.

III

The SHAD is a very delectable fish,
Add "r" and "i" for an hors-d'oeuvre dish,
Take it with "g" for the after-meal lavings,
Add "o" and "n," and you get misers' savings.

—Albert Carroll

SNAG?

When your wet-weather sneezes put a snag in your conversation . . . and you can't even enjoy a smoke . . . consider that one great cigarette . . . which clears the way to old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

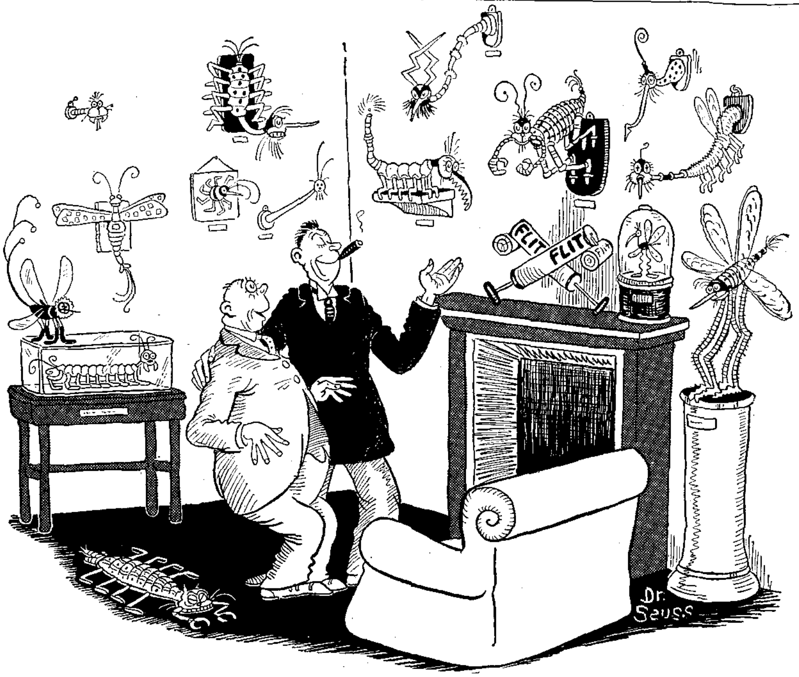
◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



"The Big Game Hunter" *(Advertisement)*

You May Walk All Over Town . . .

. . . consuming time and nerves, and you may find just the apartment you are looking for . . . but then again, you may phone Eldorado 2300 and have me find it for you . . . without charge, of course.

MISS SANDERS
Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison, Inc.
383 Madison Avenue Eldorado 2300

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs Sold Everywhere

NEW APARTMENTS

Paradoxical—Luxury, Downtown and Up—Next Year's Sensation

THIS is one of those inconsistencies of Manhattan building which are keeping me from my sleep these nights: On the East River, where there are magnificent views and exposure to the raging elements, builders frequently use casement windows—leaded, or otherwise chopped into small panes—which sometimes leak and always spoil the vista. In Park Avenue, where there is no view in particular, and no reason to fear storms, they put in great double-hung sheets of plate glass, with nary a line to spoil the outlook, and no danger of leakage.

SHAKING my head over this paradox, I lead you to No. 480 Park Avenue, on the northwest corner of Fifty-eighth Street, above whose gilded halls you will find some spacious apartments. Here are such combinations as a nine-room duplex, on floors twenty and twenty-one, or a thirteen-room simplex, on floor eleven; $15,000 annual rent for either. Emery Roth has ignored discretion about space and has designed things on a casually ample scale.

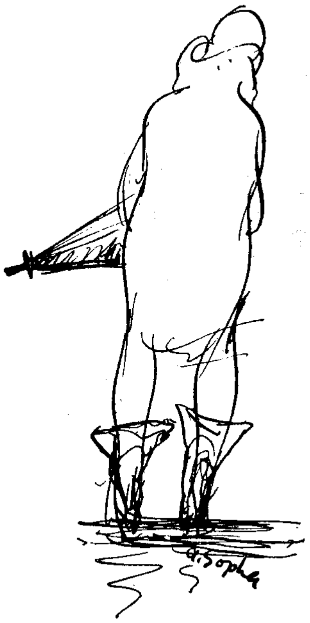
The result is pleasing; not very intimate or cosy, but a large family could tuck itself into one of these apartments and still find room for an old-fashioned sewing-machine (not that so homely an implement would be in keeping here). The bathrooms are vast. The bedrooms have two or three immense closets each; and one type of master bedroom has windows at each end, providing the most extravagant form of cross-ventilation. The pantries have those enormous china closets that take big dinners for granted, and Frigidaires of their very own, in addition to those in the kitchens. Some apartments have private laundries adjoining the kitchens, with ample closet space and rows of tubs, gas driers, and ironing gadgets. The rest content themselves with private rooms in the basement. The light is splendid and the finishing details are fair. The new Restaurant La Rue is in the building, and will furnish room service; I hear from most reliable critics that the food is excellent.

There are about ten apartments still available, ranging in price from $9,000 up. All are large, important, and very Park Avenue. Pease & Elliman are the agents.

WHAT is said to be the third largest total area of floor space (in one connected operation) in America will be thrown open with the completion of London Terrace, the Mandel development in Chelsea. This vast project consists, at present, of ten connecting buildings, in Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues—five on each side with a garden eighty by five hundred and fifty feet between. Eventually more buildings will rise at each end. The first group, now under construction, will open (in part) May 1, and the second group next year.

Provided the location is satisfactory to them, I know no place where moderately well-off people can live to better advantage. In spite of the tremendous scale of the operation, privacy and dignity apparently were of paramount importance to the builders and their architects. With two thousand apartments in all (there will be that many when the development is finished), at no time will there be more than six on one floor.

There are just two sizes, the smaller containing a living-room, dressing-room (really a bed-closet, which could easily be altered and made charming), bath, kitchen, and two closets, with a little foyer. The rents for these, throughout, run from $82.50 to $107.50 a month, the prices rising with the floors. The larger suites have a foyer, living-room (with wood-burning fireplace—above the twelfth floor), bedroom, bath with tub and separate built-in shower, linen closet, three clothes closets, and kitchen. Each bedroom has one mirror door, and every bathroom two utility cupboards. The kitchen fixtures are of the best, among them a gas range, Electrolux (gas) refrigerator, broom closet, combination sink and tub, any amount of built-in food and dish closets, and red linoleum floors—laid by the builder. The rents for these (which are arranged in two different plans) run from $113 to $138 monthly. The buildings, incidentally, are seventeen stories high, the penthouses surmounting them are notable, and the rentals include all gas—for cooking and refrigerating—used by the tenants.



Lastly, I append a list of the additional features which distinguish this community: a tenants' garage, a roof solarium, a swimming pool, gymnasium, restaurant, private dining-rooms for entertaining, maid service, vacuum-cleaner service, twenty-four-hour valet and laundry service, telephone-message bureau, household-repair station, and twenty-four-hour private-police patrol. Not to overlook the fact that the gardens are for the use of the whole community, and are large enough to give everybody pleasure and to insure genuinely permanent light to every apartment in the place. The renting agent, on the premises, will see you any time. Frankly, I am agog over the whole scheme. There are not many ventures like this.

TO the most plutocratic of our readers: Plans for No. 1 Beekman Place may be seen and discussed at the office of Douglas Gibbons & Company, 47 East Fifty-seventh Street. This will be one of the sensational coöperatives of next year, with two basements devoted to athletics, a yacht landing, tennis courts, and every luxury known to New York ingenuity. The old taxi garage at Beekman Place and Forty-ninth Street has made way for it.

—PENTHOUSE

•

The Los Angeles office of Emil Brisacher & Staff has been appointed to direct a national magazine campaign for Swami Yogananda, Hindu philosopher and author, and a newspaper campaign for United Food Products Corporation, producer of Golden Fruit Preserves.—*Western Advertising and Western Business*.

It's all in a day's hooey.

THE TRAVEL TEMPO OF TODAY

NEW YORK BOSTON BY AIR

FARE NOW $17.43

Air travel measures distances in minutes — sets the travel tempo of today. Your time is more productive, if you go by air. You can lunch in Boston—attend an important meeting—dine in New York.

Colonials's 14-passenger, 3-engined heated cabin liners make two trips daily between New York and Boston —1 hour, 45 minutes flying time. And now — with fares substantially reduced — air travel is more than ever an "ultimate economy".

OTHER COLONIAL SERVICES

Daily passenger service between New York, Albany and Montreal; and between Buffalo and Toronto. Colonial Flying Service maintains flying schools — sells and services leading makes of planes.

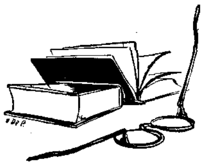
COLONIAL AIRWAYS

Division of American Aviation, Inc.

270 Madison Ave. New York

RECENT BOOKS

The Limping Angel—Old Oklahoma—Celestial Satire—
Cowboy Frank Harris—Life in the Raw—New Biographies



THERE are some men who live primarily to become the heroes of biographies, whose lives, so often unbeautiful at the time, form a radiant literary afterglow. Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey was one of these conscious biographical heroes who was acting, not only for the benefit of the enthralled and scandalized audience of his day, but also perhaps with one eye on just such a life story as André Maurois has written.

I hasten to say that "Byron" is a much finer work than Maurois' poetic "Ariel" or than his rather anemic "Disraeli." The "limping angel" who had such a sinister reputation that ladies swooned when he entered the room is a subject near to the heart of the modern biographer. Apart from his really massive assemblage of facts about Byron and the detailed anecdotal quality of his narrative, Mr. Maurois' book has two points of high merit. The first is his sane and civilized attitude on those moral defects in Byron that have been the basis of so much disagreeable controversial writing. He surveys with compassion and pity Byron's lapse from the natural code. Surely a great sin is deserving of great magnanimity, and a fallen angel merits kinder consideration than a straying deacon. Breaking all precedents for handling the George-Annabelle-Augusta triangle, Mr. Maurois views the situation without holding up his hands in horror.

The second virtue of Mr. Maurois' book is that he gives Byron serious consideration as a poet and artist. With great bravery, he reprints long excerpts from Byron's poems, particularly those stanzas that contain material which is obviously biographical. He allows the man, whose dark, romantic poetry has gone the way of the novels of Bulwer-Lytton, to shine as a poet as well as a picturesque sinner.

In constructing the narrative of this wayward life, he has wisely avoided too heavy reliance on those interminable, incoherent Byron letters which have all but sunk most previous writings on Byron. Instead he has resurrected a succession of glamorous anecdotes which have been filtering through literary legends for a hundred years. I liked best Hobhouse's trenchant summing up of the Byronic character. "How long will Byron keep up this sort of thing?" asked one of his friends, commenting on some piece of social lawlessness. To which Hobhouse answered: "Just so long as anyone notices him." This is the perfect maxim for viewing the behavior of children, geniuses, and all other romantics.

"Byron"—need I add?—is the wisest and wittiest of the current biographies.

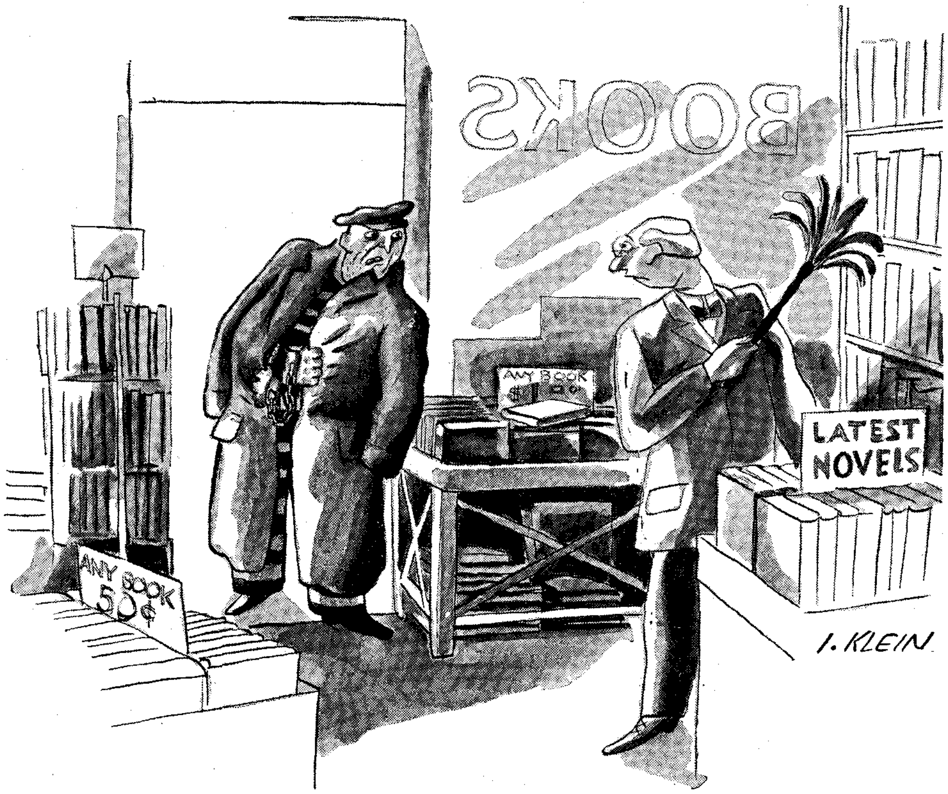
MOVIE magnates and stage producers are probably cutting each other's throat to obtain the dramatic rights to Edna Ferber's novel, "Cimarron." Even after you have read the book, you are not yet through with the stirring adventures of Yancey and Sabra Cravat in Oklahoma. Nor with the boy, Cimarron, who grows up at the turn of the century in a pioneer town. Nor with the colored boy, Isaiah, who goes to Osage as a stowaway with the Cravats.

Miss Ferber tells her story in vivid, colorful, cinematic style. You can almost hear the incidental music and see the closeups of the aristocratic Sabra's silver cake dish, the one touch of elegance in that arid settlement; and Yancey, with his fighting, bombastic, and poetic pioneer spirit is as photographically clear as, say, Mr. George Bancroft.

Miss Ferber's great gift for realism gives the book immense relish. Her scene is Oklahoma and no place else; the very mud is Oklahoma mud and the pioneers are not Forty-niners or Klondikers but a species of adventurer peculiar to both the time and locality of her story. Even the Kid has the stamp of authenticity; he is not just a rewrite of Jesse James or Wild Bill Hickok.

It is almost superfluous to recommend so entertaining a book. You will read it in selfdefence. Probably at this moment Mr. Jerome Kern is writing some elegant music, with Indian motifs, for the adventures of Yancey, Sabra, and Cim.

"BOTTOM DOGS," by Edward Dahlberg, comes prefaced with an introduction by the late D. H. Lawrence, and its jacket is garlanded with tributes from other realists. Since, as Mr. Maurois reminds us, ladies swoon so easily, I can recommend it only with



"Say, Mister, got any books by Houdini?"

MAXON

"Two Unusual Costumes at the Usual Price of One"

...because They Are Original Models, and Only One of a Kind

11 E. 36TH ST.

WANTED TWO PEOPLE
To Travel In Europe

To join a small group of ten, visiting eight principal countries in Europe, first landing at Italy, for a two and a half months trip. We have two big luxurious limousines and two vacancies. A "deb" daughter would be welcome; an elderly but active mother; a man and wife who want to travel together without worries or cares. Last year's party was a glorious success. Jaunt thru Europe in a leisurely, carefree fashion; every day guaranteed full of interest and happiness; congeniality of company assured. Reasonably priced. References exchanged. E. D. K., 277 W. 12th St., N. Y. C.
Tel. Chelsea 4785.

reservations. Mr. Dahlberg's novel is the humble history of the son of a lady barber whose life is lived entirely on the wrong side of the tracks of mid-western cities. While this vast country grows and expands to Hooverian magnificence, Lorry remains the poor, the cheap, the muddle-minded, and the ineffectual. He goes from one bad job to another and his life is a series of shoddy adventures.

The story is told in the language of Lorry, which Mr. Dahlberg, like Lardner, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, projects into prose that is both sturdy and vivacious. To me the book has a few chapters that are really splendid; I refer to Lorry's life in the orphan asylum. The institutional life of the unfortunate boy is touchingly and beautifully told.

You will find, too, further realism in "Orderly!" which is M. R. Werner's war book. Mr. Werner, as a young lad, served as an orderly in the base hospitals in France, which experience may have influenced him to become a biographer. He tells his story well, but I am one who leaves the room when anyone begins to grow eloquent about life in a hospital.

IN "Vile Bodies," Mr. Evelyn Waugh plays lightly with a theme and a structural plan that would have abashed Anatole France. In celestial satire, Mr. Waugh plays with human frailties. His dialogue is the smartest and cleverest I have read in a long time and the book, for all its air of ease, demands from you intelligence—which is always flattering. Of all Mr. Waugh's swift sketches, I liked best the old gentleman who always took his dog to the cinema, although neither he nor the dog cared much for Greta Garbo. I also liked the lady evangelist and her unruly angels.

"OL' KING DAVID AN' THE PHILISTINE BOYS" is published close on the heels of the success of "The Green Pastures." Mr. Roark Bradford continues his tales of the Old Testament, as interpreted by a Negro preacher for his flock. It speaks badly for my spiritual state to confess that Mr. Bradford's stories always make me feel religious. For instance, his tale of the Lord's great kindness in the matter of Ruth's marriage to Boaz fills me with deistic reverence.

Mr. Frank Harris unearths a surprising past in "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy." Among other celebrities who flitted through the life of Mr.

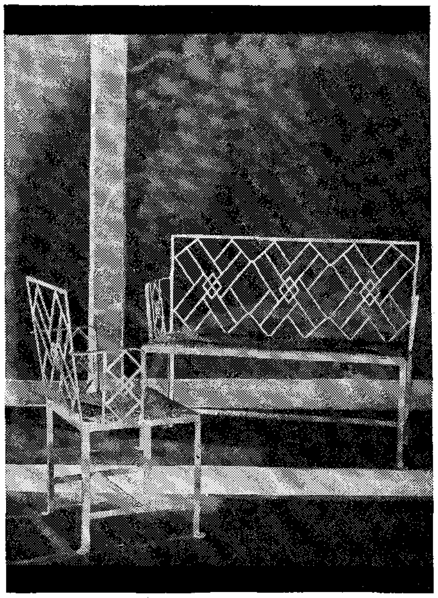
RUTH COLLINS
CREATOR OF
RUTLINS GARDEN FURNITURE

▲

It is important to know that Rutlins Garden Furniture is designed, manufactured and imported ...by Ruth Collins.

●

Among our new designs is an English Garden Shelter... And a canopy covered hammock.



Chinese Chippendale settee and chair of wrought iron. Natural color or painted. Seats of rush.

●

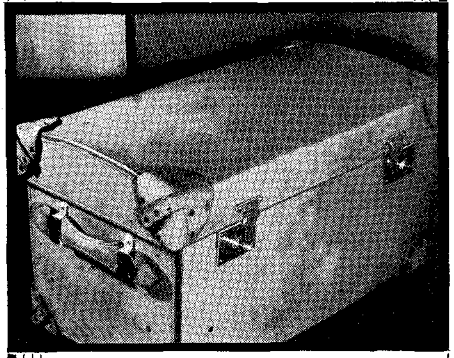
All original pieces are patented or patents applied for. These rights will be protected to the full extent of the law.

▼

RUTH COLLINS
740 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK
AT 64TH STREET · RHINELANDER 6600

"Light Horse Harry" Lee would have enjoyed this luxuriously fitted

RIDING TRUNK



THIS small English Butt hide trunk would have kept in one place all the riding kit that this dashing fellow must have had! Equipped with all polo necessities, such as bootjacks, leather-softening creams, shoelaces and brushes. Ample space, too, for boots and jackets.

$144.00

LUGGAGE SECTION—FIFTH FLOOR

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway
New York City

Harris was Wild Bill Hickok. You may buy the book on chance because it is an inexpensive paper volume published by the kind Mr. Boni. If you don't like it, you are not out a heavy investment. —A. W. S.

MORE BOOKS

THE proverbially mellowing years don't seem to be putting any roses in Julian Green's lugubrious cheeks. In his latest book, "Christine and Other Stories," the twenty-nine-year-old apostle of well-bred horror and despair dishes up his usual assortment of murders, breaking minds, coffins, corpses, tombs, caskets, and cemeteries. Mr. Green's smooth, matter-of-fact style may lull you into a feeling of false security at times, but you won't get to the end of any of the four stories in the book without having at least one of the characters bite the dust. In the first two of these cheery little pieces—"Leviathan" and "Christine"—the corpses pile up without any apparent reason or explanation. People just curl up and die. This is, of course, just too mysterious for words, and in the best tradition of Poe (slightly diluted), but it would be a great comfort to know whether they were carried off by Bright's Disease, psittacosis, or merely taken for a ride. If Mr. Green is going to keep on being preoccupied with death in everything he writes, he might at any rate be less hazy about it. On second thought, perhaps he ought to give up writing and become an undertaker.

NORAH HOULT'S novel, "Closing Hour," is almost as morbid, but in a different way. It is concerned with the trials and tribulations of a woman whose husband consumes enormous quantities of liquor, loses most of his law practice by the simple process of never being able to find any of the documents in his charge, brings his starving children chocolates instead of beefsteak, and in general acts like a very naughty fellow indeed. Miss Hoult's collection of short stories in "Poor Women!," published last fall, showed an unusual sense of pathos, but in this more sustained effort the tragedy doesn't come off as well. The trouble is that the situation, however pathetic, is a cut-and-dried one, requiring—to make it convincing—a defter character portrayal than the author's two rubber-stamped types, the Poor Little Woman and the Big Boozy Brute.

LIKE both Miss Hoult and Mr. Green, Michael Gold is primarily interested in the seamy side of life. Moreover, he knows whereof he speaks. "Jews Without Money" is an autobiographical story of the East Side; it swarms with peddlers, school-children, gangsters, rabbis, and prostitutes. Everyone is pitifully poor, no one ever feels quite at home in his adopted country, yet there is a color and vitality to the community that makes its life more dramatic than depressing. The characterization of the author's father is exceptionally fine: an unsuccessful house-painter who tells his children stories from the "Arabian Nights" when they are in bed, he might easily have degenerated into the "lovable failure" type in the hands of a writer with less good taste. Mr. Gold is the kind of man who doesn't hesitate to call a bedbug a bedbug, but at the same time handles emotional situations with the greatest delicacy.

OF the biographies that have come my way this week by far the best is one of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, by Karl Tschuppik. Granddaughter of Maximilian I of Bavaria, Elizabeth was married to Franz Joseph, and, being a very simple and genuine person, never became reconciled to the restrictions and artificiality of court life. In showing her pathetic efforts to escape, Mr. Tschuppik writes in a way that is the antithesis to the so-called historical method of the romantic school of biography. His style is neat but not gaudy, his facts really are facts, his insight isn't trumped-up psychology, and as a result we get a much better idea of even such minor people in his book as Elizabeth's Greek tutor or Mad Ludwig of Bavaria than Ludwig of Breslau ever gave us of Napoleon, Goethe, Lincoln, or Jesus Christ.

Mad Ludwig reminds us that John Hyde Preston has written a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne, called "A Gentleman Rebel." It's a frankly colorful affair, done in the modern manner—short staccato sentences, exclamation points, lots of dots—which is not at all badly suited to its subject, who was a pretty colorful fellow. Also, it has some new material.

"Mata Hari," by Major Thomas Coulson, is the unsentimental account of an even more colorful person. Born in Holland, Mata Hari became a spy for the Germans during the war just for the fun of it, and went around carrying important maps in the spokes of her umbrella. In her affections, however, she was always an internationalist.

TRAVEL books spring up like weeds this time of year. Among those in which it is possible to do more than look at the photographs are "They Climbed the Alps," by Edwin Muller, Jr., a readable history of those who have conquered and been conquered by the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, and Mont Blanc; "Man Hunting in the Jungle," by G. M. Dyott, which describes the wilds of Brazil and funny things like the piranha or "notorious man-eating fish;" and a book of adventures in Central Asia, engagingly entitled "Shirt-Tail and Pigtail." The gentlemen who had the adventures in Central Asia are Laurence A. Peters and Henry A. Schroeder, Yale '28 and '29, respectively, and it is apparent that nothing short of adventures in Central Asia could ever have induced them to write a book. Even at that you may not be sorry they went. —G. H.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber (*Doubleday, Doran*). Colorful, cinematic novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma. Recommended with pleasure.

Bottom Dogs, by Edward Dahlberg (*Simon & Schuster*). The story of the son of a lady barber, with some fine realistic writing.

Vile Bodies, by Evelyn Waugh (*Cape & Smith*). Celestial satire for the intelligent.

Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). Old Testament stories interpreted by a Negro preacher. To be read after seeing "The Green Pastures."

Christine and Other Stories, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Four lugubrious tales, smoothly written.

Stephen Escott, by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). Mr. Lewisohn's clinical analysis of marriage.

Eroica, by Samuel Chotzinoff (*Simon & Schuster*). Pleasantly romantic novel based on the life of Beethoven—and, incidentally, good biography.

The Man Who Lost Himself, by Osbert Sitwell (*Coward-McCann*). The tragedy of a poet, told in brilliant, imaginative style.

Down in the Valley, by H. W. Freeman (*Henry Holt*). Ingratiating and charming novel of English country life.

Pending Heaven, by William Gerhardi (*Harper*). Smart satire on Free Love and Bohemianism.

The 42nd Parallel, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

Retreat, by C. R. Benstead (*Century*). The dark spring of 1918, told from the point of view of the British soldier.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

Australia Felix, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahoney. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

Bitter Waters, by Heinrich Hauser (*Liveright*). The love story of a German sailor and a Mexican girl told in vivid, powerful prose.

Pay Day, by Nathan Asch (*Payson & Clarke*). Sordid doings of a New York clerk on his night out. Effectively written.

Pure Gold, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

The Good Soldier: Schweik, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

Mysteries

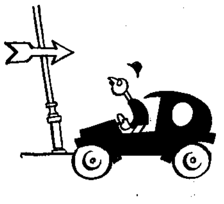
Author Unknown, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . Red Aces, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . Death in the Box, by Marcus Magill (*Lippincott*). . . . The Circle of Vengeance, by Nora and George E. Jorgenson (*Appleton*). . . . Death of My Aunt, by C. H. B. Kitchin (*Harcourt, Brace*). . . . Card 13, by Mark Lee Luther and Lillian C. Ford (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . The Beacon Hill Murders, by Roger Scarlett (*Crime Club*). . . . The Body in the Safe, by Cecil Freeman Gregg (*Dial Press*). . . . Peril at Cranbury Hall, by John Rhode (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Somewhere in this House, by Rufus King (*Crime Club*). . . . Who killed Charmian Karslake?, by Annie Haynes (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Ask No Questions, by Beldon Duff (*Crime Club*).

General

Byron, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). The romantic story of the limping angel. The wisest and wittiest of current biographies.

"Orderly!," by M. R. Werner (*Cape & Smith*). Life in a base hospital, told for those who enjoy their operations.

My Reminiscences as a Cowboy, by Frank Harris (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). A glimpse into Mr. Harris' unsuspected past.



Jews Without Money, by Michael Gold (*Liveright*). Authentic story of New York's East Side. Written with restraint.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, by Karl Tschuppik (*Brentano*). Emperor Franz Joseph's unhappy wife sympathetically and intelligently portrayed.

A Gentleman Rebel, by John Hyde Preston (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Mad Anthony Wayne rescued from mustiness.

Mata Hari: Courtesan and Spy, by Major Thomas Coulson (*Harper*). An English officer writes without sentimentality about the notorious woman spy.

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a gorgeous adventure told with fine color and spirit.

Columbus: Don Quixote of the Seas, by Jacob Wassermann (*Little, Brown*). Superior biography interesting both for its point of view and for its sharp light on an obscure and tragic character.

LoBagola (*Knopf*). The life story of an African savage which, true or not, is good reading.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Louise Schutz Boas (*Longmans, Green*). The poet presented in the terms of a romantic novel.

Year in, You're Out, by Samuel Hoffenstein (*Liveright*). You should read it yet.

Georges Clemenceau, by Jean Martet (*Longmans, Green*). A great man's words and deeds as recorded and seen by his secretary.

Emily Dickinson, by Josephine Pollitt (*Harper*). Sympathetic story of New England's poet, with many new facts about her life.

William Pitt, the Younger, by P. W. Wilson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Not only a good biography of Pitt, but a splendid picture of eighteenth-century Europe.

An American Jezebel: The Life of Anne Hutchinson, by Helen Augur (*Brentano*). Flighty doings of a lady Messiah in the early Massachusetts colony.

The Paris Gun, by Henry W. Miller (*Cape & Smith*). The complete story of that almost mythical gun with the seventy-five-mile range. Good reading.

Humanism and America, edited by Norman Foerster (*Farrar & Rinehart*). All about a cultural challenge.

Canfield, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

Ten Thousand Shall Fall, by David King (*Duffield*). Heroic tale of a soldier of the Legion. Be sure to read the story of the siege of Verdun.

Good-Bye to All That, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

Is Sex Necessary?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

Peter Arno's Parade (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—III

[ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS PRINTED ON PAGE 93]

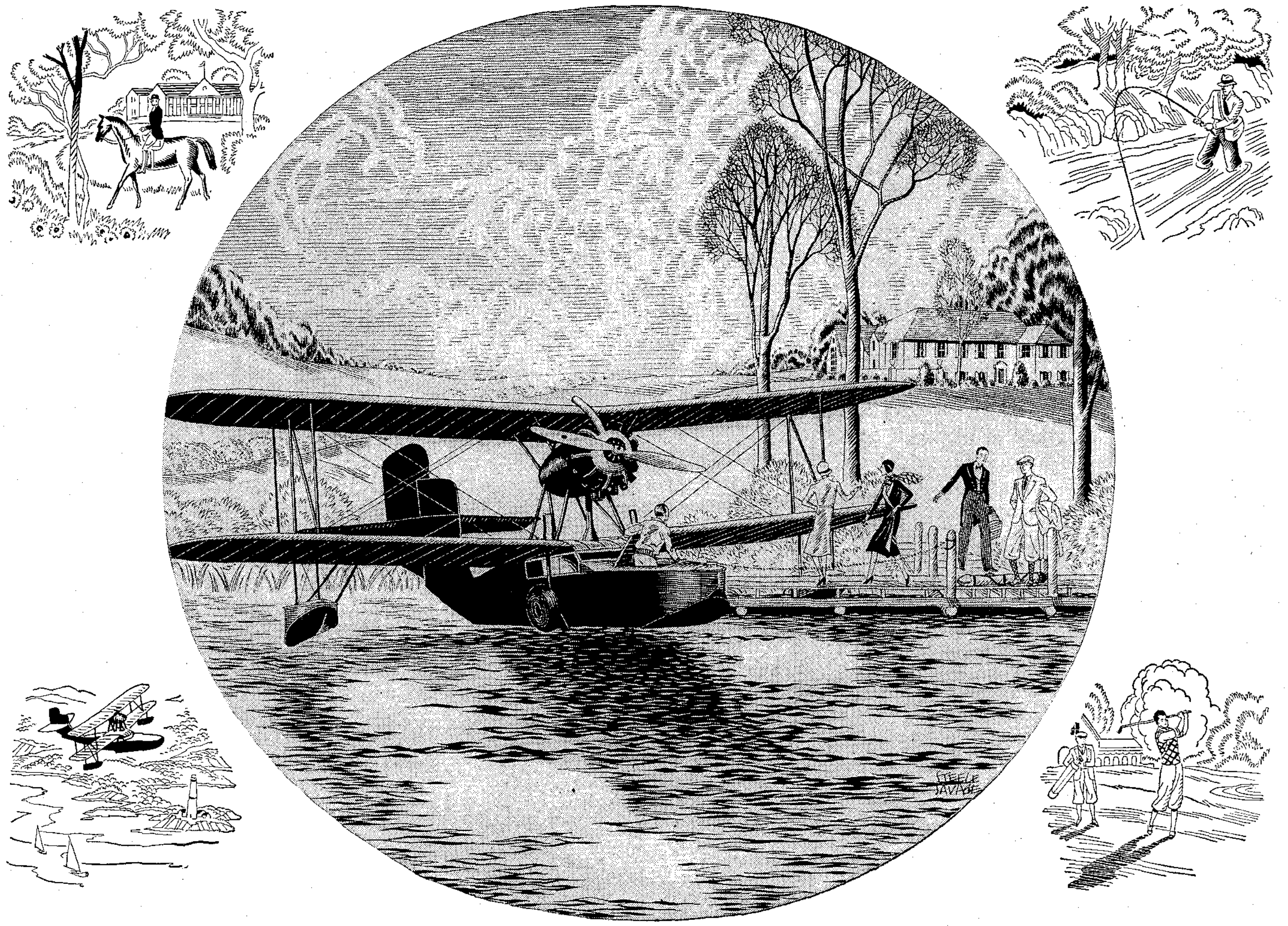
I.—Tonic, notice, counties, continues.

II.—Tiger, gaiter, granite, relating.

III.—Shad, radish, dishrag, hoardings.

Sportsmen!

DO YOU HEAR THE CALL OF SPRING?



THE ground beneath the swamp maples is red with bursting buds. Over at the Country Club the greens are getting green. On northern lakes the ice is out, the trout are taking grubs. Spring is in the air! Spring is on the wing!

If you would flirt with Spring, fly a Commuter. Only in an amphibian can you pursue her successfully to all her loveliest haunts on land or water. And the Commuter is the only amphibian which you can convert from land plane to seaplane or vice versa in *five seconds*—and in full flight.

What freedom! What safety! You spy a lake that lures you. Touch the lever at your side and your land plane is ready to alight on water. Or you sight an island with a hard, smooth beach. Lower the wheels and your seaplane is ready to roll on the sands.

This Keystone-Loening Commuter is a sociable plane. It seats four, with duplicate control for the couple in front. Fore and aft there is plenty of room for golf sticks, fishing tackle and what not. And of course you dress as you please, for in the closed cabin there is no need for special flying clothes.

With a 300 H. P. Wright Whirlwind behind the propeller, you are into the air from either land or water in 12 seconds and climbing at 1000 feet a minute. Soar into the sunshine. Then head for the haunts of Spring at 90 miles an hour.

Sportsmen, do you hear the call of Spring? Now is the time to fly or to learn to fly. Let us demonstrate how wonderfully the Commuter maneuvers, how easy it is to operate, how perfectly it fits your needs for a personal plane at a cost of only $16,800. For booklet write Dept. C-12, Keystone Aircraft Corporation, Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT, 27 West 57th St., New York.

KEYSTONE-LOENING
AMPHIBIAN
COMMUTER